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THE NEW YORKER

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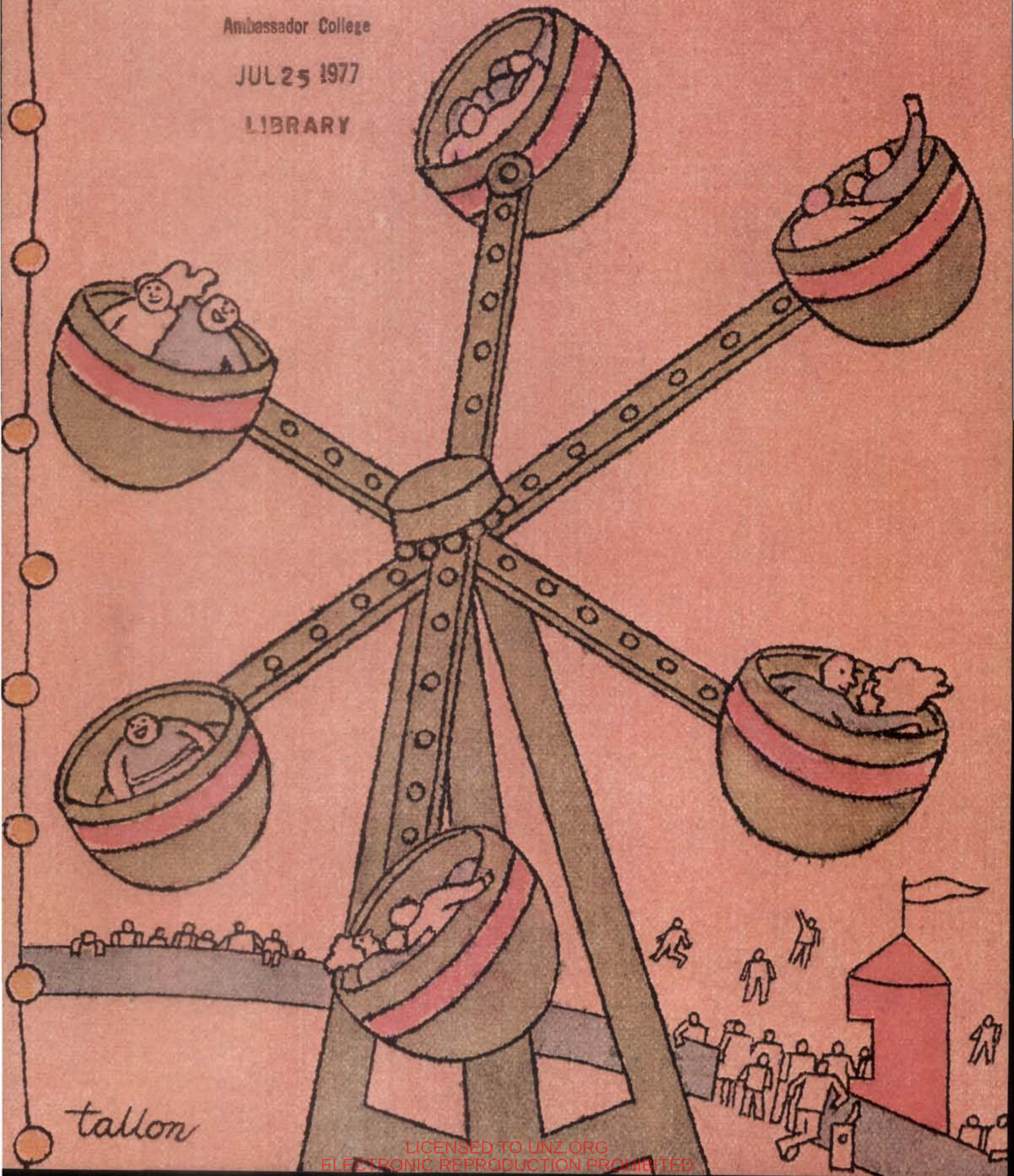

View from the pack.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anna Christie—A sluggish and dull-witted play, which was in no need of revival. The early O'Neill melodrama serves as a vehicle for Liv Ullmann, who is very pretty, if not very convincing. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 30.)

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—A faultless revival of David Rabe's play about a miserable young soldier in Vietnam. Al Pacino gives a model performance in the role of Hummel. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

The Cherry Orchard—Andrei Serban cannot resist directing Chekhov in such a way as to turn him into a posthumous disciple of Serban. Nevertheless, the cast is wonderful, and so are Santo Loquasto's sets and costumes, so one mustn't fail to see it. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—Line by line, Oscar Wilde's comedy is as funny as ever, but the unwieldy thrust stage of this theatre disperses it in all directions. The performance seldom achieves any unity of style, but Mary Louise Wilson is a wonderful Miss Prism, Patricia Conolly is exactly right as Gwendolen, and so is Munson Hicks as Algernon's servant, Lane. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—A joyous revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons in a four-week engagement of a play written and directed by the Brazilian playwright Roberto Athayde. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 14.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. Starting Thursday, July 21, Dick Cavett will replace Mr. Courtenay. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Season's Reasons—A play written and directed by Ron Milner, with music by Charles Mason. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 24.)

The 2nd Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World—Dick Shawn in a one-man show. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Joyce Ebert, Patricia Elliott, and Josef Sommer. The director is Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, splendidly performed by three English singers, accompanied with modesty and grace by two American pianists. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sly Fox—Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Son Come Home, On Being Hit, and Getting It Together—A triple bill by Ed Bullins, Clay Goss, and Richard Wesley, respectively. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 490-0077. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, July 31.)

Square Root of Soul—This program of recitations by Adolph Caesar, of the Negro Ensemble Company, of poems and selected prose, mostly by black writers, has its good moments, but the evening as a whole is disappointing. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 24.)

Unsung Cole—And quite a lot of sung Porter, too, as presented by a young quintet (2 m., 3 f.), with results that are in-and-out good but always agreeable. Among the unsungs is a beautiful number, "If Ever Married I'm," excised from "Kiss Me, Kate," and it is very

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 19
"I COVER CARTER" . . . . . . *George W. S. Trow* 28
A REPORTER AT LARGE (DIOXIN) . . . . . . *Thomas Whiteside* 30
"LISTENING TO JAZZ ON A SUMMER TERRACE" (POEM) . . . . . *Howard Moss* 34
THE SPORTING SCENE (TENNIS) . . . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 56
THE RACE TRACK . . . . . . *Audax Minor* 73
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 74
BOOKS . . . . . . *Alastair Reid* 80
BRIEFLY NOTED 82

COVER: *Robert Tallon*

DRAWINGS: *James Mulligan, Dana Fradon, Lee Lorenz, Charles Barsotti, Robert Weber, Eldon Dedini, Joseph Mirachi, Jack Ziegler, James Stevenson, J. B. Handelsman, George Booth, Dean Vietor, Stan Hunt, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Edward Frascino, Arnie Levin, William Hamilton, Sidney Harris, Jeff Kaufman*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

well done here by Maureen Moore. The other singers, all of them promising and attractive, are Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Anita Morris, and John Sloman. The program was conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman. Costumes by Carol Oditz. Lighting by Arden Fingerhut. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday, July 20-22, at 8, and Saturday, July 23, at 7 and 10. Thereafter, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Leonard Nimoy and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** *7,177 performances so far.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Hope Lange and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. Starting Tuesday, July 26, William Chapman will substitute for Mr. Cullum for several weeks. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ZOO SHOP
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			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Big Apple Circus—A tent circus sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobatic clowns, trapeze artists, and aerialists. (Battery Park Landfill City. Thursdays at 1; Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 1 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4. For information about tickets, call 586-3581.)

DANCE

National Ballet of Canada—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, July 20, and Saturday matinée and evening, July 23: "Giselle."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 21-22: "Swan Lake" (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—A series of twelve performances, opening with a benefit on Wednesday, July 27, and running through Sunday, Aug. 7. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-2417. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club performers live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Saxophonist George Braith and his ensemble, Space Island, will be onstage through Saturday, July 23. The club will then close down for a two-week vacation. Music from about ten. Dinner.

Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—A weekend coffee-house-gallery-loft that specializes mostly in solos, duos, and trios. Flutist **JEREMY STEIG** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** perform Friday, July 22; saxophonist Bennie Wallace and his trio will come in on Saturday, July 23; guitarist Ryo Kawasaki's trio will be here Friday, July 29; and on Saturday, July 30, saxophonist **JULIUS HEMPHILL** will work with cellist **ABDUL WADUD.** Performances at nine and eleven-thirty.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. Singer Liz Corrigan performs Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel *Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and* delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in good players and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream septet, the Rising Sun, occupy the picture window Thursday through Saturday, July 21-23. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **HAL GALPER** will be here Wednesday through Saturday, July 27-30. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Hard-bop-and-beyond headquarters. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folkie Mary Travers will perform on Friday and Saturday, July 22-23. Guitarist Harvey Mandel will work with his jazz-rock outfit on Monday, July 25. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. House favorite pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** performs with a bassist through Saturday, July 23; on Monday, July 25, pianist Michael Renzi will begin a six-night visit. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**GEORGE SHEARING,** the Bobby Short Summer Replacement for six more weeks, plays solo piano Mondays through Fridays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of T-shirts, sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome plaid Madras shirt or two. The music usually begins after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

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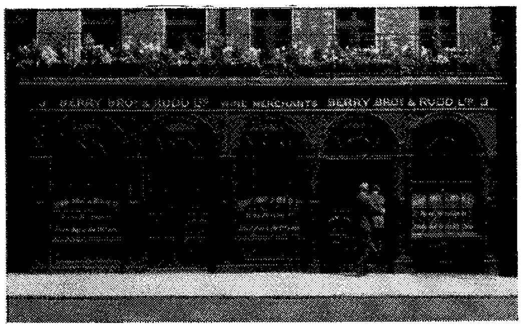

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(724-6301)—Hague & Hague—composer Albert Hague and his wife, singer Renée Orin—are presenting a program of Hague tunes (from the shows "Redhead" and "Plain and Fancy") and self-conscious one-liners Tuesdays through Saturdays, at about nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES**, forthright, cute, and cuddly, sings delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs Mondays through Saturdays. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. Sundays, the George Masso quintet, which features saxophonist Al Klink, performs from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—drummer **SONNY GREER**, clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, and pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** (who has temporarily replaced Brooks Kerr)—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Music from ten to three. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine-thirty; and on Sundays, from five to ten, Hod O'Brien warms up with bassist Frank Luther and vocalist Alicia Sherman.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**CHICO HAMILTON**, a wily drummer and a lyrical composer, is working with a trio Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**RUBY BRAFF**, a silken-toned cornettist, is aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Sam Margolis, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bob Carroll and Marlene VerPlanck are presenting a tribute to songwriter Johnny Mercer. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout. Guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** leads a trio through Saturday, July 23. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock, instead of folk music. Darryl Rhoades and the Ha Havishnu Orchestra, a twelve-piece, satirical band, are here through Wednesday, July 27; Thursday through Saturday, July 28-30, comedian **HENNY YOUNGMAN**, who did *not* record with The Band and does *not* play violin duets with Doug Kershaw, will deliver barrages of one-liners. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singers Stephan Burns and Craig Carnelia alternate from ten Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and at nine and midnight Thursdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big square sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR**, bassist **LARRY RIDLEY**, and drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** wind up their stay here on Saturday, July 23. On Tuesday, July 26, the **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO—LESTER BOWIE, JOSEPH JARMAN, ROSCOE MITCHELL, MALACHI FAVORS**, and **DON MOYE**—will move in for five nights of avant-gardism. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively dark and sleepy-looking, and easy to pass over unless one is aware of what is going on inside. Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles, plays electric piano, and leads his vigorous twelve-piece organization; on Tuesday, July 26, singer **TEDDI KING** teams up with guitarist **JOE PUMA**; Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, Bennie Wallace's trio performs; and on Fridays and Saturdays, trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL** fronts a sextet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Keyboardist Mike Nock heads a trio through Saturday, July 23; on Tuesday, July 26, saxophonist and composer **JIMMY GIUFFRE**, serene and guru-like, will bring in his trio for a rare club appearance. **JOE PUMA** directs a group that plays traditional jazz on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—A Spartanly simple and appealing downstairs music haunt that brings the Columbia University community swing jazz on Fridays and Saturdays. Tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** directs a quintet on July 22-23; and trumpeter Franc Williams will be here with a quartet on July 29-30. Sets begin at nine-thirty and midnight. Snacks and setups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. Downstairs, pianist **McCOY TYNER**, an intense, vertiginous pianist and one of the most respected contemporary musicians, leads a sextet through Sunday, July 24. On Tuesday, July 26, soul-and-disco saxophonist Stanley Turrentine will arrive with a quintet. Music from about nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Pianist Ahmad Jamal leads his trio through Saturday, July 23; on Tuesday, July 26, alto saxophonist **ART PEPPER**, who resurfaced at this club and at the Newport festival a few weeks ago and received much admiration for doing so, will return with a quartet. Mondays here have been turned over to saxophonist and composer **FRANK FOSTER** and his loose, young, exciting twenty-two-piece **LOUD MINORITY**. Music from ten. Closed Sunday, July 24.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Swing music has been relocated at the Third Phase, a couple of blocks south. Meanwhile, on Tuesdays and Wednesdays four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** leads a trio through some fifties Basie-band material as well as "Tiny's Tempo," "St. Thomas," and "Lady of Spain." The rest of the week is given over to a fledgling bebop quintet on Thursdays, a fledgling R. & B. group on Fridays and Saturdays, and a fledgling hard-bop quintet on Sundays. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Benefit Concerts—Friday, July 22, at 8: Steve McCall, Dave Burrell with Keith Marks and Byard Lancaster, Illinois Jacquet, and Sam Rivers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8: Rashied Ali, Don Pullen, Dewey Redman, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk with Jaki Byard. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

John Hicks Trio—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, July 23, from 2 to 5.

Larry Coryell, John Tropea Band, and **Lee Ritenour**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, July 23, at 8.

Norman Connors, Jean Carn, and **Stuff**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, July 24, at 8.

Tangerine Dream—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, July 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Sixty prints that constitute the artist's complete work in drypoint, lithography, and woodcut. Through Wednesday, July 27. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Twenty-six drawings and watercolors executed during the last decade of his life, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, July 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

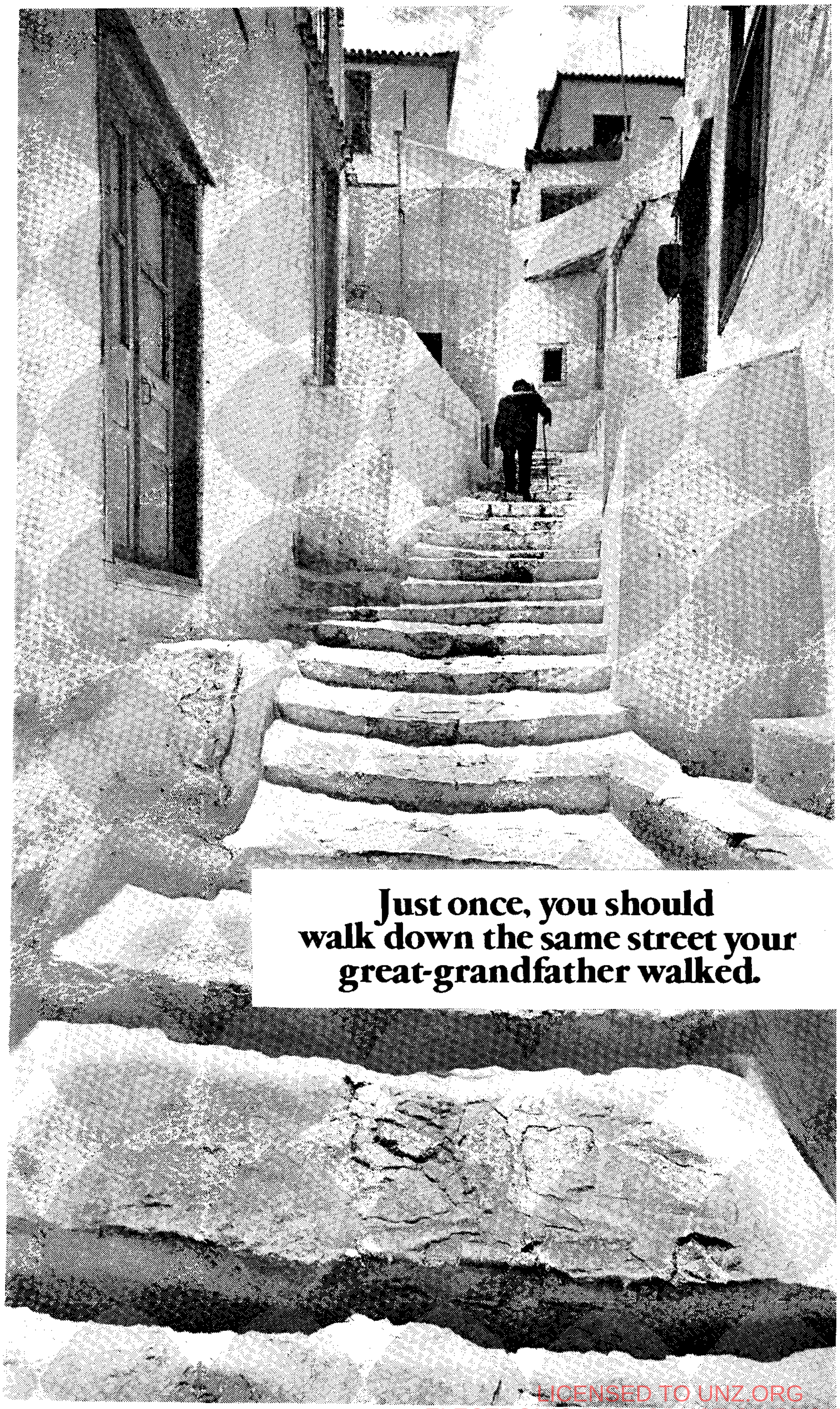
George Rickey—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Vincent Smith—Oils, drawings, and prints by an artist who specializes in African subjects, using tribal emblems, not to mention sand and gravel. Through Friday, July 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Vasilieff (1887-1970)—A retrospective of the works of this émigré painter who fled the Russian revolution and eventually settled in America, where he spent the rest of his life painting, in a peasant-like primitive style, his memories of Mother Russia. Through Friday, July 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, engravings, and woodcuts dating from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth by such artists as Ruysdael, Hollar, and Bosse. Through Aug. 5. . . . **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Sherman Drexler, Anne Tabachnick, and others. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art. Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Demuth, O'Keeffe, and Matta. Through Saturday, July 30. . . . ¶ Three-dimensional sculptures by Douglas Abdell, Arman, Sari Dienes, and Hubert Long. Through Aug. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Susan Crile, Charles Fahlen, and Pat Steir are three of the artists participating in a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Sept. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GREY ART GALLERY OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY**, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square: Works on paper by such artists as Baskin, Dove, Martin, and Miró. Through Friday, July 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.) . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: The current selection includes works by Yrjö Edelmann, a Finnish artist; Robert Natkin; and Henry Moore. Through Friday, July 29. . . .

All of us come from someplace else.



Just once, you should walk down the same street your great-grandfather walked.

Picture this if you will.

A man who's spent all his life in the United States gets on a plane, crosses a great ocean, lands.

He walks the same streets his family walked centuries ago.

He sees his name, which is rare in America, filling three pages in a phone book.

He speaks haltingly the language he wishes he had learned better as a child.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

HOFFMAN, 429 West Broadway: Paintings by five artists, including Harmony Hammond and Arlene Slavin, and sculptures by George Kuehn. Through Sept. 7.... **KORNBLEE,** 20 W. 57th St.: Nature studies (both paintings and sculptures) by six artists, including Janet Alling and Alexander Hollweg. Through Friday, July 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **MEISEL,** 141 Prince St.: Frank Roth, Tino Zago, Ed Meneeley, Theodoros Stamos, and Oded Halahmy. Through Friday, July 29.... **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary art scene is the common subject of this group of cartoons and magazine covers by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Friday, July 29.... **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: The works on view include an inviting landscape by Daniel Brustlein, whose cartoons, signed "Alain," graced these pages until about ten years ago, when he retired to Paris to paint. Through Thursday, July 28. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)... **UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE,** 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.)... **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Graphics, drawings, and watercolors by John Sloan, Rockwell Kent, Howard Cook, and others. Through Friday, July 29....¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)... **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.... **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway.... **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. (Closed Mondays.)... **DINTENFASS,** 50 W. 57th St.... **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.... **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.... **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.... **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St. (Opens at noon.)... **GENESIS,** 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.... **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.... **PEARL,** 29 W. 57th St.... **RENÉ,** 6 W. 57th St.

NEW TALENT SHOWS—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St., where unknown artists can show their works to professional curators three times a week, a selection from the works inspected last winter is on view. Through Aug. 27. (Open Saturdays.)... **TRUMAN,** 38 E. 57th St.: Included are works by Tom Williams, Sonya Rapoport, Stephen Larese, and Marc Boone. Through Aug. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

SCULPTURE—A show of plans for outdoor sculptures by Anne Healy, Athena Tacha, Mary Miss, and Lloyd Hamrol. Through Friday, July 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

OLD CUSTOM HOUSE, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway—An ongoing free exhibition of performing and visual arts, the latter mostly sculpture at the moment—ten upright prisms, nine feet tall, by Charles Ross, which cast rainbows of light into odd corners of the fine old structure; a series of plaster figures by Carol Parker that seem to streak across the rotunda (where musical and/or dancing groups perform at 12:30 every Wednesday and Thursday, and at 3 on Sundays) and up the wall; and a workshop where Vera Manzi Schacht is completing a paper environment that is like a sunset one can walk into. Through Sept. 11. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

CHAUNCEY HARE—Interiors of homes and other spaces by a photographer whose work is currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

EDWARD WESTON (1886-1958) / **LELAND RICE**—Seventy-five photographs, some of them vintage prints, the others printed by Weston's sons Cole and Brett, and by George A. Tice. / Color photographs of paint-splattered artists' studios, and other works. Through Aug. 19. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)...¶ A show of more than fifty vintage Weston prints, plus Civil War photographs by George N. Barnard. Through Sept. 24. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLARENCE H. WHITE (1871-1925)—Close to a hundred works by a founding member of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **DAVIS & LONG,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Landscapes (rural and urban) by ten contemporary photographers, among them Geoff Winningham and Roger Welch. Through Aug. 5.... **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by more than a dozen photographers. Through Friday, July 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Twenty-three photographers participating in a mostly new-talent exhibition. Through Friday, July 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: Landscapes ranging from contemporary color works to a rural scene by Bourke-White and an aerial view of First World War devastation by Steichen. Through Aug. 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 114 Prince St.: An exhibit of works by eighteen photographers, all of them recipients of public-service grants. The group includes Lisette Model and Garry Winogrand. Through Tuesday, July 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sept. 4....¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4....¶ Paintings and graphics by Childe Hassam. Through Sept. 11....¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Theo Westenberger, Lydia Hammond, and Coreen Simpson. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Sept. 6....¶ Recently acquired works in a broad range of styles by Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others. Through Aug. 16....¶ Recently acquired drawings by women artists, among them Mary Petty, Alexandra Exter, and Lee Krasner. Starts Friday, July 22.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of classical and popular music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of sixty-seven Paul Klee works executed between 1895 and 1940. Through Sept. 5. A complementary exhibit is at the Serge Sabarsky Gallery, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St....¶ The paintings and sculptures of forty modern European artists in a show that observes the museum's fortieth year. Through Sept. 11....¶ Paintings dating from the fifties to the present by Americans Cameron Booth, Jo Baer, Raymond Parker, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs, by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6....¶ Wednesday evenings, from 6:20 to 9, the Mostly Mozart Trio performs classical, jazz, and popular music in the sculpture garden.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by leading Pop artists—Dine, Oldenburg, Warhol, and others—together with works from the fifties that prefigured Pop Art. Through Aug. 15. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Two Centuries of Black American Art" includes paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, crafts, and decorative objects, dating from 1750 to 1950, by such artists as Joshua Johnston, Horace Pippin, Palmer Hayden, Alma Thomas, and Romare Bearden. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts....¶ A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions....¶ Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur")

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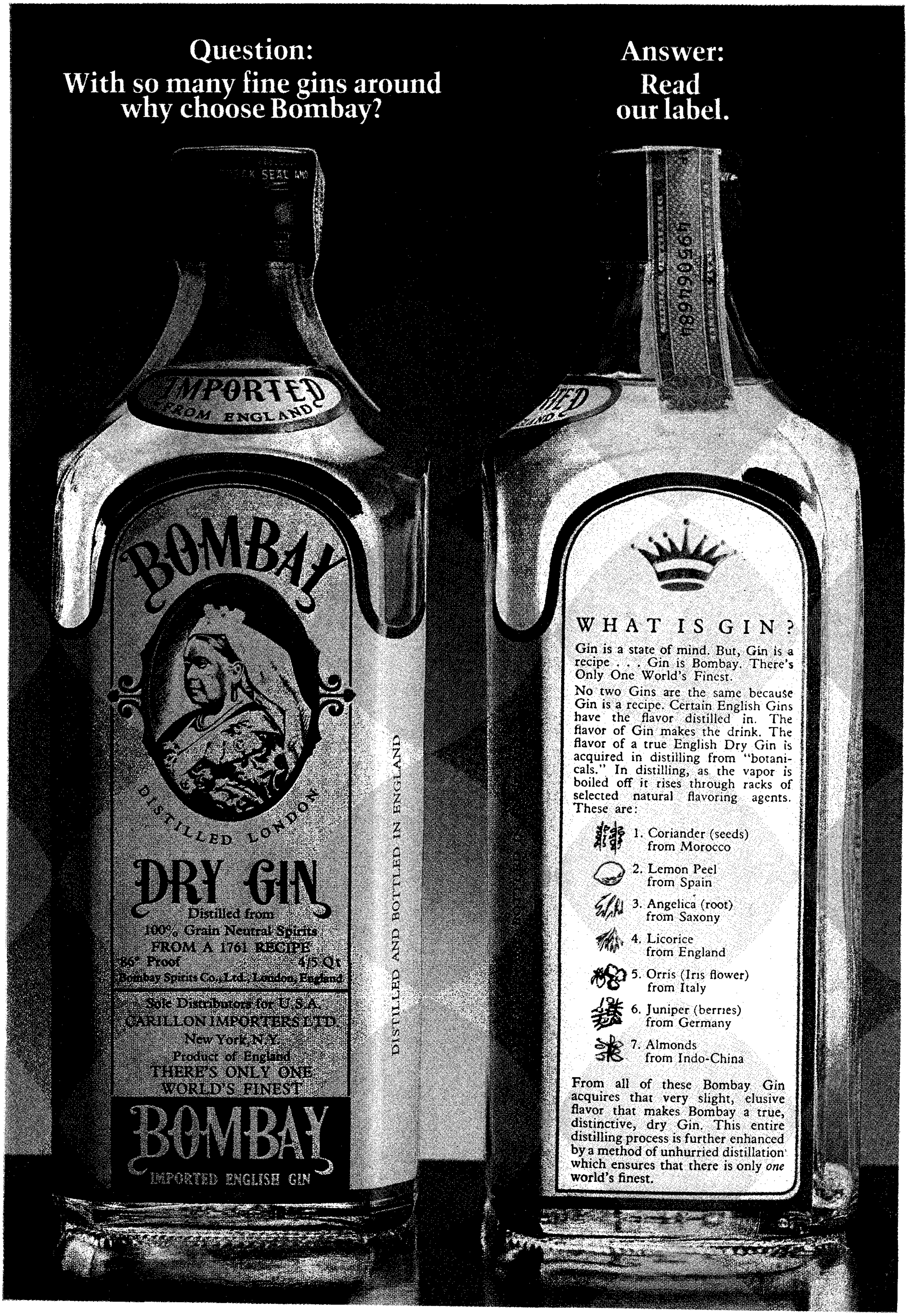
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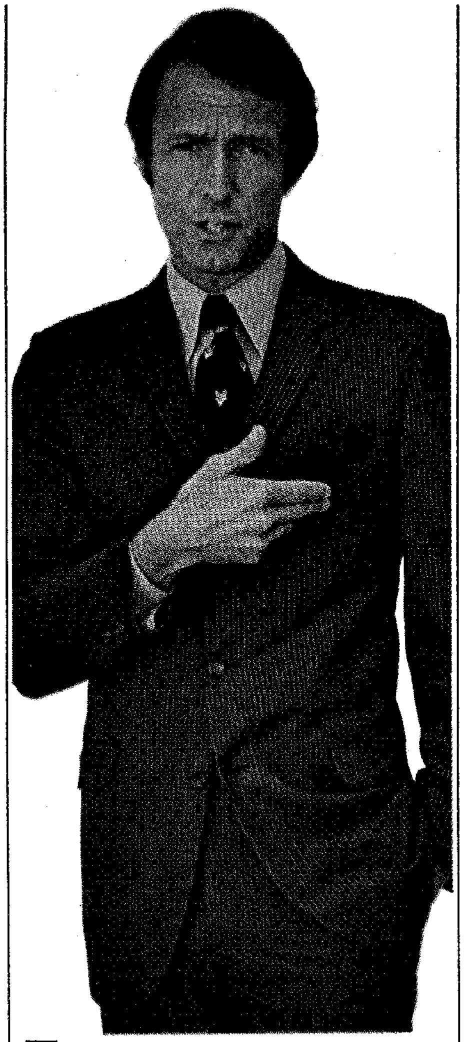

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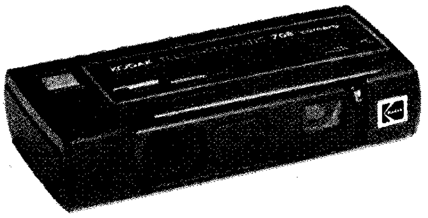

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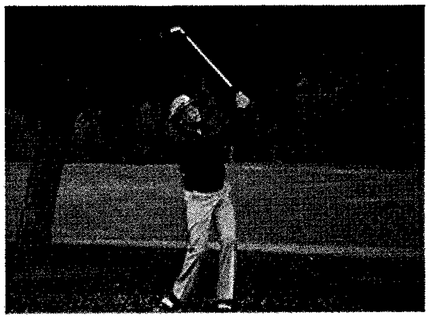
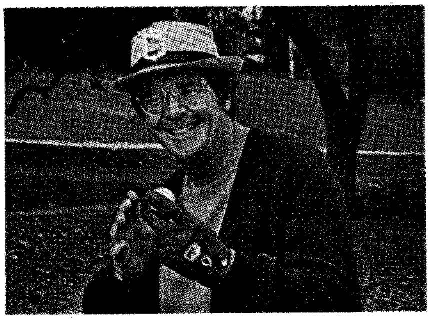


Frank giving the ball a ride out of the shade.

25 mm shot of Frank.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

printed by William Caxton. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Through Saturday, July 30.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. *(Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)*

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 20: Eduardo Mata conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano, and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 21: The Cleveland Quartet, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 22-23: Maurice Abravanel *conducting the orchestra*, with Mr. Ohlsson and Robert Routch, horn. . . . ¶ Monday, July 25: The Tokyo String Quartet and the Cleveland Quartet. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 26-27: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with members of Tashi. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 28: Mr. Schneider, violin; Stephanie Brown, piano; Daniel Phillips, viola; Timothy Eddy, cello; and Julius Levine, double bass. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 29-30: Dennis Russell Davies conducting the orchestra, with Radu Lupu, piano; Paula Robison, flute; and Heidi Lehwalder, harp. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 27.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 22, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Tashi, playing Schubert's Quintet in C. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: Sarah Caldwell conducting a Berlioz-Stravinsky program, with Miss Verrett. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program, with Peter Serkin, piano, and Tashi. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Mr. Serkin in a Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in three all-Beethoven programs: Friday, July 29, at 9, with Mr. Serkin. Saturday, July 30, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Jules Eskin, cello; and Mr. Serkin. Sunday, July 31, at 2:30, with Mr. Silverstein. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting a performance of Benjamin Britten's opera "The Rape of Lucretia," with Catherine Rowe, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 5:30: "Music from Aston Magna," with Fortunato Arico, viola da gamba; *Carole* Bogard, *soprano*; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29, at 8:30: A repeat performance of "The Rape of Lucretia." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a varied program, with Janos Starker, cello, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 5:30: A *piano* recital by Mark Westcott. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 21. On Saturdays and Friday, July 29, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Tentative schedule of final performances by the New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, July 20; Thursday matinée and evening, July 21; Friday evening, July 22; and Saturday matinée and evening, July 23: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . [**Note**: *A special concert* will be given by England Dan and John Ford Coley on Sunday, July 24, at 7.] . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 26: "Square Dance," "Other Dances," "Meditation," "Tarantella," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 27: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 28: "Square Dance," "Other Dances," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 28: "Divertimento No. 15" and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 29: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 30: "Square Dance," "Chaconne," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 30: "Divertimento No. 15" and "Vienna Waltzes." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of *ballet and modern and ethnic dancing.* Through Saturday, July 23: Ted Kivitt and Eleanor D'Antuono, Teodoro and Isabel Morca, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 26-30: May O'Donnell Concert Dance Company, Anne Marie DeAngelo and Lawrence Rhodes, and Bhaskar. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, at 8: Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 5:30: Danny Williams Grossman and Dance Company. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 27, at 8: Walter Nicks Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, at 8: Twyla Tharp Dancers and Dances. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, July 21, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); Friday, July 22, at 8; and Saturday, July 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Sunday, July 24, at 2, and Monday, July 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 26-27, at 8, and Thursday, July 28, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Friday, July 29, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 30, at 4:05.

Racing—At **belmont**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 23; the Tom Fool Handicap, Monday, July 25; the Tremont, Wednesday, July 27; and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station *for the track Mondays through* Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, July 23, and the Sorority, Saturday, July 30. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.) . . . **atlantic city**, *Mays Landing*, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45 through Monday, Sept. 5. . . . **bowie**, Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, July 23. The Marylander Handicap, Saturday, July 23.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Washington. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Wednesday, July *27*, at *7*:05. For *information* about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—At **felt forum**, Madison Square Garden: New York Apples vs. Boston, Friday, July 22. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts.) . . . **nassau coliseum**: New York Apples vs. Seattle-Portland, Saturday, July 23. . . . ¶ New York Apples vs. Phoenix, Friday, July 29. . . . ¶ New York Apples vs. Los Angeles, Saturday, July 30. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.) Matches begin at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 725-0070.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **meadowlands racetrack**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Aug. 1.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Through Wednesday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 23.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Final free performances of a revived production of the Brecht-Weill **the threepenny opera**. Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. The first of two Beaumont Theatre productions being presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, July 24. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; *through Sunday, July 31.)*

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of "La Traviata." (Thursday, July 21, at 8.)

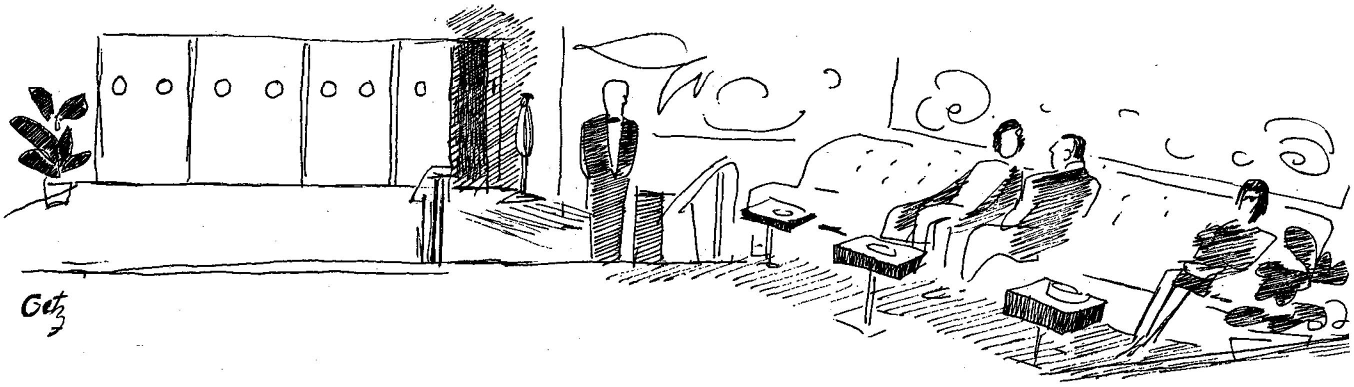
Washington Square Park—Gerard Schwarz conducting the Festival Orchestra. The second in a series of five concerts. (Tuesday, July 26, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St.)

Wollman Rink—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, July 20: Kenny Rankin. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 22-23: Judy Collins. . . . ¶ Monday, July 25, and Wednesday, July 27: Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29: Robert Klein and Helen Schneider. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30: Daryl Hall & John Oates and Valerie Carter. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **finian's rainbow**, with Beth Fowler. (*Nightly* at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Black Sunday."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 26: "King Kong" and "Fantastic Planet."
From July 27: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Annie Hall."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Deep."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"New York, New York."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Annie Hall."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"In the Realm of the Senses."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 21: "Nasty Habits."
From July 22: "Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Orca."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 26: "A Bridge Too Far."
From July 27: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 23: "Cousin, Cousine."
From July 24: "The First Nudie Musical."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Deep."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 26: "3 Women."
From July 27: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Annie Hall."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through July 26: "Sorcerer."
From July 27: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Orca."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through July 26: "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" and "The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh."
From July 27: "In Search of the Castaways" and "Robin Hood."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 26: "The Island of Dr. Moreau."
From July 27: "Joyride."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 20: "Loose Ends."
From July 21: "Strongman Ferdinand."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Nasty Habits."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 26 (tentative): "Annie Hall."
From July 27: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "3 Women."
Theatre 2: Through July 26: "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" and "The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh." From July 27: "In Search of the Castaways" and "Robin Hood."
Theatre 3: "The Island of Dr. Moreau."
Theatre 4: Through July 26: "High Street." From July 27 (tentative): "Welcome to L.A." and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"For the Love of Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"MacArthur."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"New York, New York."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 26: "King Kong" and "Bug."
From July 27: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Cria!"

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Stroszek."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 26; "Romeo and Juliet."
From July 27: "Jabberwocky."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 26: "Darby O'Gill and the Little People" and "The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh." From July 27: "In Search of the Castaways" and "Robin Hood."
Theatre 2: "Orca."
Theatre 3: "The Deep."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"We're Not the Jet Set."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 26: "King Kong" and "The Big Bus."
From July 27: "Rollercoaster" and "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through July 21: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Mahler" (1976), directed by Ken Russell, with Robert Powell.
July 22-23: "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.
July 24-25: "Harry & Tonto" (1974), directed by Paul Mazursky, with Art Carney; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village." (†)
July 26: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
July 27-28: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (†) and "The Gang's All Here." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 20: "The Sun Shines Bright" (1954), directed by John Ford, with Charles Winninger, Stepin Fetchit, and Arleen Whelan; and "Stagecoach" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claire Trevor and John Wayne.
July 21: "Kid Brother" (1927), directed by Ted Wilde, with Harold Lloyd; and "The Circus" (1928), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
July 22: "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles; and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou.
July 23: "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.
July 24: "Macbeth" (†) and "King Lear." (†)
July 25: "Electra" (†) and "The Trojan Women." (†)
July 26: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "The Big Carnival." (†)
July 27: "The Bad Sleep Well" (†); and "The Scandal" (1950), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
July 28: "The General" (1926), directed by

Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Mr. Keaton; and "The Strong Man." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 21: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Open City" (1944), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani.

July 22-23: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (1974), a concert on film; and "Gimme Shelter." (†)

July 24-25: "Animal Crackers" (1930), "Duck Soup" (1933), and "Horsefeathers" (1932), all with the Marx Brothers.

July 26: "The Missouri Breaks" (†) and "Fat City." (†)

July 27-28: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Millhouse: A White Comedy." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 23: "Easter Parade" (1948), directed by Charles Walters, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Ann Miller, and Peter Lawford; and "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan.

July 24-25: "Min and Bill" (†) and "Libeled Lady." (†)

July 26-27: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†) and "Point Blank." (†)

From July 28: "An American in Paris" (†) and "Invitation to the Dance." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through July 21: "The Night of the Hunter" (†) and "Witness for the Prosecution." (†)

July 22-23: "Now, Voyager" (1942), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis, Paul Henried, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "The Letter" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall.

July 24-26: "Bound for Glory" (1976), directed by Hal Ashby, with David Carradine; and "Thieves Like Us" (1974), directed by Robert Altman, with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen.

From July 27: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through July 21: "Three Wise Girls" (1932), directed by William Beaudine, with Jean Harlow and Mae Clarke; and "Virtue" (1932), directed by Eddie Buzzell, with Carole Lombard and Pat O'Brien.

July 22-23: "Love Affair" (†) and "The Menace." (†)

July 24-25: "Mexicali Rose" (†) and "Ten Cents a Dance." (†)

July 26: "Let's Go Native" (†) and "Monte Carlo." (†)

July 27-28: "The Four Feathers" (†) and "Beau Geste." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 21 at 2:30: "The Cloud Dodger" (1928), directed by Bruce Mitchell, with Al Wilson. . . .¶ July 21 at 6: "The Great Circus Mystery: Episodes 1-4" (1925), directed by Jay Marchant, with Joe Bonomo; Czech intertitles. . . . ¶ July 21 at 8:30: "The Great Circus Mystery: Episodes 5-10.". . . ¶ July 22 at 2:30: "Hell's Heroes" (1930), a silent film, directed by William Wyler, with Charles Bickford. . . . ¶ July 22 at 6: "Hoopla" (1933), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Clara Bow. . . . ¶ July 23 at noon: "Francis Goes to West Point" (1952), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Donald O'Connor and Francis the Talking Mule. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30: "The Mad Whirl" (1925), directed by William A. Seiter, with May McAvoy. . . . ¶ July 23 at 5: "Hell's Heroes.". . . ¶ July 24 at noon: "Wild Blood" (1928), directed by Henry MacCrae, with Rex the Horse. . . . ¶ July 24 at 2:30: "Spangles" (1926), directed by Frank O'Connor, with Marian Nixon. . . . ¶ July 24 at 5: "The Virginian" (1929), directed by Victor Fleming, with Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ July 25 at noon: "Easter Island" (1934), directed by John Ferno, French narration, with no English titles; and "Small Wilderness" (1970), directed by Karl Weber and Peter Horner. . . . ¶ July 25 at 2:30: "Alias the Deacon" (1928), directed by Edward Sloman, with Jean Hersholt. . . . ¶ July 25 at 6: "Spangles.". . . ¶ July 26 at noon: "Easter Island" and "Small Wilderness.". . . ¶ July 26 at 2:30: "Liliom" (1934), in French, directed by Fritz Lang, with Charles Boyer; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 26 at 6: "Smouldering Fires" (1925), directed by Clarence Brown, with Pauline Frederick and Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ July 28 at 2:30: "The Cat and the Canary" (1927), directed by Paul Leni, with Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ July 28 at 6: "A Hero for a Night" (1927), directed by William James Craft, with Glenn Tryon. . . . ¶ July 28 at 8:30: "Jazz Mad" (1928), directed by F. Harmon Weight, with Jean Hersholt. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the principal performers are in fine form and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. (Regency; starting July 28.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Gramercy, Fine Arts, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through July 26, tentative.)

The Bad Sleep Well (1960)—Kurosawa takes on the theme of corruption in business and government in this melodrama about how Toshiro Mifune tries to track down the men responsible for murdering his father. He finds them, all right, but here's the Japanese twist on a basically American-type story: Mifune is eliminated and business goes on as usual. It's a strangely mixed movie—an attempt at social significance but with several borrowings from "Hamlet" that take bizarre forms: a giant wedding cake in the shape of an office building serves the plot function of the play within the play in "Hamlet." (The groom's father had committed suicide by jumping from a window of an office building.) The cast includes Masayuki Mori and Takashi Shimura. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 27.)

Beau Geste (1939)—Gary Cooper had had three flops in a row when he decided to play it safe with this remake of the 1926 Ronald Colman hit about a valiant Foreign Legionnaire's life in the midst of Arab attacks, garrison floggings, desert deaths, and assorted fortress crises. The picture, rousingly directed by William Wellman, was indeed a success, but times had changed, and Cooper's halfhearted performance and somewhat delirious courage didn't entertain audiences nearly as much as Brian Donlevy's ruthless villainy. Donlevy's sadistic Russian officer shocked audiences, and at the same time persuaded them that he was a superb soldier; the role had some of the fascination of George C. Scott's later Patton. Donlevy got the notices and an Academy Award nomination. With Robert Preston as Cooper's brother, Ray Milland, Susan Hayward, Albert Dekker, Broderick Crawford, and J. Carrol Naish. The Percival C. Wren novel was adapted by Robert Carson; a 1966 version starred Guy Stockwell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 27-28.)

The Big Bus (1976)—This slapstick satire of disaster movies is full of gags that seem potentially hilarious, and the script, by Fred Freeman and Lawrence J. Cohen, may have looked really promising, in an all-out sophomoric-surreal way. But only a very few of the gags get their laughs—and when slapstick goes flat, the effect is grim. Right from the start, the tone is uncertain; the director, James Frawley, doesn't stylize the clichés he's parodying, so they remain clichés. Intermittently, some of the actors come through. Joseph Bologna and John Beck are the drivers of the nuclear-powered bus on its maiden run from New York to Denver. Bologna is a remarkably easy, unactorish actor; at times, he's like a smaller Sid Caesar or a dead-pan Alan Alda. And the long-chinned Beck knows how to use his dumb-lug face for amiable stupor. But the heroine, Stockard Channing, has an abrasive voice, and it's hard to know how one is meant to respond to her smug whimsicality, or to her eyebrows, or to her crumpled lower face. With Bob Dishy, who wins at least a smile from the audience, and Lynn Redgrave, José Ferrer, Sally Kellerman, Ruth Gordon, René Auberjonois, Harold Gould, Larry Hagman, Ned Beatty, and Richard Mulligan. (Olympia; through July 26.)

The Big Carnival (1951; also known as "Ace in the Hole")—Billy Wilder made this flop right after "Sunset Boulevard" and just before "Stalag 17." Some people have tried to claim some sort of satirical brilliance for it, but it's really just nasty, in a sociologically pushy way. Kirk Douglas is the big-time New York reporter who is so opportunistic that when he gets to where a collapsed roof has buried a man in New Mexico, he arranges to have the rescue delayed so that he can pump the story up. The immured man dies, while Douglas keeps shouting in order that we can all see what a symptomatic, cynical exploiter he is. With Jan Sterling, as the trapped man's wife, and Porter Hall. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Art.)

A Bridge Too Far—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. (6/20/77) (Eastside Cinema, Columbia II, and U. A. East. . . . ¶ Columbia I; through July 26.)

Bug (1975)—With Bradford Dillman and Joanna Miles, directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Playboy; through July 26.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Waverly. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through July 23. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting July 22.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Cinema 3.)

DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE (1959)—From the Disney studios, with Albert Sharpe, Janet Munro, and Sean Connery; directed by Robert Stevenson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 26.)

THE DEEP—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (7/4/77) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

ELECTRA (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting and with an authentic solemn grandeur. Luckily the heroine, Irene Papas, is fair to look upon, and so is the Greek landscape. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

FANTASTIC PLANET (1973)—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 26.)

FAT CITY (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Cinema Village; July 26.)

THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (68th St. Playhouse; starting July 24.)

FOR THE LOVE OF BENJI—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS (1929)—The A. E. W. Mason novel, one of the kitsch classics of British colonial gallantry, was first filmed in 1921, and again, after this version, in 1939 and 1955. Here, Richard Arlen is the young officer who shows a streak of cowardice; before he can redeem himself by becoming the bravest of the brave, his beautiful fiancée (Fay Wray) throws him over, and his comrades (Clive Brook, William Powell, and Theodore von Eltz) break with him. It's Hollywood mid-Victorian, with the hero, at the climax, trapped in an outpost in the Sudan that is besieged by "fuzzy-wuzzies;" the sight of the British relief column is meant to stir the audience's patriotic emotions. But the directors, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, tip us off about where their real feelings are: a sequence of baboon families in flight from a jungle fire and crossing a river is far and away the finest footage in the film. There's a standard sub-theme in the colonial movies: a native child or bearer, befriended by the hero, is loyal to him to the death; in this movie, the hero's friendship with a black child is far more tender than his relationship with his fiancée. With Noah Beery and Noble Johnson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 27-28.)

THE GANG'S ALL HERE (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda on an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love, No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 27-28.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos's famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 27-28.)

GIMME SHELTER (1970)—The Rolling Stones on their American tour, with special attention to the disaster at Altamont. Directed by David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin. (Cinema Village; July 22-23.)

LA GRANDE BOURGEOISE—With Catherine Deneuve and Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Mauro Bolognini. In French and Italian. (Beekman, and Paramount.)

HIGH STREET—With Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman, directed by André Ernotte. In French. (Quad Cinema; through July 26.)

HOMAGE TO CHAGALL—THE COLOURS OF LOVE—A documentary, directed by Harry Rasky, with narration by James Mason. Joseph Wiseman is the voice of Marc Chagall. (Little Carnegie.)

I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN—With Bibi Andersson and Kathleen Quinlan, directed by Anthony Page. (Cinema I.)

IN SEARCH OF THE CASTAWAYS (1962)—From the Disney studios, with Maurice Chevalier, Hayley Mills, and George Sanders; directed by Robert Stevenson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 27.)

IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

INVITATION TO THE DANCE (1956)—This picture bollixed the career of Gene Kelly, who directed and choreographed it, and probably broke his heart as well: practically nobody saw it. The film consists of three ballets, with some pantomime and also some animated-cartoon work. "Circus," set to Jacques Ibert music, features Igor Youskevitch as a high-wire artist, Claire Sombert as a bareback rider in love with him, and Kelly as a clown in love with her; "Ring Around the Rosy," about a bracelet that goes through various hands, has an André Previn score, and the dancers include Youskevitch, Tamara Toumanova, Tommy Rall, and Kelly; "Sinbad the Sailor" features Carol Haney as Scheherazade and Kelly as Sinbad. The film was beset by difficulties. It had to be made in England because that's where M-G-M had frozen funds, and, with interruptions for Kelly to do other jobs, the work spread over three years. He was further hampered by front-office directives—for example, the second ballet was danced to a score that the M-G-M brass didn't like, so Previn had to write a new score to the already filmed dancing. Then the studio put the film on the shelf for another year. There should be an ironic kicker: the picture should be a neglected marvel. But it isn't. It's merely a labor of love gone wrong. (Regency; starting July 28.)

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU—With Burt Lancaster and Michael York, directed by Don Taylor. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through July 26.)

JABBERWOCKY—An agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 27.)

JOYRIDE—With Desi Arnaz, Jr., and Robert Carradine, directed by Joseph Ruben. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting July 27.)

KING KONG—Colossal, silly, touching, a marvellous Classics Comics movie (and for the whole family). It can stand in one's affections right next to the original version. John Guillermin directed, from Lorenzo Semple, Jr.'s, script; with Jeff Bridges, Jessica Lange, and Charles Grodin. (1/3/77) (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; through July 26.)

KING LEAR (1971)—Kozintsev, who directed the Soviet "Hamlet" with Smoktunovsky, uses Boris Pasternak's translation. Lear is played by Yuri Jarvet, with a look of fragility unexpected in Lears, who are generally like oaks. This is an Old Testament figure capable of both enormous delusion and enormous insight. The film is handsomely imagined, both pictorially and intellectually. Not to be missed. In Russian. (8/11/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

THE LAST REMAKE OF BEAU GESTE—With Ann-Margret, Marty Feldman, Michael York, Peter Ustinov, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Feldman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

LET'S GO NATIVE (1930)—Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher were teamed in a series of Paramount musical comedies, some of them with bizarrely casual, tipsy plots. In this one, Jeanette MacDonald (in her pre-Nelson Eddy days) runs a fashion shop; she and her sweetie (James Hall) and Oakie, a cabdriver who has got himself into trouble, all board a steamer bound for South America, are shipwrecked, and land on a pearl-rich island run by Gallagher. The grinning Oakie is hard to resist, but the film's washed-out flippancy goes flat, and the songs are disappointing. Leo McCarey directed; with Kay Francis and Eugene Pallette. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 26.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—Jack Conway directed this entertaining M-G-M newspaper comedy-melodrama, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel by Myrna Loy. Jean Harlow has some great wisecracking lines, and William Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?" With Walter Connolly. (Regency; July 24-25.)

Loose Ends—Directed by David Burton Morris and Victoria Wozniak. (Renoir Cinema; July 20.)

Love Affair (1932)—Humphrey Bogart in his juvenile-lead days. This was the eighth movie he appeared in; it was taken from an Ursula Parrott story, and the star is Dorothy Mackaill. Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22-23.)

MacArthur—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly; his skill at reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (Music Hall.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The well-acted production is a bloody melodrama that reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. With Jon Finch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 24.)

The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh—From the Disney studios. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through July 26.)

The Menace (1932)—Bette Davis's fourth picture, a corpse-filled thriller (adapted from Edgar Wallace's novel "The Feathered Serpent") which Davis says was shot in eight days. H.B. Warner, Natalie Moorhead, Walter Byron, and Halliwell Hobbs are in the cast; Roy William Neill directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22-23.)

Mexicali Rose (1929)—Barbara Stanwyck called the film "an abortion," and she wasn't being too rough on it. Though she had an impressive stage reputation, she was still a novice in movies (she had appeared in a silent in 1927, and then had made her first talkie earlier in 1929), and this picture, in which she's cast as a hip-wiggling tart, almost finished her career. (Her next, Frank Capra's "Ladies of Leisure," was to make her a star.) With Sam Hardy and William Janney. Directed by Erle Kenton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24-25.)

Millhouse: A White Comedy (1971)—A documentary about Richard Nixon, directed by Emile de Antonio. The picture uses the same unscrupulous methods it accuses Nixon of using. (Cinema Village; July 27-28.)

FLORIST
FLOWERS
R. Davidson

Min and Bill (1930)—Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the wild-eyed battle-axe with a chest like a rolltop desk, playing rather against the text of a sentimental talkie about a pair of waterfront characters on the warpath about inroads of propriety. (Regency; July 24-25.)

The Missouri Breaks (1976)—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative, which the immensely intelligent Penn probably conceived as a picture about the dying days of the frontier spirit and the undernourished souls of people living on their own myths. Thomas McGuane's script is adept, but jerky and smart-alecky. (5/31/76) (Cinema Village; July 26.)

Monte Carlo (1930)—Jeanette MacDonald leans out the window of a train and radiantly sings "Beyond the Blue Horizon" to fields of rather stunned-looking peasants. She also does a lot of singing in her underwear. Lubitsch directed. With Jack Buchanan. Very stylish and sly, not to be missed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 26.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through July 21.)

New York, New York—A piece of cheek, pilfering the title of a famous Bernstein-Comden-Green song. It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese, who made the fine "Mean Streets." (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux East, and Ziegfeld.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 24-25. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 27, tentative.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Thalia; through July 21.)

Orca—With Richard Harris and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Michael Anderson. (Cinema II, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Other Side of Midnight—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to becoming the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. A huffy girl, her huffs amuse—temporarily—a Greek millionaire (Raf Vallone), who paints terrible paintings on his private island and gives her a plane as a birthday present; this allows her to get her own back on an old flame called

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Larry (John Beck), a pilot who stood her up in the old days in Paris and married—the dastardly man—another woman, who is rather nice and has fewer costumes. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a dialogue between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (Coronet.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—With Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur; directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet.)

Point Blank (1967)—Showoffy, brutal, somewhat inexplicable account of a crook (Lee Marvin) who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. But it's director John Boorman's virtuosity that is the star. Intermittently dazzling, the film has more energy and invention than Boorman seems to know what to do with. He appears to take the title literally; one comes out exhilarated but bewildered. With Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, Keenan Wynn, Michael Strong, and John Vernon. The West Coast settings include the actual (though no longer in use) prison on Alcatraz. (Regency; July 26-27.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—Entertaining trash, though overlong. The director, Tay Garnett, knew enough tricks to sustain this glossily bowdlerized version of the James M. Cain tabloid novel, and he used Lana Turner maybe better than any other director did. Cain's women are, typically, calculating, hot little animals, and his men doom-ridden victims. Here, Lana Turner's Cora—infantile in a bored, helpless, premoral way—is dressed in impeccable white as if to conceal her sweaty passions and murderous impulses; John Garfield plays the drifter who becomes her lover. Cora's harmless husband (Cecil Kellaway) seems a nuisance to have around, so they decide to finish him off while he's relaxing in the bathtub. The shoddy, ironic twist signified in the title is that the killers get away with their crime but retribution comes anyway. As opposing lawyers, Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames have a showoffy courtroom clash. With Audrey Totter. (Regency; July 26-27.)

Robin Hood (1973)—An animated version from the Disney studios. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting July 27.)

Rollercoaster—Directed by James Goldstone, a film that rolls along suavely on the innate terror that people have about rides in amusement parks. George Segal is a safety inspector called on to investigate catastrophes caused by bombs laid on roller-coaster tracks. There's a certain amount of Hitchcockian suspense in broad-daylight chases among holiday-making crowds. In Sensurround. (6/20/77) (Olympia; starting July 27.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Embassy 72nd St.; through July 26.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (59th St. East.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Olympia; starting July 27.)

Sorcerer—William Friedkin's remake of Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear," about four men at the end of their endurance in Latin America. In spite of the title, the quality of the film is not metaphysical but lies in the tension of the gesture of defiance by the four men, who have nothing real to lose, though capitalist society dependent on labor has trained them to think their null existences of value. After a wretched hour of unnecessary opening plot, the sad thriller is set. See the Clouzot version in preference. (7/18/77) (Loews Ciné; through July 26.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—The tenth in the James Bond series, with Roger Moore portraying Bond. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Columbia I, and Loews Ciné; starting July 27.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Strong Man (1926)—At the time this picture (his best) came out, Harry Langdon—innocent, moronic, infantile, saintly, cunning—was widely held to be in the class of Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd. It was his second long comedy and his last box-office success. Langdon plays a Belgian soldier in the First World War who has become a pen pal of an American girl and comes to find her after the war; he eventually has to clean out the corrupt town she lives in. At one point he falls into the grip of a tough broad who is trying to steal some money from the lining of his coat; he misinterprets her action and gives a glorious rendition of outraged virtue. Written and directed by Frank Capra. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

Strongman Ferdinand—Directed by Alexander Kluge. In German. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Renoir Cinema; starting July 21.)

Stroszek—With Bruno S. and Eva Mattes, directed by Werner Herzog. In German and English. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

Ten Cents a Dance (1931)—The hard-boiled sentimentality of many early talky melodramas could be crackling, and even daring, when a good craftsman was in charge, but in this film the director, Lionel Barrymore, fails to shape the scenes, and the film drags heavily. In the role of the no-nonsense taxi dancer, Barbara Stanwyck fends off sailors and rough guys and raps out her lines believably; she's a miraculously natural actress, but without a director she doesn't show anything like the gifts she demonstrated in this same period in "Ladies of Leisure" and "The Miracle Woman." The Jo Swerling script isn't much help: the girl marries a thieving weakling (Monroe Owsley), and then saves him from prison by borrowing money from a rich (and worthy) gentlemen (Ricardo Cortez). When her ungrateful husband turns nasty, she quite sensibly leaves him and goes off to marry the gent. With Sally Blane and Martha Sleeper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24-25.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through July 26.)

The Trojan Women (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Quad Cinema; starting July 27, tentative.)

We're Not the Jet Set—A documentary about a Nebraska farm family, directed by Robert Duvall. (New Yorker.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's moderately entertaining version of the Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Thalia; through July 21.)

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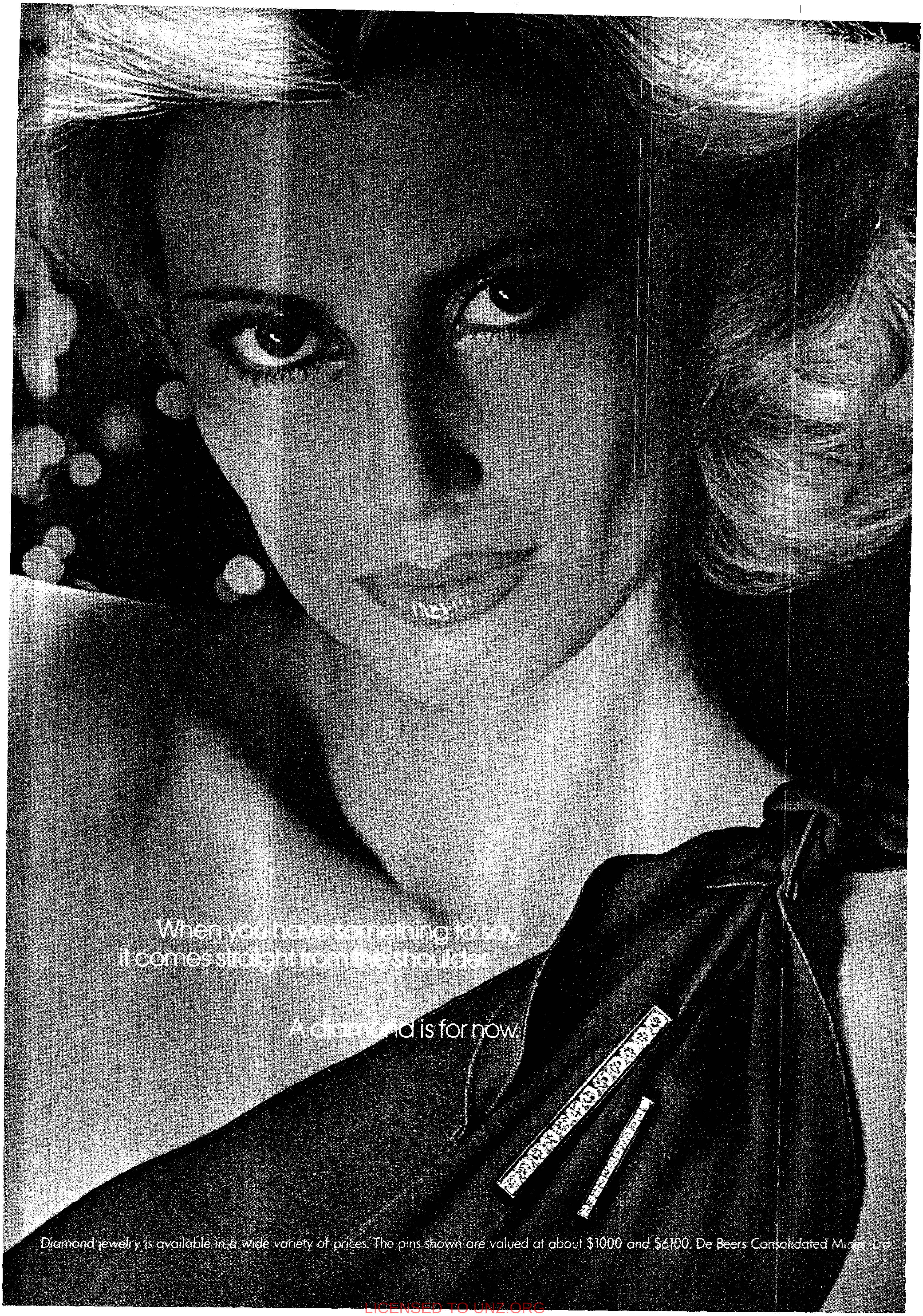
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THE NEW YORKER

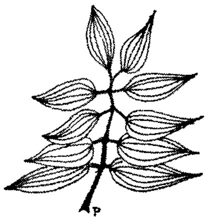
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE last time it happened, on a November evening twelve years ago, we had been working at our office when the lights dimmed—we thought we were having trouble with our eyesight—and then went out completely. Well, this time we were at our office again, and just as we were about ready to head for the elevator (we still keep thinking about missing that particular journey) and home, the lights turned dim again. In 1965, when virtually the entire Northeast blacked out, it was a while before we knew that what had befallen us was not some hideous cosmic event but a mere power failure. This time, we had no doubt about what it was. Half an hour later, in the company of a small group of colleagues, and with the help of three electric lanterns bought right after the 1965 blackout, we made our way down from the nineteenth floor by way of an enclosed stairwell, and safely gained Forty-fourth Street.

We decided to look in at the Algonquin, on Forty-fourth Street, before trying to get a cab home. Inside the hotel, everything looked festive in the gentle, flickering light of dozens of candles on cocktail tables and in the dining rooms; the after-theatre buffet service, in the form of a lavishly laden table that was presided over by a man in a chef's hat, was in premature full blast, for theatregoers caught in mid-act by the blackout. A number of people were milling around the front desk, which was grandly lighted by a tall, three-masted silver candelabra. The management people behind the desk were mighty busy at the telephones.

We overheard a round-faced man among the people near the desk telling a companion, "They *have* rooms here, but you can't stay the night here—you can't get into them." We approached the round-faced man, introduced ourself, and asked for an explanation. He turned out to be Eliot Fremont-Smith, the literary critic. He said that at the time the blackout occurred he and other members of the National Book Critics Circle, of which he is president, had just ended a meeting they'd been holding in an upstairs conference room to decide on the dates for their forthcoming awards. "A couple of us had stayed chatting, and when the lights began to waver we thought it a rather overdone hint from the management that our time was running out," he remarked. The critics had walked down a stairway to the lobby. Mr. Fremont-Smith told us he lives in Westchester but had been unable to make contact with his home and had hoped to put up at the Algonquin for the night. "The trouble is, they have an electronic security-key system here, under which you have to insert an electronically coded card into a slot next to your room door in order to get in, and it turns out that the electronic-key system is tied in to the power company's electric lines," he said. "So, with the power off, people who have left their rooms can't get back in, and new guests who want to register can't get into any rooms, either." We checked this information with one of the people behind the front desk when he was momentarily off the phone. He confirmed it, but added, "There *is* a backup key system, which isn't dependent on the Con Ed lines, and we hope to kick it off soon. In the meantime, everybody is taking the situation very nicely."



In hot, muggy murk, we walked east on Forty-fourth Street. The darkness was by no means total or continuous. When we turned around and looked west, we could see a glow above the New Jersey skyline—the power over there was apparently unaffected by the blackout—and could also see the red and white lights of police cars flashing as, one car chasing after another, they raced north on Sixth Avenue. More light was fitfully thrown on the street from the headlights of cabs and private cars, and from the illuminated ads on the cab roofs: "Smooth Gilbey's Gin," "New Low-Tar Tareyton Lights." As additional illumination there came occasional bolts of lightning from the east, displaying the Pan Am Building in looming silhouette. Rumbles of thunder interspersed the lightning flashes in belated, out-of-sync fashion. And, as additional audio, there were the intermittent bips, beeps, bops, squeals, synthetic yodelling sounds, and distant wails of the approaching, passing, retreating police cars. At intervals, we could hear something we can almost never catch in New York—the quiet, friendly clipping sound of people's feet on the sidewalk. As we ourself clipped along, we were eager for news about the blackout, and wondered how we might catch up with some. A bit farther along Forty-fourth, we became lucky. A couple were just getting out of a car that was well antennaed and radio-equipped, and we asked if we might listen for a minute. The couple—it turned out that he was a computer specialist with the Stanford Research Institute, at Menlo Park, California, and she was an economist from Indiana—were just about to enter a nearby hotel, but they most obligingly turned on their car radio for us. From WINS, we got the general drift: "It's going to be several hours at best. . . . Plunged into darkness by a massive power failure . . . The Indian Point power plant tripped. . . . No word yet as to when . . ."

Next, we walked to the corner of Forty-sixth and Fifth, where two police cars had converged. From one of them a policeman called out to the driver of the other, "Did you get to the people in the building, Charlie?" Charlie, standing beside his patrol car, with an elbow on its roof, shouted back, "There's this guy screaming 'Thirty people are trapped on the upper floors!' " Another squad car pulled up. Its driver waved an arm in the direction of a patrolman standing guard outside the offices of Aeroflot, the Soviet airline. "Everything is out, but the Russians have to be protected!" he called out sardonically.

Having walked over to Madison Avenue, we saw a very powerful light, directed from the side of a car on the sidewalk, playing on the façade of a tall office building—No. 347, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth. A man was holding the light, we found, and he told us that his name was Paul Hansen, that he was the manager of the building, that he lived in Brooklyn, and that when the blackout came he had got worried about people in the building and had decided to drive in and see to it that anybody working in the building was able to get out safely. "I ran up to the twentieth floor and made a floor-by-floor search," he said, and he added that he was now pretty sure everybody had been evacuated, but he was just checking with his light ("It's an aircraft landing light I picked up") in case somebody might show up at one of the windows.

A passerby said to Mr. Hansen, "I've just come from Broadway and Ninety-sixth. They're on a Halloween trip up there, breaking windows all over."

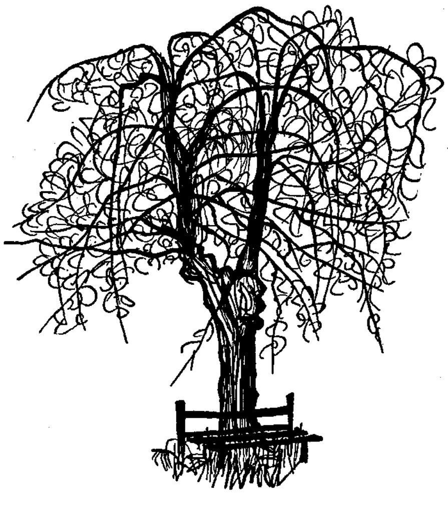
Mr. Hansen replied, "In the last blackout, you had a full moon. Not this time."

At the intersection of Madison Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, we encountered the first of many amateur traffic directors who, we later discovered, took over at intersections around town. This one was a teen-age boy. We ventured into the middle of the street, and learned that the helpful citizen was named Robert Page, that he was seventeen years old, that he lived in Florida, where he was in his senior year in high school, and that he had been visiting his father, in Fresh Meadows, and was due to fly back to Florida the next day. When the blackout descended, he had been in the area, he said, and had "just walked around looking for something to do." He continued, "I got to this corner and saw that there were a lot of beep-beeps going on in traffic, and there were a lot of drivers halfway into the intersection, so I just started to direct traffic. Once, I almost got hit."

We walked on to Grand Central and in through the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance. The west balcony was thinly illuminated by two emergency lights fixed above the doorway. Perhaps a hundred people, mostly men, were standing around on the balcony, a lot of them leaning against the marble balustrade, which had a bleached look under the emergency lights. The great well of the concourse below was in almost unrelieved darkness, with only faint gleams of flashlights showing here and there. Now and again, from the well, there would come a shout from one person to another, with a tremendous, cavernous echo.

We chatted with a shirt-sleeved man of professional appearance who had been reading some papers taken from an open attaché case. He told us that he was a banker who worked for the Morgan Guaranty branch on Fifty-seventh Street and lived in Ridgefield, Connecticut, where he would like to be at that moment but which he felt was very, very far away.

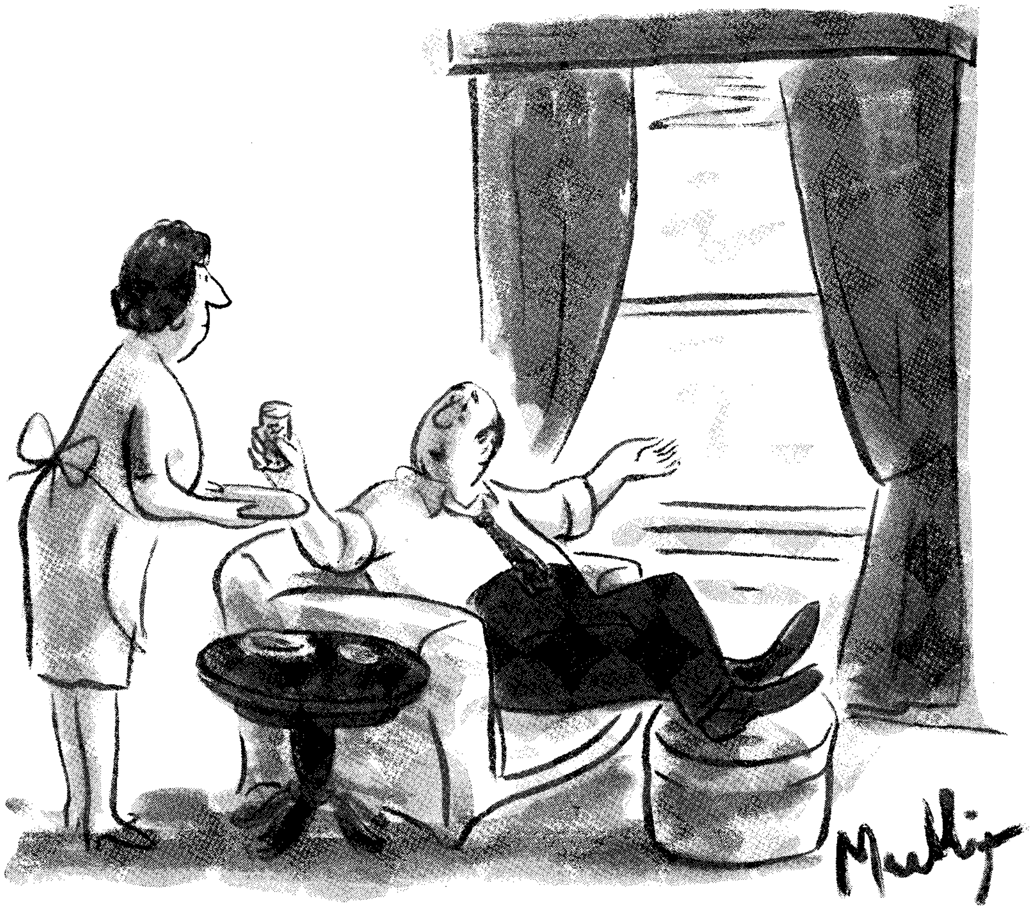
Just then, we thought we heard bagpipe music from somewhere outside Grand Central. And in a couple of minutes a kilted man with a mustache and muttonchops marched in at the balcony entrance, playing the bagpipes and followed by a group of people. Echoing cheers rose from the well of the concourse. By the balustrade, he paused in his playing to adjust his pipes. We took the opportunity to talk with him. He said that his name was Bob Psotto, that he had been "playing the bagpipes around town for about three years," and that he had been in an antique shop he was starting on East Seventy-eighth Street when the blackout came. "I closed things up, went to my apartment, which is nearby, got my pipes, and began marching down here," he went on. "I had a parade behind me all the way. I played practically my whole repertory on the way down—'The Road to the Isles,' 'The Barren Rocks of Aden,' 'Scotland the Brave,' and the rest." Then Psotto called out to his audience, "I'm going to play 'The Kilt Is My Delight'!" Cheers and clapping from the darkened well. The bagpipes set off a fearsome echo in the station. A sizable knot of people collected around the piper. Then the playing ceased abruptly. Psotto examined his pipes. "That's it," he announced. "The stop valve just blew out."



ALMOST immediately after the lights went out, excited but aimless crowds began to flow up and down the sidewalks of Seventh Avenue in Greenwich Village. Few people showed much curiosity about what was happening; apparently, they recalled the blackout of 1965, or had heard about it, and simply assumed that the causes were the same this time. And with the idea that the present blackout was like the one in 1965 came the idea that the experience was going to be fun, the way the one in 1965 had turned out to be for many people. Remarks such as "This is great" and "Terrific, another blackout" were common. Now in the fun there seemed to be an element of determination.

A while later, a young man began playing jazz flute in front of a sidewalk café just south of the Renoir Cinema. He wore short pants and a T-shirt, and had carefully coiffed long, curly hair and a Fu Manchu mustache. Reports of looting and arson had started coming in on people's transistor radios, and the flute-playing, which put us in mind of the nineteen-sixties, with its hippies and their counterculture, seemed oddly out of keeping, pleasant as the music was in itself. Before long, the young man put his flute away, and, in the atmosphere of familiarity among strangers which was still strong up and down the avenue, got into a rather one-sided conversation with a conventionally dressed young couple at the café. He said that he was a commodities broker, that he bicycled to work every day, that he bought papaya and melon for dinner every day, and that he was "really digging" the blackout and hoped the lights stayed off a long time. The couple did not seem to want to hear these things, and soon got up and left.

AROUND 10 P.M. Wednesday, we walked over to the Tenth Precinct, at 230 West Twentieth Street, where we found policemen talking on telephones by candlelight. Candles stuck in saucers, plus a few flashlights, were the only available illumination, for although many stations have emergency generators this one did not. The desk man—a cool, gray-haired man identified as Detective Ronald Wigdor—was answering phones and dispensing advice. Between calls, he told us he'd heard that the blackout would



"Sure, here in my castle I'm king, but out there, where everything counts, what am I?"

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last at least seven hours. We asked about communications within the department. Not very good, said Detective Wigdor. The central police radio—the radio dispatcher that controls the patrol cars—was out, he explained, and the only way the precinct could get in touch with its cars was by having them phone in at intervals. Foot patrolmen were able to communicate with the station by small walkie-talkies of limited range. As Wigdor turned back to his phones, several off-duty patrolmen came in. (All policemen had been asked to report to the nearest station.) "Any robbery-squad detectives here?" Wigdor asked the room at large. "No?" He shrugged, and gave a person on the other end of a phone a telephone number.

Sergeant John Crosby, who was working out assignments, told us that the department was holding on to the evening shift, which would ordinarily be relieved at eleven-thirty and midnight. "There's no communication with the cars on patrol except when they call us," he said. "We're holding the men over, and as the other shift comes in we're sending men out to intersections to control traffic. Right now, we have no major problems." Sergeant Crosby told us that the station had eight patrol cars and ten foot patrolmen. A patrolman reported for duty. "There's a big fire alongside the Gowanus Expressway," he said. "Around Thirty-ninth Street."

The precinct captain arrived—a small, spare, taciturn man—and disappeared into his office to change into his uniform.

Two patrolmen came in to ask what they should do when their patrol cars ran out of gas. The electric pumps in most gas stations were not working.

"Go on foot," said Crosby.

Another patrolman announced that he had a prisoner in the station.

"How'd we get stuck with that?" asked Crosby.

The patrolman just shook his head.

"I hear they cleaned out a store at a Hundred and Second Street," said Wigdor, at the phones. By eleven-thirty, most of the patrolmen on the late shift had reported in, wearing a variety of clothes. Many of them were without flashlights, but all had their badges and guns. We went out on a foot patrol with Patrolman Louis Correll, Badge No. 26639, a tall, brown-haired young man, who told us that he had just finished the first day of an off-duty job as a taxi-driver. The two of us walked down Eighth Avenue to Fourteenth and then over to Ninth Avenue, where we found John Murray, a cheerful Irish-American foot patrolman, who told us that he had grown up in the district. Murray and Correll agreed that it was going to be a quiet night. "Usually," said Murray, pointing west, "this street is full of trucks unloading meat. But not tonight. The thing we have to watch is this intersection." Hudson Street, Ninth Avenue, Fourteenth Street, and Greenwich Street all intersect there. Just then, there was a squeal of brakes and a slight thud. A car going west on Fourteenth Street had cut across the front of a car travelling south. Neither driver stopped to find out if there was any damage.

"When will the lights come back on?" a woman asked Murray.

"When the city pays its bill," said Murray, with a smile.

LATE in the evening, a friend of ours—a man in his thirties who has lived in New York for most of his life—found himself pursuing an illogical train of thought. As he reported it to us later, he was getting ready for bed after walking around the disoriented city all evening, and he was wondering whether he should go through his mail that night, with the help of an unreliable flashlight, or do it the next morning. Then he found himself thinking, But the power may not have been restored even by tomorrow morning, and so it may still be dark. And then he remembered the sun—a source of energy and light which was not hooked into Con Ed's grid.

ELEVEN-FIFTEEN. Out driving around in Brooklyn. Long tunnels of car lights running through the blackness. No traffic lights, no street lights, but traffic moves well anyway. A little like driving on icy streets. Drivers are particularly cautious, and particularly courteous. Drivers are looking out for one another. Nobody speeds; cars on side streets ease onto main avenues without difficulty.

Midnight. There have been radio reports of looting on Fulton Street in downtown Brooklyn. The western end of the area is quiet—a few more pedestrians around than usual at this time of night in a commercial district, but nothing untoward. Up near Flatbush, though, the windows of Martin's, the department store, have been broken. The windows have been stripped bare;

even the mannequins are gone. A patrol car is standing nearby, empty.

Five minutes past midnight. Driving south on Flatbush Avenue. More looting here. In the peripheral light from the headlights of moving cars, crowds on the sidewalk are peering into stores that have already lost their metal gates. Three teen-age boys are prying up a shutter while thirty or forty people watch. A steady stream of people detach themselves from the sidewalk crowds and walk into doorways or climb through the broken windows of stores as others emerge with armfuls of goods. There seems to be some kind of mutual non-interference understanding between the sidewalk crowds and the people in cars. The cars aren't bothered as long as they keep moving. Some stores are already completely looted. In other stores there are flickers of flashlights and lanterns as people still search for loot.

Twelve-fifteen A.M. At the northeast corner of Flatbush and Tilden, a sidewalk trash can has been set afire—the first fire we've seen—and, by the light of its flames, a man and woman are doing an old-fashioned kind of jitterbugging to the music of a radio held by someone in the crowd watching them.

Twelve-twenty A.M. On one of the residential streets of Brooklyn, East Fourteenth between Avenues K and L, people are sitting on stoops, some with candles or lanterns, some without; most of them are listening to transistor radios. One family has set up a card table on the sidewalk, and a dozen people are seated around it on folding chairs, listening to radios and talking. Small children are running excitedly between houses, where transistor radios are tuned to different news stations: "WINS says . . ." "WCBS says . . ."

SPORTS fans in Manhattan were among the first to understand that the blackout was citywide. WMCA, broadcasting the Yankees-Brewers game from Milwaukee, went off the air abruptly a couple of minutes before the last of the lights went out. (The Yankees were then behind 5–1, and eventually lost the game, 9–8.) The lights dimmed as Con Ed cut power first five per cent and then eight, and fans who thereupon tuned in the Cubs-Mets game at Shea on WNEW (the Mets were then behind 2–1) had just enough time to hear Ralph Kiner say "The emergency lights are on over the exits at Shea and all the other lights are off" before the power disappeared. The Cubs-Mets game will be finished in September.

As soon as the lights went out at Shea, Jane Jarvis, the stadium's organist, sat down at her two-manual electronic organ, which was plugged into the stadium's public-address system and was already operating on auxiliary power, and started playing "Meet the Mets," the team fight song. She didn't stop playing for an hour and a half—until the game was officially suspended, at 11 P.M. Twenty-two thousand people stuck around during that time and sang along with Jane. In blackouts, as in so many emergencies, music seems to help. "I knew what to do," she told us Friday, from her office at Muzak, of which she's a vice-president. "I didn't have time to think about it, but I knew that it had to be done right then. I was in darkness, feeling around for the pedals, but if you don't know where the pedals are after thirty years of playing the instrument, you're not much good. I recall the first tunes I played after 'Meet the Mets.' There are a couple of no-fail tunes that always get people singing—'If You Knew Susie' and 'Baby Face.' 'Baby Face' became a disco hit a couple of years ago, so even kids know that one, and 'Susie' is a song people sing even when they don't know the words. Then I ran through all the old community-singing chestnuts, and then the patriotic songs—'America the Beautiful,' 'God Bless America'—and all the Christmas tunes I could think of, for people to cool off with. 'Jingle Bells,' 'White Christmas.' When I noticed people starting to get a little restless, I went into the dance motif. 'Alley Cats,' 'Ballin' the Jack'—all those from-time-immemorial songs everyone gets up and dances to without even knowing what they're doing. In the last fifteen minutes before the game was called, I was really being divested of everything I knew to maintain interest, so I resorted to sea chanteys—'The Sailor's Hornpipe.' That led naturally to folk songs—'Chicken Strut,' 'Skip-to-M'Lou,' 'The Arkansas Traveller.' And *that* led naturally to the polka department, my feeble polka repertoire left over from Milwaukee." Jane Jarvis had played for the Milwaukee Braves—where she once stopped a fight on the field between the Braves and the Giants by playing "The Star-Spangled Banner"—before the Mets picked up her contract. "With the lights gone, it was one of the biggest thrills of my life to hear all those people singing—at the top of their voices, too—and I think my playing gave them time to think about what to do about their condition, and took a lot of anxiety out of the situation."

The crowd booed when the management announced suspension of the game. How did Jane get home? Her son Brian had been driving around in his car listening to the game on the radio, so when he heard that the lights had dimmed at Shea he drove out to the stadium, waited for his mother to finish her marathon stint, and drove her home to the West Village.

IN Central Park, at the Shakespeare Festival performance of "The Threepenny Opera," Macheath was just finishing "Mack the Knife" when the lights went. He ended the song in the dark, and the band then started jamming—for which it needed no lights. The audience got up and danced for an hour.

When the lights dimmed during "Otherwise Engaged," at the Plymouth Theatre, the audience thought it was a light cue, and remained silent until the stage manager announced the blackout. One playgoer then shouted "On with the show!" and the performance continued by flashlight.

At the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, "The Cherry Orchard" played its third act by candlelight and flashlight. Stagehands lined the stage holding a candle in each hand, and the light crew knelt in the aisles with flashlights trained on the actors' faces, tracking them as they moved across the stage. When the performance concluded, to thunderous applause, the stagehands and light crew took a bow and got as big a hand as the cast.

WHEN the lights went out, many people reached immediately for the telephone, and when they got a dial tone, they started calling friends all over town to find out what they were up to. New York Telephone later reported some eighty million calls during the blackout—more than twice as many calls as they process on a heavy business day, which average about thirty-six million. A lot of the urge to telephone had to do with the fact that the phone was the one gadget within many people's reach which still worked.

IN Greenwich Village, the Bigelow pharmacy, on Sixth Avenue between Eighth and Ninth Streets, which is the second-oldest drugstore in the city, was able to fill a hundred rush nursing-home prescriptions by turning on gaslights that had never been removed after the store electrified, in the first years of this century, and hadn't been turned on since the '65 blackout.

MANY bars did a turn-away business Wednesday night. Steve Resnick, who owns the All State Café, a neighborhood bar and restaurant on Seventy-second Street between Broadway and West End Avenue, reported that when he closed at 1 A.M. Thursday—an hour early—customers were three deep at the bar and had spilled out onto, and even across, Seventy-second. His take for the day was twenty per cent ahead of his normal receipts, despite the fact that he closed his kitchen as soon as the lights went out, and so lost several hundred dollars in food revenue. He and his bartenders dispensed six cases of Budweiser, six cases of Rolling Rock (a spring-water beer brewed in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, and sometimes called "the Coors of the East"), four cases of Heineken's, and two cases of Molson's, a light Canadian ale.

WHEN we awoke Thursday morning, our electric clock still read nine-thirty-four, the time of the blackout, and we realized that the power was still off. A transistor radio told us that Mayor Beame had called for the city to be "closed for the day"—a phenomenon that none of us, obviously, had ever experienced before. He had asked people not to come to work. The word "blackout"—apparently first applied to a power failure in our city in 1965, when the power was restored in the early morning—suggested something that happened in the night. But what was a "blackout" in full daylight? For the first time in the city's history, a power failure, or what the Con Ed people—who were still speaking of the disaster in terms of lost "service" to "customers"—call "outage," had suspended a working day in New York City. Eight and a half million lives were now uncoupled from eight and a half million routines, and New York was set adrift. A day had been unplugged.

TEN o'clock in the morning: Driving north on Flatbush Avenue. Crowds of people on the sidewalks. Looting going on in the daylight. Nobody seems to mind being watched by crowds outside the stores, or even by passing drivers. "What the hell! Everybody's doing it, man!" a teen-age boy inside a store shouts to a friend outside. The friend shakes his head and stays outside.

Ten-thirty A.M. Flatbush Avenue between Church and Foster is a mess. The only stores that seem to have escaped total destruction are those with all-encompassing metal shutters. Metal gates protecting other stores have been pulled away, most of them from the bottom. The sidewalks are thick with trash—largely wrapping paper and boxes discarded by looters. Whatever high spirits there were on Wednesday night seem to have eroded. The crowds look sullen as they watch fire trucks up and down the street dealing with fires that have been set by arsonists in individual small stores.

THURSDAY morning, the streets of Greenwich Village looked very ordinary. The differences were that the only sounds came from a number of transistor radios broadcasting blackout news, and that a lot of people stopped each other to ask, "What time is it?" Balducci's, the fancy-produce market, was open for business as usual. The only scale in the store that was operative was an old hanging scale from Balducci's all-night fruit-and-vegetable stand across Sixth Avenue. The new digital scales didn't work, and neither did the cash registers, so change was made out of a cash drawer. Jimmy Mealing, the short-order cook at Bigelow's, cooked breakfast as usual, except that he did it by gaslight and made toast on a grill (the toaster was out): there were scrambled eggs, bacon, English muffins, even pancakes. Kaminstein's, the big hardware store on Third Avenue at Ninth, let customers in two at a time, to make sure there was a salesperson for each customer in the darkened store, and, of course, did a land-office business in flashlights, batteries, and lanterns. But one woman came in for twenty pounds of potting soil, two pounds of cow manure, and a fifty-foot hose, and was going to take them home, she said, to transplant eight tomato plants.

THAT morning, one knew, even without a transistor radio, that something was hauntingly wrong in the city. A friend of ours who lives on Central Park West opposite the reservoir is accustomed to seeing, every morning, early-rising joggers running by the many score around the reservoir; this morning, there was not one.

THE sight, all through the city, of electric clocks stalled between nine-twenty-five and nine-forty, registering the moment when the power failed, reminded one of the way the hands of clocks in a jeweller's shop are arranged by loving clockmakers to be neatly joined at the point of twelve, like the hands of a dead man neatly folded on his breast.

IN the darkness of Wednesday night, the meaning of certain sounds had seemed amplified and comforting; the noise of buses, in particular, meant that people were able to find their way home. At those moments, it was reassuring to think that the city was still alive and there were at least some machines at work. In the daylight, on a day as bright and almost as hot as any so far this summer, the sounds and their psychological effects had been dulled by torpor. A powerful inertia had set in. It was difficult to decide whether to move or to stay put. The human traffic on the streets and sidewalks resembled a parade in slow motion.

At one Village laundromat, the owners, an elderly couple, sat in front of the open door of their place of business.

"Are you open?" we asked.

The husband nodded.

"Why are you open?" we asked.

"We're not. We're closed," said the wife.

"Then what are you doing in front of the laundromat?" we asked.

"Waiting," she said.

Stevdan Stationers, on Sixth Avenue at Twelfth Street, had opened at eleven-thirty in the morning and sold its last flashlight at two-thirty, but it stayed open until five-thirty, when the heat became unbearable. In the next block, Barney's Hardware sold its last flashlight at one-forty-five in the afternoon and closed for the day.

By one o'clock, the Chariot Restaurant, at Thirteenth Street and Sixth, was serving only cantaloupe and coffee. Tom Ladis, the manager, said, "We've got plenty of food here, but no exhaust fans working in the kitchens."

A friend of his came in. "I'd like breakfast, please," the man said.

"Breakfast? Sure," said Mr. Ladis. "What'll you have?"

"Oh, coffee, bacon, eggs, toast—the works."

"Fine," said Mr. Ladis. "Is tomorrow O.K.?"

AT around one o'clock Thursday afternoon, we stopped in at the New York Hilton, which, like almost every other institution in the city, was still without power. People were sitting on their luggage or were curled up in chairs with pillows under their heads or were milling around asking questions about when the power failure, now more than fifteen hours old, was going to end. Several of the hotel's bars remained open and were doing a brisk business. The mood of the crowd seemed to be one of mild hilarity edged with annoyance and nervousness over the unexpectedly long duration of the disturbance. One guest of the hotel, a man from Pakistan, remarked to us, "What really bugs me is that no one knows what's happening. It just keeps going on and on. I'm starting to get this creepy feeling."

In a small office behind one of the desks in the lobby, Mr. Alphonse W. Salomone, a senior vice-president of the Hilton chain, was directing the hotel's efforts to keep abreast of the crisis. He told us that his guests and employees had all behaved very coöperatively, that only one elevator had had people (eight people) stuck in it when the power was lost (it had taken about three hours to rescue them), that most guests had walked up to their rooms the night before, some of them climbing thirty or forty flights of stairs, and that some employees who had had to spend the night had been put up in the Presidential Suite and the like, on the forty-fourth floor, which was ordinarily the most desirable floor but was now somewhat less desirable.

We asked Mr. Salomone, whose temporary desk had several candles and a large bucket of ice on it, to tell us whether he found this blackout different from the one in 1965.

"It was like 1965 *up to a point*," he said. "That blackout was like a party, and this one was like a party, too—at first. But in 1965 the power came on around seven in the morning, and you had a fresh day ahead of you; today, the power has stayed off, and, frankly, the whole thing is turning into something very unpleasant and depressing. We have a convention of office-machine dealers planned for today. It hasn't been held in New York in twenty-five years, and we worked very hard to get it here this year. And now this happens. Of course, the machines require electricity to work."

AS the afternoon wore on, and temperatures rose, and water systems in the taller buildings failed—and stores and restaurants did not open, as had been hoped earlier in the day, when a swift resumption of power was widely expected—signs of downright hunger and thirst became visible in the city. Getting a drink of water was no longer a simple thing to do. People could be seen carrying empty jars along the streets, looking for water. Shopping had assumed the character of scavenging. Lines were forming in front of the few stores that were open. One of these, a Daitch Shopwell on Ninth Avenue at Twenty-fourth Street, was taking orders for food at the door and was bringing the orders out to the customers. A gallon of water was going for seventy-five cents. The people waiting in the line at the door were looking anxious.

"Don't buy condensed milk," a man advised his wife. "That takes *water* to make."

"Gimme a jar of mayonnaise!" a woman called out. "Hellmann's?" she added tentatively, apparently uncertain whether specific brands could be asked for anymore.

We spoke with several people in front of the store. A few of their comments on the blackout:

The manager of a dry cleaner's: "I got up this morning. I made my breakfast. Then I just waited. I found an old paperback—'Upstairs the Down Staircase,' or something like that—and I read it. It was about the New York public-school system. Then I wanted to get out. But if you stepped into the hallway today you could lose your way. You could lose your sense of direction. It's an eerie feeling. Finally, I came down."

A salesman at Barney's: "It's quite a tragedy. It's just terrible. It's *disgusting!* But people are laughing about it."

A stenographer: "I think everyone has too many appliances. Sometimes they have two air conditioners for three rooms." (In all that we had heard, or read, or seen on television, this comment was the only one to hint that there might be any connection between the blackout and the energy crisis.)

An editorial assistant: "I couldn't write, because my electric typewriter was out. But my main interest is my cat and my dog. I've had to carry them up and down five flights of stairs."

A longshoreman: "I carried five gallons of water up to my apartment. I'm O.K. But what about the old people? They don't have any water, and sometimes they can't go out. What can they do? They could die."

A*LL over town, office buildings were* "closed"—something that doesn't ordinarily happen even on Sundays and holidays, when people can usually get into their offices if they want to. Now many people were forbidden to enter their buildings. We walked down Sixth Avenue from Fifty-third Street in mid-afternoon, to see what the situation was in the large steel-and-glass buildings there.

At the Time & Life Building, only a few employees of *Time* were being permitted in.

At the J. C. Penney Building, Mr. John Hook, the administrative-services manager for J. C. Penney, who was standing on the sidewalk between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets, told us that he had decided to close the building, and that even if employees wished to go to their offices—and several had wished to—they could not. " 'You're not going in,' I tell them," he said to us.

At the Equitable Life Assurance Society Building, we asked two guards at the entrance whether anyone could enter the building.

"The building is closed," one said.

"The building is closed," the other said.

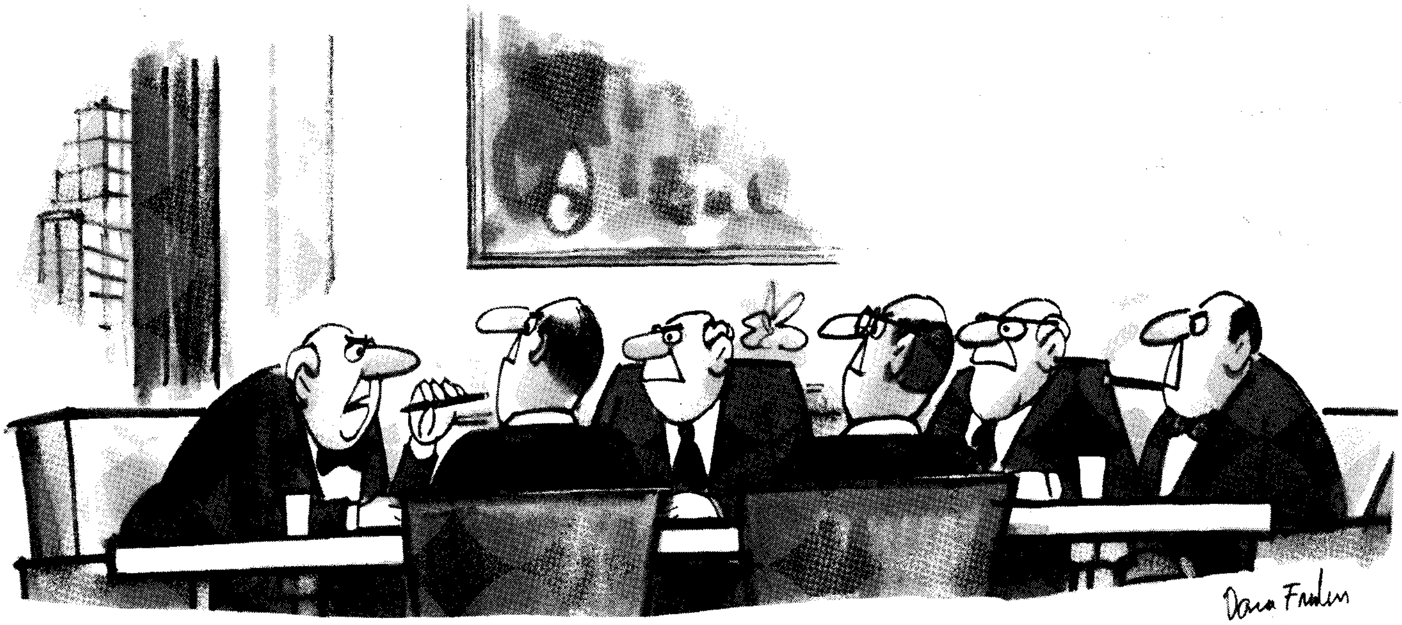
And to several further questions they would only go on answering, "The building is closed"—not without some satisfaction, we thought.

LATE in the afternoon, we went down to Wall Street. The financial district had been given over to the security and maintenance men. They sat in the doorways, chatting or playing cards, or just lounging in a lordly, proprietary way in desk chairs that had been rolled out from the interior. At the Bankers Trust office at 16 Wall Street, a guard told us that the four or five men we could see in the doorway were only part of the available security force for the building. "We never show them all," he said. "But we're ready."

The parking lots were occupied mainly by pigeons. A deep quiet prevailed. The streets were almost entirely empty of cars. A game of handball was in progress against the wall of the Manufacturers Hanover Trust branch not far from the New York Stock Exchange, *which had been closed* all day. Wall Street looked relaxed but well defended.

WE have had a letter from a young man we know:

A few moments before the moment of the blackout, I was seated at a table in my own house, in the middle of dinner. Diana Vreeland, who was formerly the editor of *Vogue* and is now Special Consultant to the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum,



"O.K. Whose turn is it to set the moral tone?"

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was there with me. Mrs. Vreeland was smoking a cigarette and drinking vodka out of a shot glass.

"Where did you get this *glass*?" Mrs. Vreeland asked.

"I think I stole it from a bar," I said.

"That's where Reed Vreeland got all our glasses," Mrs. Vreeland said. "From bars. Of course, he *paid* for them. Reed Vreeland got all our glasses from '21.' They're the only ones who get the sensible glasses—the bars."

Then the lights went out. Mrs. Vreeland was not flustered.

I got a flashlight.

"I have always thought flashlights were very attractive," Mrs. Vreeland said. "Things here are looking up."

Then, using the flashlight, I found a brass kerosene lantern. And then someone called on the telephone to say that it was a blackout. Mrs. Vreeland said that we should go on with the next course of our dinner, which was a salad. "The interesting thing about these *blackouts* is that they *never tell you* what went on," she said. "Just this story and, hmm, *that* story, but they won't tell you a thing. The point is that we've got to learn to prepare for these things—like the *Europeans*. In Paris, when I opened my desk at the Crillon it was all candles."

Then a small boy named Nadim, who lives in the loft downstairs, came in, with his own flashlight. Nadim was pleased about the blackout. Nadim and Mrs. Vreeland struck up a conversation right away.

"Now, tell me," Mrs. Vreeland said, "*exactly* what you're doing this summer."

Nadim said he was going to camp.

"Oh, camp!" Mrs. Vreeland said. Then Mrs. Vreeland talked to Nadim about his hair, which hung in bangs around his face, and which was a dark brown that was almost black. "You know, Nadim, you and I are the *only ones* with that color hair," Mrs. Vreeland said.

At about eleven-thirty, I took Mrs. Vreeland home in my Chevrolet. I park my Chevrolet at the Park Fast on Grand Street, in SoHo, across the street from my place. The thing about the Park Fast is that it stands on land that was in my family for a long time but is not in my family any longer. My great-great-great-grandfather bought the land in the early nineteenth century. He had made an enormous amount of money by buying up soldiers' land warrants after the War of 1812. He put up a big house facing Broadway and had his stables on Mercer. His grandchildren tore down the house and leased the land to Lord & Taylor. Lord & Taylor was a big thing in my family until quite recently.

I drove uptown with Mrs. Vreeland. The traffic lights were out, of course, and people were driving intuitively—which worked well. On Lafayette Street, a young man in shorts was directing traffic. Mrs. Vreeland leaned halfway out the window. "Bravo!" she shouted. "That's what I like," she said to me. "Community spirit. I *like* community spirit."

Mrs. Vreeland began to tell a story about another blackout she had known, and interrupted herself to shout "Bravo!" at another young man. Then she saw that this young man was standing around instead of directing traffic. "I don't think he's doing that much," she said. Then she continued her story. "You know," she said, "just after the war, the only thing the French wanted was one of those little things to plug in and boil water. Well, I gave one to Christian Barrès, who was a friend of mine, and he plugged it in and blew out twelve *arrondissements*."

"Did they come back?" I asked.

"No, no," Mrs. Vreeland said. "Paris has been totally dark ever since."

We went up Park Avenue South and around Grand Central Terminal. Mrs. Vreeland waved at the Graybar Building, where she had worked as editor of *Vogue*. It seemed to me that there was something quite wonderful in the way she waved at the Graybar Building. "Condé Nast," she said simply.

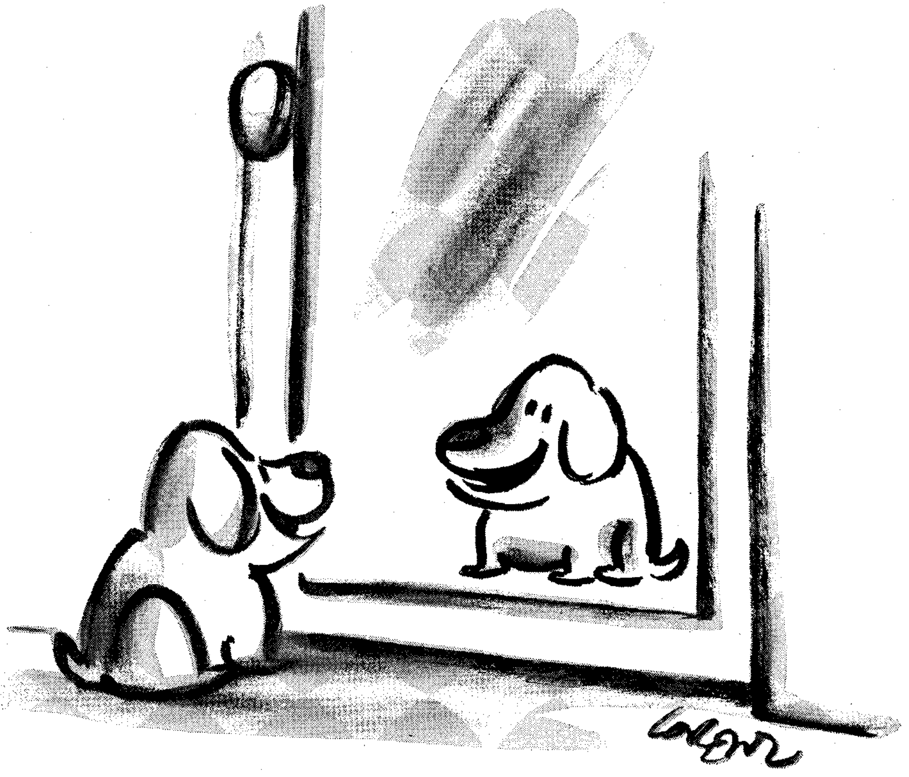
She told a story about the 1965 blackout. "I was in my office in that building, nineteen floors up. And the accessories editor came in. She had a jeweller's black velvet sleeve—you know, one of those ghastly black velvet sleeves they lay jewelry out on in shops. She had put out three light bulbs on the velvet, and, of course, they looked quite precious. And she said, 'We will have light.' And, of course, we will."

After I took Mrs. Vreeland home, at about one o'clock, I drove around the city in my Chevrolet. I went through Times Square and down to the Village and up again on the road under the abandoned West Side Highway, alongside the abandoned piers. I know something about the history of New York, and I know that New York has an unexampled harbor. I know that in the nineteenth century the opening of canals and the beginning of railroads fed the wealth of the West to this unexampled harbor and created unexampled wealth. I know that New York still exists not because of this harbor or those canals or those railroads but only because the wealth created by those disused tools has continued to manifest an important energy. On my drive, I thought I felt that energy—descended from a simple energy, but simple no longer, and, in its complexity, as vulnerable as the electric-power grid—seep away, leaving the physical city vulnerable to every kind of damage. I was frightened on my drive, not because of any physical danger but because I could not find a simple spine for the city in its trouble. What I wanted to see was something almost crude. I wanted to see a simple process assured of its continuation. There are some buildings in New York which have a special significance for me, and at about two o'clock I drove back to midtown to see them. I have to explain that I belong to the upper middle class. My family lived in Stuyvesant Square when the upper middle class lived there; a hundred years later, they lived in the suburbs. I grew up in the suburbs and came to New York on the train. During a time when I was faintly embarrassed about coming from the upper middle class, I stressed my early acquaintance with other buildings, but I can tell you what my earliest and most powerful associations with New York were: they were Grand Central Terminal, the Biltmore Hotel, and Lord & Taylor. When my grandmother worked in New York, she had a drink every day, before the train, in the Palm Court of the Biltmore Hotel. She knew the headwaiter. My parents spent their honeymoon at the Biltmore. And I went there all the time when I was very young. In on the train to Grand Central. To the Biltmore for lunch. Then, often, near Christmas, to Lord & Taylor to see the Santa Claus there. Once, walking to Lord & Taylor at Christmastime with my grandmother, I asked her about the dozens of Santa Clauses on the street. I asked my grandmother if they were all the real Santa Claus. “Nonsense,” my grandmother said. “These are all fake. The real one is at Lord & Taylor.” In that sentence I felt the great authority of New York. Not to be questioned. I never got over it. And on the night of the blackout, as I drove past Grand Central Terminal and the Biltmore Hotel and Lord & Taylor, the authority of New York was there for me still. I gave to Lord & Taylor the wave that Mrs. Vreeland had given to the Graybar Building, and went home.

ON Wednesday afternoon—before the lights failed—we had gone up to Mount Sinai Hospital to visit a young friend of ours named Linda, who was recuperating from surgery. A geranium bloomed on her windowsill, and we commented on her attractive surroundings—a modern room with pale-blue walls, air-conditioning, and remote-controlled television. She had appeared quite cheerful under the circumstances. Later, we grew worried, and at about 10 P.M. we called Linda to see how things were going. “I'm in the dark,” she said. “There are lights on in the corridor, and I understand that the hospital's backup generator is working, but everything's out in my room. Nobody's panicking so far, although the old lady across from me is making a terrible fuss. The nurses are going around with flashlights.”

An hour later, we checked with Linda again, and noted that she had begun to sound discouraged. “I have an electric bed, of all things,” she said. “And would you believe it? It's stuck in the sitting-up position. I may have to sit here all night.”

Power was not restored to the part of the upper East Side where Mount Sinai is situated until about 10:30 P.M. Thursday, almost twenty-five hours after the blackout began. We had kept in touch with Linda, and she had told us that she slept fitfully that night, curled up at the bottom of her electric bed. By the time the whole thing was over, she sounded like someone who had been under siege.



“Speak.”

“THE hand third. First the face, and then the leg,” a Bellevue Hospital doctor said to a nurse in the emergency room. By Thursday morning, the emergency room was full of people again; at eleven-fifty on Wednesday night emergency service had been curtailed and some patients had been referred to other hospitals, because the backup generator system—mandatory for hospitals since the blackout of 1965—had failed.

The hand that the doctor spoke of had been broken during an attack by a roaming gang looking for loot. The face had been badly burned in one of the fires that were still—in the early afternoon of Thursday—being lit by arsonists and raging in Brooklyn; whenever the Fire Department got one under control, two more were being started. The leg was the right leg of a storekeeper whose store had been robbed in the grim carnival spirit of these nightmare hours.

Doctors and nurses and policemen in the emergency rooms everywhere we went had faces papery with exhaustion. The nurses' uniforms still looked sparkling white and pressed. To those who had been injured, the mood of tireless concern must have been comforting. The face of a male patient in

"I celebrate myself!"

one hospital had been smashed by a vandal breaking down a gate over a store window with a garbage can. In the hospital, the patient was reading the wraparound extemporized pages of the *Times* of July 14th again and again as he waited to be attended to. "Hope the Russians don't get to hear of this," he said.

One of the major worries at Bellevue, where the staff had worked all night by flashlights (which were still left about everywhere next day), was the mortal danger to people on electrically operated respirators when the backup generator failed. Doctors and nurses resorted to hand-squeezed air bags.

"It's not difficult," said a young black nurse. "You begin by timing the squeezing to your own breathing, but then you learn to listen to the rhythm of what the patient needs."

A little earlier, at the New York Hospital emergency room, a doctor had said, "I was taught to allow seven minutes for a new patient, three minutes for an old, but since all this happened we've just been going as fast as we can, and there haven't *been* any patients we've seen before."

Outside the Bellevue emergency entrance, ambulances rushed up and down the road, and Red Cross canteens were parked. A woman Red Cross volunteer from Brooklyn, thirtyish and thin, said that after the blackout started she hadn't been able to sleep without doing something. She had gone first as a Red Cross volunteer to Penn Station. "The heat," she said. "The floor covered with people trying to sleep. Young people on the floor. Older people on benches. They'd got no water, nothing to eat. At six-thirty in the morning today—which, come to think of it, is Bastille Day—we came here. We had lemonade and doughnuts for the doctors and nurses. Disappeared like water into the desert. No, I'm not tired. I've just had a cup of coffee. The men in the canteens have been lugging those great coffee urns about all night."

Emergency rooms are extraordinary places in major emergencies. So much bloodshed, but the blood is wiped away as soon as it is shed.

"You feel easier here," said a man in the Bellevue emergency room who had been in a concentration camp under the Nazis and whose life's capital had gone with the goods stolen from his store.

AT one or two cafés on Second Avenue in the Forties and Fifties, Thursday afternoon, tables were out on sidewalks, and people were sitting at them, but no one was serving the people anything. The people looked as though they had been washed up at the tables by a tide that had now gone out. And they were beginning to have a dissatisfied look. It was a look that we saw more and more on people's faces as the day continued and its deprivations increased—a look of *not being taken care of*. All over the city, people were pouring into the streets and finding none of the usual things to do there. Money seemed to have lost three-quarters of its value. Not only the places of work but the places of leisure, too—the restaurants, theatres, and stores—were mostly closed. And, with the trains and subways out, there was no escape to other parts.

Among the few things that did not run on electricity in New York were the parks, and around midday a drift of the city's people in their direction became perceptible. We went to Carl Schurz Park, in the upper Eighties, along the bank of the East River. We had not expected the grass to wither and the leaves to fall off the trees when the power was cut, yet this little patch of nature, serenely flowering in the midst of the general collapse, seemed somehow inappropriate in not obeying the general law of paralysis then prevailing in town. The temperature had risen into the nineties, and the park was overfull. For some reason, people had crowded close to the river, on the edge of the John Finley Walk. Hundreds of young men and women in bathing suits lay closely packed together on small patches of grass enclosed by low spiked railings. Even in this state of relative undress, the upper East Siders on the grassplots retained the general aura of expensiveness that they have when they are in full street attire. Many were wearing what we think of as TV glasses—the kind, often worn by television newscasters, that have large, squarish lenses, themselves the shape of TV screens. And many of the men had what we think of as TV hair—dry, abnormally full, stiff-looking thatches, which are also often worn by newscasters. The heavy concentration of rich people in the small grassplots had the air both of a holiday and of a disaster. A young man in shorts, dark glasses, and foam-rubber sandals padded by carrying a copy of a book called "The Experience of Spontaneity." The title's self-consciousness about something that by definition cannot be self-conscious caught something of the mood of the day—perhaps the *second-timeness* of the occasion. But there was an unfamiliar anger in the air, and fear, and malaise. From the very first moment of the blackout, there had been a slightly forced and rote quality to such high spirits as there had been. We recalled the commodities broker playing the flute on Seventh Avenue. People had seemed to think at first that the blackout was going to be like 1965, but instead it was turning out to be like 1977.

Several people on the park's pathways carried flashlights in their hands or in their back pockets. They seemed unwilling to let go of the sources of illumination that had served them through the night. Watching these well-to-do people carrying flashlights in the dazzling sunshine, we recalled the friend who had momentarily found himself unconsciously thinking that the power failure had knocked out the sun. It seemed that New Yorkers everywhere were having a hard time sorting out which things in their lives were made by man and which were gifts of God.

I COVER CARTER

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

Monday, July 12th, Morning

LOOKED at U.P.I. Convention Daybook. Badly Xeroxed. Faint print. Hard to read. Thought about going to Connecticut Caucus 10 A.M. Gave it up. Thought about going to Briefing for Pages and Podium Telephone Operators. Good color. The little people, etc. etc. etc. Gave it up. Thought about going to Democratic Women's "Agenda '76" Caucus, but thought again. Decided definitely to go to Latino Caucus, West Room, Statler Hilton, but too tired.

Monday, July 12th, Afternoon

TEMPTED by *El Diario* Open House for Latino Delegates—good chance to brush up on Spanish for later use at later Latino caucuses, etc. etc. Decided no. Tried to sort out aspects of the New Populism (Carter's smile, etc. etc., Carter out of *nowhere*, etc. etc., possible *danger* of no political debts to Establishment, etc. etc.), but couldn't focus.

Monday, July 12th, Early Evening

MUCH more confident. Had a drink—one of the new Wild Turkey Old-Fashioneds people are taking up. *Found slant.* Decided to do *instant book.* Follow one crucial delegation through caucuses, etc. etc. Through floor fights. Reaction to nomination, etc. etc. Juxtapose with human interest—Amy, Miss Lillian, etc. etc. Exhausting even to think about it.

Monday, July 12th, Night

WENT to Convention. Picked up credentials. Very authentic-seeming. Noticed that credentials said "News-Periphery."

Very exciting at Garden. Little electronic security devices, etc. etc. Passed security check, observed by ten or twenty members of the general public. Members of general public had no credentials. Very satisfying. Decided definitely to go ahead with instant book. Maybe on journalists—observing the observers, etc. etc. etc. Media preconceptions, etc. etc. *Altering the event.* Men of action juxtaposed with the men behind the media. *Reversed*, though. Show man behind the medium as the *true man of action*, etc. etc. Thoughtful but irreverent. Follow one team of journalists from arrival through caucuses, etc. etc. Press-room infighting, etc. etc. Print vs. electronic, etc. etc. Juxtaposed with human interest—Amy, Miss Lillian, etc. etc.

News-Periphery area very depressing. Tiny concrete bunkers. Repulsive green curtains. Clots of provincial newspersons. Worse than a game show. Worse than anything. No drinks. Very pathetic to be a newsperson. Saw one newsperson take moving pictures of a row of telephones. Very sad. One newsperson got a quote from Patrick Moynihan. On a cassette. Played it over and over. Very sad. For him. For Moynihan. For everyone. Saw a newsperson interviewing a delegate. Delegate wearing white plastic belt. Saw clot of people *training* to be newspersons. So depressing I had to sit down. Decided to skip instant book. Decided to get drink.

Bar full of foreigners. Saw Italians with leather bags. Saw Frenchmen. Nothing lower than a European newsperson. Every European had hundreds of attractive credentials. Fabulous tags reading "News-Fulcrum," "News-Podium," "News-Crucial." Not even the children had just "News-Periphery." Tried to concentrate on the *issues*—the New Constituencies, the New Credibility, the New Outsiders becoming the New *Insiders*, etc. etc.—but too depressed.

Monday, July 12th, Late Night

WENT to big party. Spirits *way up*. Party given *by* staff of rock-and-roll magazine *for* staff of Jimmy Carter. Many people drinking the new Wild Turkey Old-Fashioneds, so felt right in place. Had insight, wrote it down: "Everyone here (at party) definitely born between Munich and Yalta." Very pleased with insight. Decided to do piece about war babies molding the New Politics. The irresistible fact of *demographics*, etc. etc. Counterculture accommodations with Carter, Good Old Boys, etc. etc. Takeover generation, etc. etc. Noticed no rock-and-roll stars at party. Noticed rock-and-roll *critic*, though. Critic very upset, very *vivid*. Born about V-E Day, my guess. "Last chance to sell out," he said. "Last chance to make your deal." Afraid he'd steal my insight—war babies, etc.—so didn't say a thing.

THE CAMPAIGN

September 6th

VERY depressed for weeks and weeks, but *much more secure* now. Very up for in-depth campaign-diary type thing. More detail than Teddy White, etc. *More thoughtful*, too. Work in old insights—war babies, etc. Wanted to begin right away at Warm Springs, Georgia, campaign kickoff (the Roosevelt Legacy, etc. etc.), but decided better not push my luck. Almost attended Southern 500 stock-car race in Darlington, South Carolina (the Raffish South, the Unreconstructed South, etc. etc.), but decided to make diary more *selective*.

September 15th

TRIED to join Carter's tour of Hans Sieverding's farm, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, but *much too far away*. Couldn't think how to even get there. Falling behind Teddy White now, I think, so a little blue.

September 23rd

ORDERED big dinner, but just picked at it. Tried to watch first debate, but felt queasy. Whole thing very elusive. Might write analysis, "Elusive Politician" or "Politics of Evasion." Might not.

September 28th

HAD *important insight* about Carter. Wrote it down: "Carter effectively combines virtues of Elvis Presley and Colonel Tom Parker." Not sure that's right, though. Should be *Glen Campbell* and Colonel Parker. But Colonel Parker doesn't manage Glen Campbell, so hard to sort out.

October 6th

TRIED to watch second debate, but too tense. Tried to sort out Presley-Parker-Campbell image, but couldn't. *Way* behind Teddy White. Decided to do *highlights:* strong vignettes to illuminate the whole. Tried to decide *which* vignettes, but had to give it up.

October 22nd

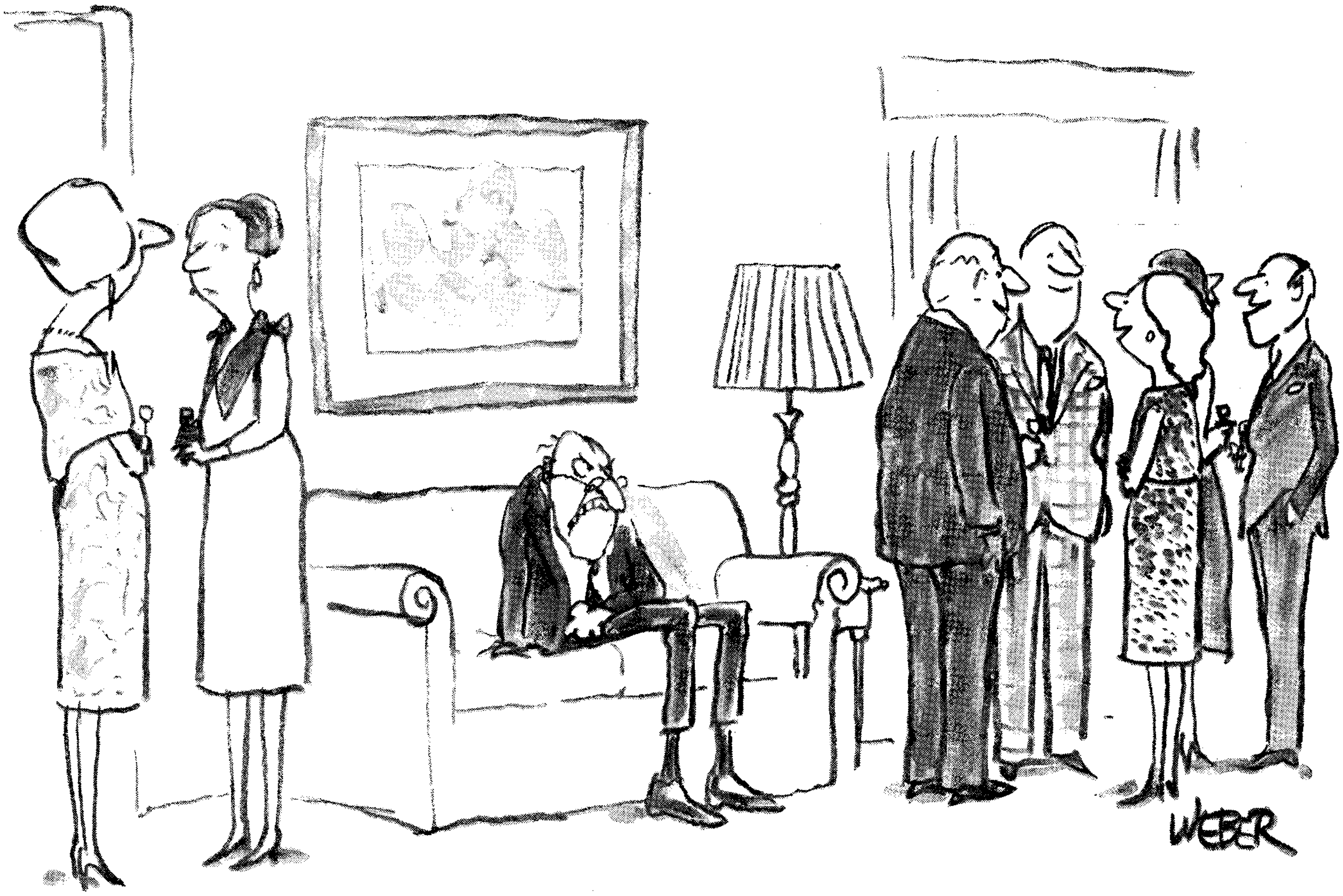
DECIDED to write little essay *strongly condemning* Teddy White approach. Wrote note: "Teddy White has done for politics what Anaïs Nin has done for women." Felt very good to have written so much. Tried to watch third debate, but got the shakes and had to lie down.

October 24th

DECIDED on whole new angle—for *novel*. Take *one typical politician*, juxtaposed to Presidential candidate, etc. etc. *Local issues* vs. national issues, etc. etc. Similarities, *differences*, etc. etc. etc. Hopes, dreams, etc. etc. A *governor*, maybe. Only thing is, must try to figure out *which* governor.

October 26th

FOUND press release about a governor. So depressing I had to sit down. These people live lives you



"I'm afraid George Harway's gift of gab has finally petered out."

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wouldn't wish on a disc jockey. Decided to write *screenplay*. Long, lonely shots (definitely use concrete bunkers from Convention, etc. etc.). One man's hopes *shattered*, etc. etc., in the midst of triumph of another man, etc. etc. etc. *Reversed, though.* Real triumph the inner growth made possible by defeat, etc. etc. etc. Human-interest figures based on Amy, Miss Lillian, etc. etc. etc. Could be big. On the other hand, could be ghastly.

November 1st

AFTER months of thought, have definitely decided to do instant book. *Personal* approach—the election from *my hotel room*. Very pleased, because Teddy White won't have it.

November 20th

PERSONAL approach won't work out, because *too grim*. Also worried about right hand. Right hand *won't stop shaking*. Can't write with left, so very down.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

January 20th

WENT to Inauguration. Tried to focus on whole new free spirit, but got the jitters. Tried to *lighten up*, stroll easily in the crowd, etc., but broke out in a *small red rash* (mostly on left hand) and had to go home. Best approach now: no-frills journalism. No gimmicks. Just good strong stuff. Chance to stress First One Hundred Days. *Amusing, though*—include little glossary of "cracker" terms so Washingtonians can understand Carter team, etc. etc.

February 2nd

VERY down. Spotted two little "cracker" glossaries *out already*. Must do something *soon*. What about a sort of who's-who approach? Rosalynn Carter *so tough* under that sweet exterior, etc. etc. Juxtaposed to Amy, Miss Lillian, and Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Wish I knew Alice Longworth *better*. Use tape recorder for chapter on New Southern Personalities. Racist clubs, etc. etc. Almost definitely have title: "The Reign in Plains Falls Mainly on the . . ."—but can't come up with last word.

February 10th

DECIDED best thing go to racist club. Went to door, met by Bill. "Good evening, sir," etc. Bill said club had to let Sam go, because wanted to call members by first name. Bill said doormen, waiters, etc., at Union League Club call members by first name. Very gripping. Took mental notes. Good to be reporting again. Went upstairs, had Wild Turkey Old-Fashioned. Hand *stopped shaking*.

February 17th

SEE now must zero in on *energy*, Carter's plan: the new expectations, the new more modest life styles.

April 25th

TRIED to focus on energy, but too worried about *small red rash*.

May 6th

DEFINITELY decided not to stress First One Hundred Days because too limiting. Definitely decided to forget whole New South angle because too stale. Definitely decided not to try to *lighten up* because too nervous.

July 15th

NOW see must focus on *revisionist* theories. New Populism really New Conservatism. Carter Administration as caretaker government, Carter as apostle of closed government, Carter as savior of Northern élite. Ordered big lunch, but couldn't get it down. Decided small red rash definitely *spreading*. —GEORGE W. S. TROW

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PENDULUM AND THE TOXIC CLOUD

MORE than seven years ago, on April 15, 1970, Dr. Jesse L. Steinfeld, the Surgeon General of the United States, appeared before a hearing of the Senate Subcommittee on Energy, Natural Resources, and the Environment, headed by Senator Philip A. Hart, which was investigating the potential hazard to human health of the widely used phenoxy herbicide 2,4,5-T. He announced a series of governmental actions aimed at limiting the use of 2,4,5-T for destroying unwanted vegetation around homes, on farms, and on other areas in the United States. On the same day, the Deputy Secretary of Defense, David Packard, announced that the American armed forces, which had been using 2,4,5-T in the Vietnam war, would stop using it. The employment of the compound in aerial defoliation operations over huge tracts of South Vietnam—for the stated purpose of denying cover to Vietcong forces but also for the unstated purpose of creating a flow of refugees from villages controlled by the Communists into areas controlled by the South Vietnamese government—had aroused increasing protests from biologists in this country, who maintained that the 2,4,5-T had a potential for causing birth defects among the offspring of Vietnamese women exposed to it. Indeed, studies made for our government from 1966 onward by an organization known as Bionetics Research Laboratories, of Bethesda, Maryland, had shown that the herbicide caused a significant number of deformities in the unborn offspring of female mice and rats. Officials of the Dow Chemical Company, the principal American manufacturer of 2,4,5-T (it is also made at this time by Transvaal, Inc., of Jacksonville, Arkansas, and the Thompson-Hayward Chemical Company, of Kansas City, Kansas), claimed that the Bionetics findings were invalid, on the ground that the samples of the chemical used in the experiments had contained uncharacteristically high levels of a toxic contaminant, 2,3,7,8 tetrachlorodibenzo-*p*-dioxin—commonly referred to as TCDD, or, by chemists familiar with the subject, either as tetra dioxin or simply as dioxin. The government put off taking any decisive action. In 1970, however, just as the Hart hearings got under way, another study made under federal auspices, but conducted by the National Institute of Environmental Health Services and using samples of the substance that were far less heavily contaminated with dioxin, still showed that 2,4,5-T had significant teratogenic (fetus-deforming) effects on mice. It was largely on the basis of this second study that the new restrictions announced by the Surgeon General were placed on domestic use of the substance.

These government actions, together with the undertaking by the American military to end the employment of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam, thus putting an effective stop to most herbicidal warfare operations there, seemed to most people to have taken care of the problem, and after a while the matter dropped from public sight.

Seven years later, 2,4,5-T is still being used extensively in this country. In fact, the restrictions imposed in 1970 appear to have affected less than twenty per cent of the actual use of the herbicide in the United States. Its largest producer is still Dow Chemical, and the compound is being used—mainly in aerial spraying operations—to defoliate and kill vegetation on power-line, highway, pipeline, and railroad rights-of-way, and to kill shrub and broad-leaved plant life on rangelands, pasturelands, and forestlands. Millions of acres a year are involved, and since the effects of a single spraying continue for years, the total area affected at any given moment is considerably larger than the annual spray rate indicates. In Vietnam, almost five million acres were sprayed between 1962 and 1970. In this country, an area slightly larger than that is being sprayed with the herbicide *each year*. Much of the current spraying is being carried out under the auspices of the federal government itself. Various state governments also contribute to the amount of 2,4,5-T being laid down, through their own spray programs. For some time, the United States Forest Service has been engaged in intensive programs to spray 2,4,5-T on national-forest areas—the announced purpose being to kill broad-leaved vegetation and encourage the growth of commercially valuable softwood trees such as spruce and pine. But not only broad-leaved weeds are the targets of the operations. For example, in the Ozark and St. Francis National Forests, in Arkansas (a state in which 2,4,5-T is being heavily used on rice crops), the Forest Service has been spraying and killing stands of oaks and other hardwoods at a rate of from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand acres a year in order to promote the growth of softwoods. Such spray programs have aroused the strong opposition of many local residents, and spurred action by regional environmental and wildlife organizations. As a result of a lawsuit in an Arkansas federal court by one such group, which charged that the Forest Service had violated the National Environmental Policy Act by engaging in 2,4,5-T-spraying programs without proper authorization, the court in June, 1975, enjoined the Forest Service from continuing the program in Arkansas until it had filed a proper environmental-impact statement. Other lawsuits by environmental groups have brought about similar federal-court injunctions against Forest Service 2,4,5-T programs at one time or another in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Oregon. But there have been no such restraining actions against the use of the product on rangelands and pasturelands. The Dow Chemical people will not say how many tons of their 2,4,5-T are now being used in such applications; they consider this to be privileged corporate information, to which the public is not entitled. Dow is obliged to give its 2,4,5-T production figures to the Environmental Protection Agency on request, yet one cannot get this information from the E.P.A., either. Such figures are classified as trade secrets, which the E.P.A. is forbidden by law to disclose, and so chemical producers are well protected from any outside attempt to learn how much herbicide a particular manufacturer is selling to be used on, for instance, the grazing land of cattle whose meat will wind up on the dinner tables of the public. However, the total area of rangelands and pasturelands treated annually with 2,4,5-T has been estimated by the E.P.A. to amount to two million acres, and the extent of such lands to have been treated since 1970, when the use of 2,4,5-T was supposedly tightly restricted, can be estimated at twelve million acres. On these lands, unknown numbers of successive herds of cattle have been regularly grazed. Considering the propensities that critics say the dioxin contaminant in 2,4,5-T has for persisting, even at diminished concentrations, in the soil in which it was laid down, and the recognized potential for cumulative damage to animal organ-

ALABAMA FRIED CHICKEN
ARIZONA FRIED CHICKEN
Arkansas FRIED CHICKEN
CALIFORNIA FRIED CHICKEN
ALASKA FRIED CHICKEN
COLORADO
CONNECTICUT
DELAWARE Fried Chicken
FLORIDA Fried
IDAHO
GEORGIA Fried

isms, as shown in laboratory experiments, the use of this herbicidal compound on lands and on vegetation that cattle feed on while they are being fattened prior to slaughter is raising deeply disturbing questions among scientists.

THE scientists' concern is in no way allayed by the residual effects of herbicidal warfare in Vietnam, in which 2,4,5-T was so widely employed—effects of such an order that some of them are even now clearly visible as detailed from space by the Landsat research satellite. The crisscross spray patterns left by C-123 cargo planes in herbicidal operations during the nineteen-sixties show up as dismal brown areas, like threadbare sections of green felt. According to current scientific estimates, areas badly defoliated by 2,4,5-T may not be restored to their former condition for as long as a hundred years. One cannot help recognizing that such agents are essentially biocides. The scientific history of the development and formulation of 2,4,5-T, from the end of the Second World War to the end of the Vietnam war, is one of reckless effort and grossly inadequate testing. For example, the American military, having developed 2,4,5-T as part of its biological warfare program in the years following the Second World War, unhesitatingly employed it during the war in Southeast Asia, spraying twenty thousand tons over both populated and unpopulated areas of South Vietnam, without the Pentagon's scientists' ever having taken the precaution of systemically testing whether the chemical caused harm to the unborn offspring of as much as an experimental mouse. Now, extensive research, carried out largely in the wake of protests by a small group of scientists, has been done on 2,4,5-T, and as more has become known about its dioxin contaminant the questions about its mode of action and the consequences of its use have become increasingly serious. These questions have been underlined in the past year by a number of disturbing developments, not the least of which were the aftereffects of an explosion last July at a

"Can he call you back? Right now he's being deprogrammed."

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factory outside Milan, Italy, which released a toxic cloud containing undetermined amounts of dioxin over an area in which thousands of people were living.

As for the government restrictions on 2,4,5-T, which most people might assume had effectively disposed of the issue seven years ago, the regulatory process that is supposed to govern the use of the herbicide can be described as almost stalled, having been impeded by disagreement among scientists, by the determination of the chemical-manufacturing industry to continue production and sale of the herbicide, by bureaucratic backing and filling, by a lack of federal funds for appropriate research, by political pressures, by postponed hearings, by a court injunction obtained by one producer against the Environmental Protection Agency, and by the government's own indecisiveness. The Air Force, which until this spring had in storage huge stockpiles of a dioxin-contaminated 2,4,5-T mixture that had been withdrawn from Vietnam, waited years to get a firm decision out of the E.P.A. on which of several elaborate methods would be acceptable for the disposal of its poisonous hoard.

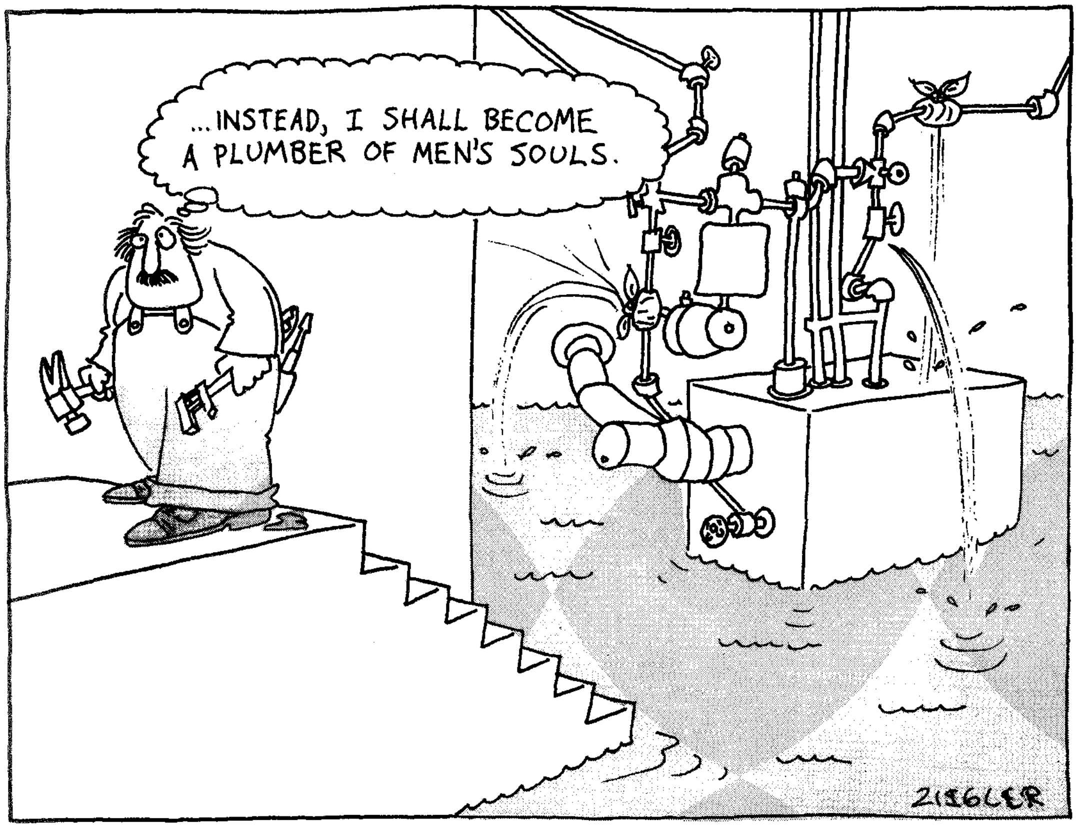
THE restrictions announced by the government in 1970 included the immediate suspension by the Department of Agriculture of manufacturers' registrations (in effect, marketing licenses issued by the government) to sell 2,4,5-T in liquid form for use around the home and to sell any formulation of it used for killing vegetation around lakes, ponds, and irrigation ditches. At the same time, the Department of Agriculture also announced that it intended to cancel the registrations of nonliquid formulations of the herbicide for use around the home and on food crops. These decisions were, as might have been expected, not well received by any of the big manufacturers of herbicides. In May, 1970, a month after the restrictions were announced, Dow Chemical was joined by Hercules, Inc., and Amchem Products, Inc., then also venders of 2,4,5-T, in appealing the decision of the Department of Agriculture to cancel the product's use on domestic rice crops. The appeal was made on the ground that 2,4,5-T did no harm to human health when laid down on rice fields, and that this use of the chemical conferred benefits on society by improving food yields. This country had at the time almost two million acres of rice-growing land. Most of it was being treated with herbicides of one kind or another, and some hundred thousand acres of rice fields were being sprayed regularly with 2,4,5-T—nearly all this acreage being in Mississippi and Arkansas. At the time of the appeal, the Vietnam war was still going on, and a substantial part of the American rice crop was being sent to Southeast Asia. (While all these supplies of rice were being shipped to Vietnam, the American military there was employing one of their herbicidal mixtures in aerial spray operations to wipe out the best part of a half-million acres of crops, mostly rice, in areas that were said to be under the control of the Vietcong.)

The appeal was as good as a government guarantee that 2,4,5-T would continue to be used on domestic rice acreage for a long time. Contrary to what most people might assume, the regulatory "cancellation" of "registered" uses of the herbicide was a far less sweeping measure than a "suspension" would have been. Suspension of a registration imposes an immediate halt on all interstate shipments of the affected product; its distribution is cut off close to the source of manufacture. But when the product is subject to a cancellation order, the manufacturer has an interval of thirty days in which to appeal the cancellation, and throughout the appeal process he can continue to make, ship, and sell the product to customers as though the order had never been issued. And the appeal process is a lengthy one.

The relative effectiveness of cancellation and suspension measures in this instance was not lost on a few environmental-law groups. Later in 1970, Harrison Wellford, then an associate of Ralph Nader (he is now an executive in the Office of Management and Budget in the Carter Administration), formally demanded, on the basis of available laboratory evidence, that the Department of Agriculture place a full-suspension order on the use of 2,4,5-T on all food crops, and that it restrict other uses of the herbicide. The department refused to do so, whereupon Wellford, who was joined by Consumers Union, took the matter to the District of Columbia circuit of the United States Court of Appeals, asking that the government be ordered to protect the public health by putting the further restrictions into effect. While the Wellford suit was pending, the newly formed Environmental Protection Agency took over the regulation of pesticides and herbicides from the Department of Agriculture, which had long been under severe criticism for laxness in the area of pesticide control. The Court of Appeals held that the department, in its orders concerning 2,4,5-T, had not given sufficient importance to possible hazards to human health in the permitted uses of the herbicide—in particular, to possible hazards that farm workers might be subjected to in its use on food crops—and on January 7, 1971, the court ordered the E.P.A. to reconsider the Department of Agriculture's refusal to place firmer restrictions on the use of 2,4,5-T. In March, 1971, the E.P.A. announced that it would not take wider regulatory action on 2,4,5-T until a science advisory panel it had set up to evaluate the safety of the herbicide had reported to it. Two months later, the science panel found, in effect, that 2,4,5-T did not create any significant health hazard and proposed that the ban on the use of the herbicide around homes be lifted, although it acknowledged the chemical's teratogenic potential by recommending that labels on containers warn, "This compound may be dangerous to pregnant women." The panel recommended that the registrations be restored, provided only that certain limitations be placed on the maximum dioxin content of future 2,4,5-T; it also recommended further research on the potential of dioxin to accumulate in food chains. In a dissenting opinion, Dr. Theodor Sterling, who is currently a professor of computer science at Simon Fraser University, in British Columbia, asserted that the report of the panel had been "overoptimistic in assessing the implications of data" available to it on 2,4,5-T; he characterized the teratogenic potential of domestic uses of 2,4,5-T as "uncertain."

The representatives of environmental groups who had objected to the use of 2,4,5-T were naturally dismayed by the advisory panel's report. They held a press conference at which they criticized the panel's findings and recommendations. Several well-known scientists who had serious doubts about the safety of 2,4,5-T and had been speaking up on the subject—they included the biologists Matthew S. Meselson, of Harvard; Barry Commoner, of Washington University, in St. Louis; and Samuel S. Epstein, of Case Western Reserve University—declared that they found the report less than convincing, mostly because the extent to which the dioxin contaminant in 2,4,5-T might accumulate in the environment and in the human food chain had not been fully explored. Such statements caused the E.P.A. people to regard the recommendations of the advisory panel with some caution. The E.P.A. called upon a group of scientists at the Food and Drug Administration to comment on the report. The F.D.A. people also considered the report less than convincing, and recommended that the existing restrictions on the herbicide remain in force. In effect, William D. Ruckelshaus, who was the Administrator of the E.P.A. at the time, decided to sidestep the cumbersome regulatory machinery whereby the findings of the advisory panel might be made binding on the agency and deprive it of its inherent discretionary powers under the law to protect the public and the environment. In August of 1971, Ruckelshaus issued a review of the report. He cited known facts about the teratogenicity of the dioxin contaminant in 2,4,5-T, warned of the possibility that even "pure" 2,4,5-T, containing the lowest attainable amount of dioxin, might be a hazard to man and the environment, and asserted that the registering companies affected had failed to establish that either the dioxin or 2,4,5-T itself did not accumulate in body tissues in the manner of DDT and other hydrocarbon chlorinated pesticides. He announced that the E.P.A. would keep in force its cancellation order on the use of 2,4,5-T on food crops for human consumption, and he ordered a hearing on the uses of 2,4,5-T involving the greatest human exposure—specifically including the use on rice crops.

Shortly thereafter, Dow went to the United States District Court in Arkansas—in the heartland of 2,4,5-T spraying operations on rice crops—and asked for an injunction against the E.P.A.'s action continuing its cancellation order on rice. The company asked the court to require the E.P.A. to issue a new order, based on the advisory panel's assessment. The court granted the injunction. Ruckelshaus issued a new order, but he stubbornly continued the cancellation orders already imposed on the use of 2,4,5-T, and declared that it was "abundantly clear" that Dow had not met the burden of proof that 2,4,5-T was harmless. The E.P.A. appealed the decision of the Arkansas court to the United States Court of Appeals in St. Louis. The appeals court made its ruling in April, 1973, observing that the litigation before it "has had a lengthy and tortuous history," and


...INSTEAD, I SHALL BECOME A PLUMBER OF MEN'S SOULS.
ZIEGLER

Inspiration

characterizing the matter at issue as "a situation of extreme complexity, interweaving economic pressures with the most basic considerations of human safety." Referring pointedly to "interlocutory judicial jousting which experience has taught us can go on for years," the court reversed the Arkansas district-court decision and upheld the E.P.A.'s appeal. However, Dow was not altogether the loser, because, by the court injunction the company had obtained against the E.P.A., the agency had been effectively precluded for nearly two years from moving forward with its hearing on the safety of 2,4,5-T.

LISTENING TO JAZZ ON A SUMMER TERRACE

The stars come out. They might be made of snow
Below, a subtle drumbeat slips and snares
Its honey and sandpaper into nerves
That pull long shadows out of paper bags
Or shift like gears behind the window shades:
When the dancing stops, it stops for good.
Ozone-sweat on chromium, green felt
Saliva stops, the shifty seeds of drums,
That flimsy shimmy, that old rat-a-tat!
Ampules of musk and dust geraniums!

—Howard Moss

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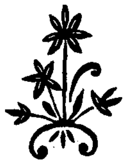
IN the meantime, significant new laboratory evidence had come to light concerning the aftereffects of the use of 2,4,5-T in Southeast Asia. The biologist Matthew Meselson and a chemist associate, Dr. Robert Baughman, had together developed a refined analytical system for detecting the presence of dioxin in parts per trillion, rather than in the parts per billion ratio previously detectable. Then Meselson and Baughman found residues of dioxin—which could reasonably be assumed to have their origin in the earlier 2,4,5-T defoliation operations in Vietnam—in fish and crustaceans that were caught for human consumption in Vietnamese waters; this suggested that the dioxin may have entered into the food chain, probably through contaminated particulate matter that had been swept in suspension down Vietnamese streams and rivers. The finding appeared to some E.P.A. people to indicate a potential threat to health and the environment in the United States itself from even non-cropland uses of 2,4,5-T.

In July, 1973, the E.P.A. announced that it intended to go ahead with its previously proposed hearing to determine whether all uses of 2,4,5-T in this country should be cancelled. The hearing was scheduled for April, 1974, and the agency started on a series of pre-hearing conferences with representatives of the chief interested parties, including Dow, the Department of Agriculture, and such environmental groups as Consumers Union and the Environmental Defense Fund. As time went on, E.P.A.'s resolution to push ahead with regulatory action seemed to falter. William Butler, counsel for the Environmental Defense Fund—who, since he has been representing a public-interest law organization, has had what is obviously a partisan interest in the proceedings—recently gave me this account of what he saw: "As the time for the hearing approached, E.P.A. got more and more shaky as to what the evidence against 2,4,5-T was. The agency had only one lawyer on the case, and one, less than full-time staff scientist preparing the evidence. The outside interested parties such as the environmental groups had formidable opposition. Dow had enormous scientific and financial resources at its disposal. Although we could consult with people like Meselson, Baughman, and Epstein, we had only one part-time scientist of our own to work on a very complicated issue. As we did our best to pursue the subject, Dow tried to bring as broad a coalition as possible against us, including the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Transportation. The Agriculture people were solidly ranged against E.P.A. The Dow people wanted the Department of Transportation to testify about the importance of using 2,4,5-T to clear railroad and highway rights-of-way. Unfortunately for Dow, the Department of Transportation had a couple of people in the office of its general counsel who knew something about 2,4,5-T. These people had a study made of the experience of several state transportation agencies. The agencies who were questioned on the subject minimized the need for using 2,4,5-T to clear rights-of-way."



About a month before the E.P.A. hearing was to be held, "Dow and the Department of Agriculture put together what I can only call a sham conference on 2,4,5-T," Butler continued. "It was supposed to bring together the biggest experts on 2,4,5-T and produce the definitive word on the subject. However, it turned out that the invited parties were mostly Dow employees and U.S.D.A. folk, who proceeded to give as formal papers what in essence was their forthcoming testimony at the E.P.A. hearings. We suspected that they were doing this so that if there were any conflicts in their proposed testimony these conflicts could be ironed out before the people involved went into the hearings. In other words, it was a dry run to make everybody feel comfortable—a psychological ploy by Dow's attorneys, in my opinion. The Environmental Defense Fund, although an interested party, hadn't been invited to participate. But we found out about the meeting and did manage to get the scientist who was working for us in as an observer."

In June, 1974, the E.P.A. announced that it was withdrawing its order of intent to hold the hearing. At the same time, it withdrew its cancellation order on the use of 2,4,5-T on rice crops. In an accompanying statement, the agency declared that it needed more time to collect evidence concerning the precise effects of residues of 2,4,5-T on the environment and on the biological chain. The environmental groups were outraged. "E.P.A. just got cold feet," Butler said. "They were saying, in effect, that the agency would assume the burden of proving, through further research, that 2,4,5-T was harmful, rather than requiring Dow to show that the herbicide was harmless."

Another man who was close to the situation told me, "I believe that political considerations were involved in the decision. E.P.A. had cancelled uses of DDT in 1972, and was under heavy retaliatory pressure from Representative Jamie Whitten, of Mississippi, who was chairman of the House appropriations subcommittee that oversaw the E.P.A. budget. DDT was the big pesticide being used on cotton crops and soil, and Whitten was violently opposed to its cancellation. He threatened the E.P.A. men unmercifully. Also, about that time E.P.A. was preparing to open suspension hearings on aldrin, which was the big corn pesticide, and on dieldrin, which formerly had been used to control the boll weevil and now was being used on termites and other pests. Cotton and corn are the crops that account for almost half of the insecticide use in

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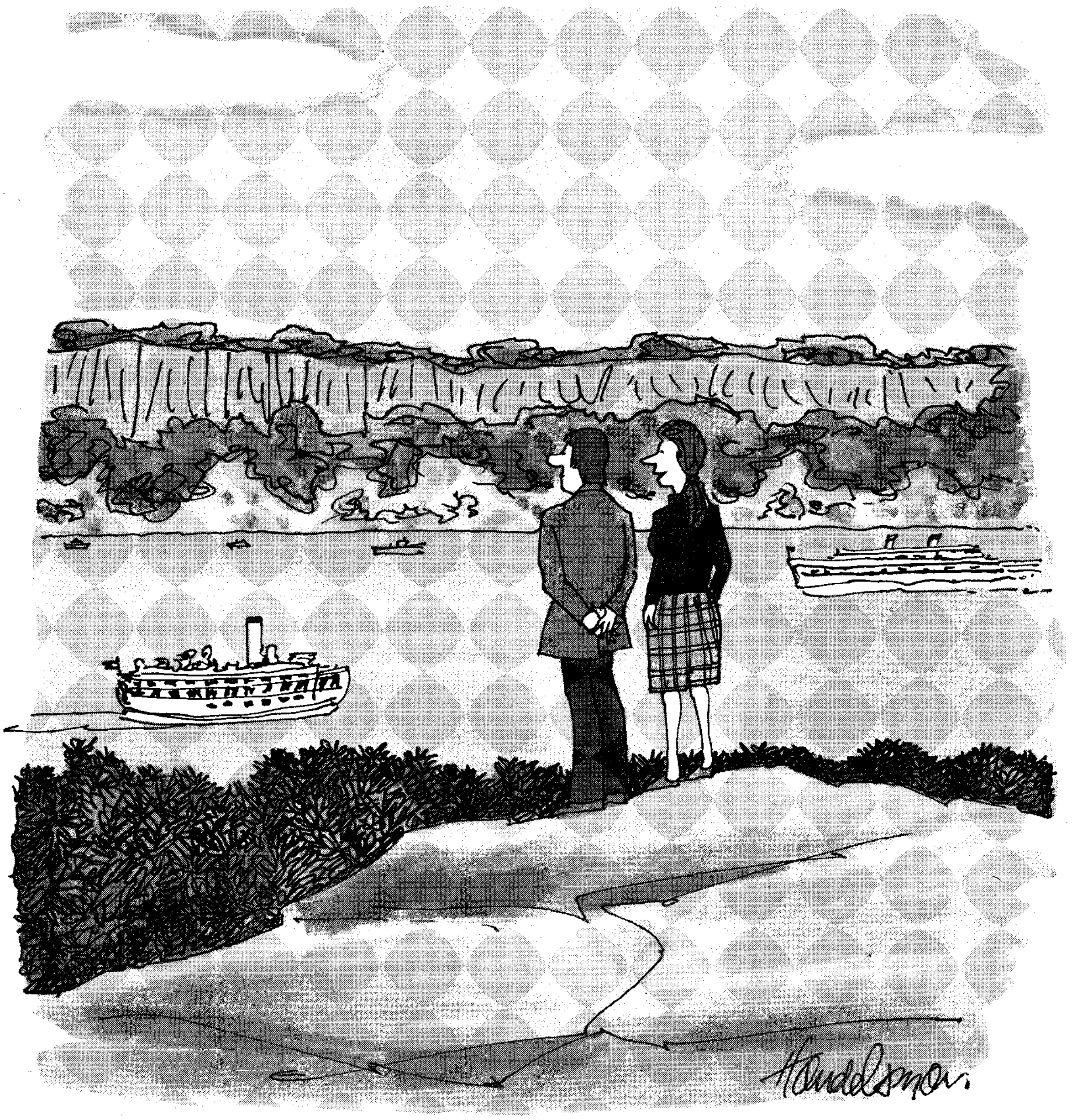
this country. The Department of Agriculture was worried about the implications of regulatory action by E.P.A. on a broad range of herbicides and pesticides. The 2,4,5-T case was considered crucial in the area of herbicides. The top people in Agriculture were strongly opposed to severe regulatory action on any herbicide, fearing a domino effect. They took the position 'We've got to stop this now.' And they were stirring up their legislative friends, who were giving E.P.A. a hard time. And, during all this, Russell Train, who had taken over from Ruckelshaus as Administrator of E.P.A., was under tremendous pressure from the Nixon White House to go easy on regulatory matters. It was not a promising situation in which to break new ground in regulating the use of these chemicals."

The E.P.A. people maintain that the agency called off the 2,4,5-T hearing on the basis of prudent judgment exercised under difficult circumstances. "The problem had to do with the nature of the evidence available against the behavior of 2,4,5-T in the environment," a senior scientist at E.P.A. told me. He went on, "Meselson and Baughman had come up with their new analytical procedures for detecting residues of dioxin in the parts-per-trillion range, and we had spent the best part of a year getting samples of various kinds out of areas in which 2,4,5-T had been used. By the time the hearings were supposed to be held, we found ourselves without results that we thought were sufficiently meaningful to form the basis of further restrictive action on 2,4,5-T registrations. The Department of Agriculture was with Dow—we had a situation where two government agencies were on opposite sides of the case. We believed that we'd held off as long as we could in preparing for the hearing. Our attorneys informed us that we couldn't win a case in court for cancellation of 2,4,5-T. We decided that, rather than lose the case on inadequate evidence, we'd do better to drop the cancellation without a public hearing, leaving the matter to be explored further. If we'd gone ahead with the hearing and lost the case, we'd have a terrible time reopening the cancellation issue if we decided to do so." What the E.P.A. scientist said suggests that the burden of proof concerning the potential hazards of 2,4,5-T had indeed tended to shift by degrees, through time, from the manufacturer to the federal regulatory agency.

THIS is by no means to imply that Dow was without a case on 2,4,5-T. Even Dow's bitterest opponents cannot deny that Dow has on its research staff many experienced and able chemists, biologists, and toxicologists. Nor can they deny that Dow has carried on extensive research on 2,4,5-T and dioxin. The position of the company is that when 2,4,5-T is used according to company instructions it presents hazards to the environment, to animal life, and to man that are so low and so extremely remote as to be, for practical purposes, inconsequential. Dow maintains that objective consideration of the whole 2,4,5-T issue has been obscured by "emotionalism," and that, in effect, the company has been victimized by what purports to be scientific criticism but is essentially argument of a "political" nature arising out of the vehement opposition of certain members of the scientific community to the Vietnam war. In addition, the Dow people maintain that speculation about alleged dangers of 2,4,5-T to human fetuses is unsupported by solid evidence, and they insist that dioxin is a "weak



"One of these days, let's really get it together and go to New Jersey."

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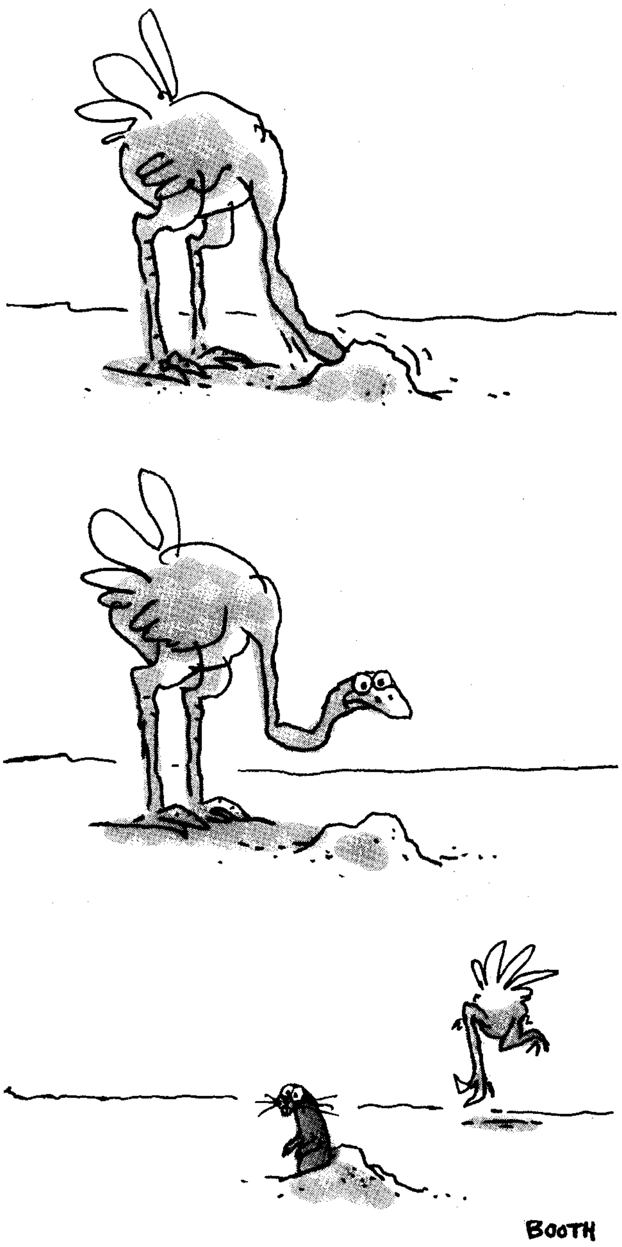
teratogen." They readily concede the great toxicity of dioxin, but they point to the low levels at which, as 2,4,5-T is now formulated, it is present in the herbicide. Further, they assert, after the 2,4,5-T is applied to vegetation the dioxin is broken down by sunlight and bacterial soil action. And they say that during the period before it is thus decomposed it does not readily leach out of soil, and, being almost insoluble in water, does not tend to be taken up in watercourses. Lastly, they say that the concentrations at which dioxin exists in commercially manufactured 2,4,5-T are so minute that when they are further lowered by the herbicide's being sprayed (and thereby diffused) over very large land areas, the risk to human health is infinitesimal, and is not a practical consideration.

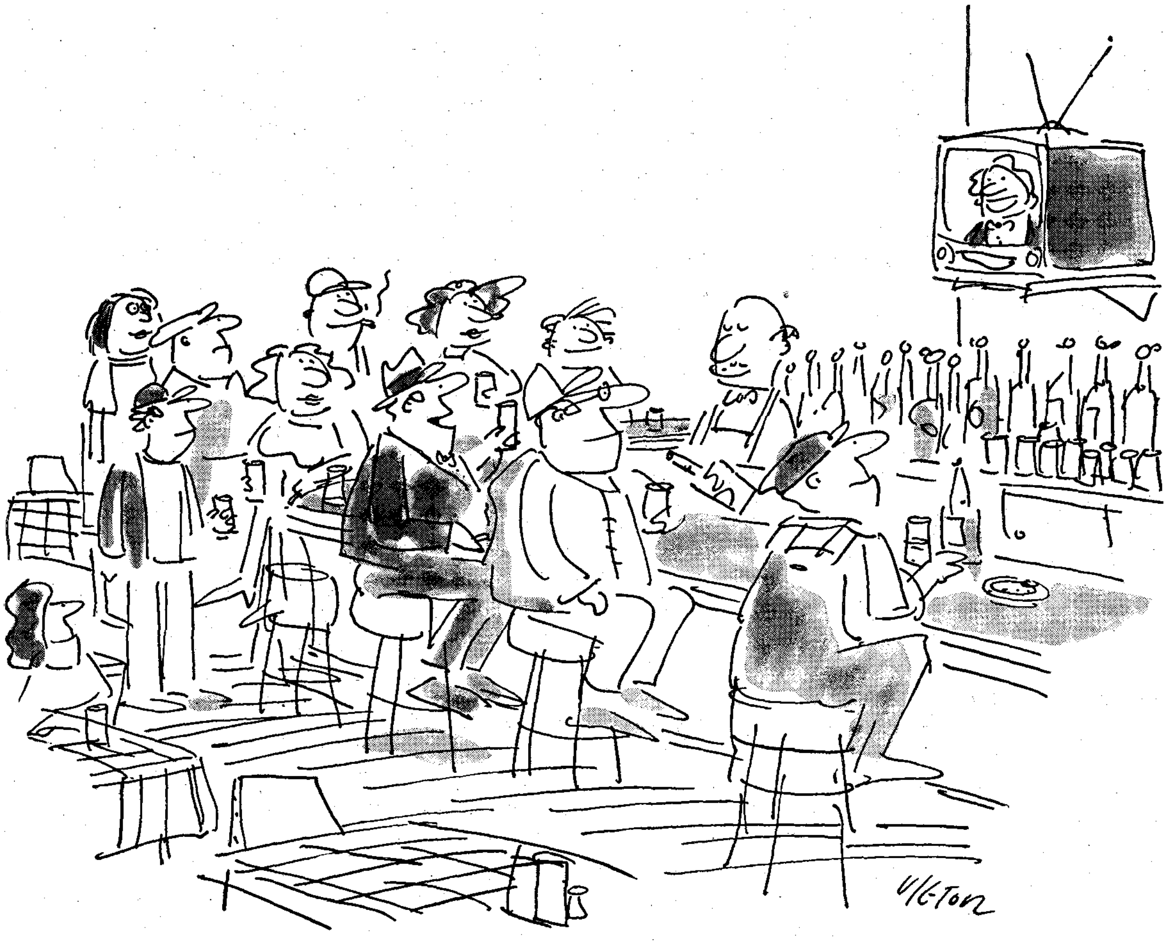
Dow's position on the safety of 2,4,5-T is amplified in a vast quantity not only of scientific literature but also of press releases and promotional material put out by the company's press-relations people. In contrast to the pinchpenny P.R. routine of the environmentalist groups critical of 2,4,5-T (the Environmental Defense Fund people regretfully had to levy a charge of ten cents a page on Xerox copies of scientific papers they passed on to me), the Dow P.R. material is handsomely bound, with expensive paper, elegant design, and, sometimes, four-color illustrations. The Dow publications include a "Press Reference Manual" entitled "The Phenoxy Herbicides," with individual chapters printed on paper of different colors—white, green, yellow, blue, gold, pink, and tan. A preliminary note explains that this press kit was prepared by the Wisconsin Agri-Business Council and reprinted by Dow. The Wisconsin Agri-Business Council is a trade association of which Dow is a member, and the press kit was prepared on behalf of the council by a firm that had done P.R. work for Dow in the past. Then, there is a luxuriously printed publication called "Chemicals, Human Health and the Environment: A Collection of Dow Scientific Papers." In addition, Dow has put out spiral-bound company rebuttals to some of the printed criticisms of the continued commercial use of 2,4,5-T; these Dow publications quote passages of the criticism along with answering comments from Dow. For the agribusiness community, Dow issues a four-color periodical publication, called *Industrial Vegetation Management*, which contains articles with titles like "Herbicide Use Saves Energy." Its article "South Dakota State Highway Maintenance Management System" is a description of the use of Dow herbicides along the grassy edges of highways. All this is presumably intended to forward a principle enunciated by Dow as company policy and cited in *Industrial Vegetation Management* in connection with a chronology of federal regulatory activity affecting 2,4,5-T: "Countervailing forces must be applied to areas which have been subject to overwhelming emotional pressures of only one kind, so that the environmental pendulum will be swung from environmental extremism to reasoned center and we may all move forward constructively to deal with the major tasks at hand."

In this, Dow has been joined by the Council for Agricultural Science and Technology, an organization that early in 1975 issued a report on the use of phenoxy herbicides characterizing the debate over the use of 2,4,5-T in Southeast Asia and elsewhere as a "largely political controversy." Concerning the controversial subject of the dioxin contaminant in 2,4,5-T and its bioaccumulative properties in algae, snails, and fish, the report declared this to be "of no practical interest," since there was "no substantial supply of the chemical in the environment subject to accumulation," and further stated, "It is quite literally an academic problem in the sense that many questions remain unanswered about TCDD, and research should be continued until all aspects of the toxicity, occurrence, and environmental fate of this chemical are thoroughly understood." In the concluding passages, the council declared that any reduction in the use of the phenoxy herbicides (including 2,4,5-T) on farms, pastures, and rangelands would probably require about twenty million extra man-hours of labor annually to maintain production at the current levels, and it would bring about increases in food costs to consumers. To judge from its tone, the report could have been written at Dow headquarters in Midland, Michigan. And, indeed, the council report was extensively quoted in the Wisconsin Agri-Business Council press manual that was reprinted and circulated by Dow. It seems that the whole American agribusiness establishment—the Department of Agriculture included—has formed a solid front on the question of 2,4,5-T.

Taking into account the contributions that Dow had made to the war effort in South Vietnam with its vast supplies of 2,4,5-T and other chemicals used there, some people might suppose that the Department of Defense would heartily endorse the unequivocal position of Dow and its sympathizers concerning the alleged innocuousness of 2,4,5-T. But this has not been altogether the case. The attitude toward 2,4,5-T has somewhat changed at the Department of Defense, it seems. The days are over when, during the height of herbicidal operations in Vietnam, an American military spokesman could declare that the relevant herbicidal agents were "not at all harmful to humans or animals"—and illustrate this statement by dabbing on his tongue a bit of liquid from a bottle that sat on his desk. The facts put before the Hart subcommittee concerning the fetus-deforming effects of 2,4,5-T in tests on laboratory animals not only brought to a halt, in 1970, the military use of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam but formed part of the background of an official declaration by President Gerald Ford, early in 1975, that thenceforward the United States would make no first use of military herbicides in offensive operations.

IN 1971 and 1972, the military had withdrawn huge stocks of Agent Orange—a fifty-fifty mixture of 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D, which was principally used in its herbicidal operations—from Vietnam, and the Air Force placed in storage on Johnston Island, in the Central Pacific, one million four hundred thousand gallons of Agent Orange in more than twenty-five thousand fifty-five-gallon steel drums. In addition, more than fifteen thousand other drums, containing eight hundred and sixty thousand gallons of Agent Orange, were stored at the Naval Construction Battalion Center at Gulfport, Mississippi. With the passage of time, the Air Force people in charge of these stockpiles became increasingly concerned about finding a safe way of disposing of all that Orange, much of it contaminated at relatively high levels with dioxin. Indeed, the matter of disposal became an urgent problem, because the drums in which the mixture was stored were steadily rusting and rotting away and leaking their contents. For some time, the Air Force gave consideration to a scheme under which its Agent Orange would be reprocessed by a private company to make it less toxic and then sold to the Brazilian government for clearing undeveloped agricultural land. But the State Department would not approve this scheme without the prior licensing approval from the E.P.A., and that was not forthcoming, so the scheme fell through. In the meantime, the Air Force had been drafting an environmental-impact statement outlining a variety of means by which Agent Orange stocks might possibly be disposed of without danger to human health or to the environment. The initial method that the Air Force proposed was incineration of the 2,4,5-T at a commercial incineration site in Deer Park, Texas. The Texas Air Control Board did not care for this idea. It protested, "The area around the proposed site of incineration . . . is a highly industrialized area [that already] has relatively high concentration of air pollutants. The addition of combustion products from the incineration of over two million gallons of Orange herbicide into the atmosphere of this area over a prolonged period could compound an existing problem and might very well prove harmful." In February, 1972, the Mississippi Air and Pollution Control Commission formally requested that the Agent Orange stored at Gulfport "be removed from its present location . . . immediately." The letter noted that the 2,4,5-T stocks posed a threat to nearby recreational and shellfish waters, and referred to the area's dense human population and to a "history of hurricanes and tornadoes in that particular section





"He says we're a beautiful audience, and damned if I don't agree."

• •

of the country." The State of Mississippi just did not want the stuff around.

The Air Force people had some more ideas for disposing of the Agent Orange. They tried out what they thought was a good one. They wrote to the manufacturers who had turned out most of the contaminated Agent Orange herbicide in the first place, and asked them to take the Agent Orange back. According to a subsequent statement made to the E.P.A. by an Air Force official, this proposal "created what might be known as a wide wave of disinterest" on the part of the manufacturers. The Air Force people considered yet another way of getting rid of the stocks. "The prudent disposition of Orange herbicide for use on privately owned or governmentally owned lands may have a tremendous impact on increasing the availability of . . . rangelands and forests," an Air Force document stated, but it noted, not very hopefully, that any such use "would require [E.P.A.] registration."

The Air Force continued to explore disposal alternatives: the possibility of burying the Agent Orange stocks in deep underground cavities created by nuclear test explosions, or in other underground repositories. But each of these schemes was found to be unsatisfactory. In 1975, the Air Force launched a pilot project in which quantities of Orange were reprocessed in such a way as to extract enough of the dioxin contaminant to make the Orange salable on the commercial market. The extracted dioxin was concentrated in large charcoal-filled steel cannisters. The reprocessing was carried out by a private chemical company in Mississippi, using naval facilities at Gulfport. But then the commercial processor (and, ultimately, the Air Force) was confronted with the problem of how to dispose of the dangerous dioxin residues concentrated in the steel cannisters. The processing company contracted with the owners of a landfill near West Covina, California, to bury the steel cannisters there. The cannisters were sent to California for burial in the landfill, but when this came to the attention of the California State Board of Health and the state's Hazardous Waste Technical Advisory Committee, these agencies refused to have the dioxin remain within the state. The processor then arranged with a corporation called Chem-Nuclear Systems, Inc., to have the deadly material shipped by truck to a hazardous-waste-disposal site in Arlington, Oregon, where it was to be buried thirty feet underground. But when Senator Mark O. Hatfield, of Oregon, learned of this action, he raised an alarm with the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency and with the Air Force, and asked that the dioxin be placed under military control and shipped out of Oregon. Eventually, this was done, and the dioxin cannisters were flown to McChord Air Force Base, in Washington, for special transshipment by military cargo plane to Johnston Island. By mid-1976, the Air Force people gave up the Orange-reprocessing scheme as one that, in effect, represented a cure potentially even more dangerous than the disease it was aimed at. Eventually, the Air Force came to the conclusion that the best way of disposing of the Agent Orange stocks would be one that they had been considering for some time, but had been unable to get authorization from civilian agencies to carry out—that is, through incineration at sea, on a German-built ship, owned by a company in Singapore, that had been designed for just such a purpose. The ship, named the Vulcanus, would carry the 2,4,5-T stocks from Gulfport and Johnston Island to a remote area west of Johnston Island, and the incineration would be done there. The departure of the Vulcanus, loaded with Agent Orange, from Gulfport and then from Johnston Island for the remote incineration site was to be carried out, according to the Air Force, with "maximum possible" precautions. The fifty-five-gallon drums, once emptied of Agent Orange, were to be thoroughly rinsed, then mechanically crushed, and the crushed metal was to be kept in an isolated place until it was transported to steel mills to be smelted down at a temperature of approximately two thousand nine hundred degrees Fahrenheit, which was calculated to assure proper destruction of any residues of dioxin.

The Air Force people, when they had originally drawn up plans late in 1974 for their Pacific incineration scheme, had hoped to put it into effect fairly rapidly, but the E.P.A. had ob-

711
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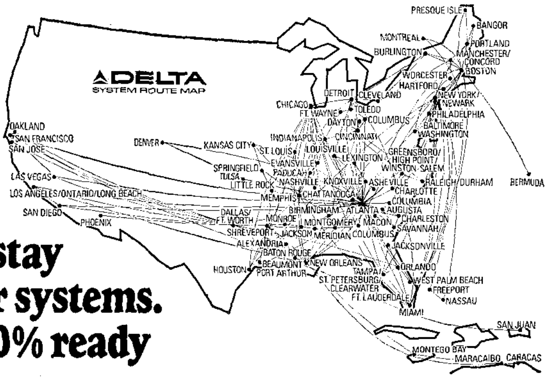
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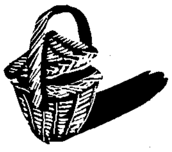
This is Delta's Wide-Ride® L-1011 TriStar, a $21 million superjet. Cabins are almost 19 feet wide. All seats are two-on-the-aisle.

jected, on the ground that the Air Force needed an ocean-dumping permit, which the agency hesitated to grant. Meanwhile, the storage drums of Agent Orange—particularly those on Johnston Island—were deteriorating so steadily that an average of five drums a day were springing leaks. Some five thousand drums, containing more than a quarter of a million gallons of Agent Orange, had rotted through in this way. In their eagerness to get rid of their Agent Orange stocks, and frustrated at the delays in getting E.P.A. permission to proceed with their incineration scheme, some of the Air Force people at the Pentagon began speaking about 2,4,5-T and environmental safety in the earnest tones that one might expect to hear from officials of the Environmental Protection Agency, while at the same time some of the E.P.A. people went on regarding the problem in the non-urgent manner adopted in former times by people in the Pentagon. Only last April, seven years after the use of Agent Orange by the military in Vietnam was stopped, did the E.P.A. issue a permit for the incineration at sea of the remaining stockpiles of the contaminated herbicide. In June, the Vulcanus, loaded with eight hundred and sixty thousand gallons of Orange, sailed from Gulfport toward the Pacific Ocean incineration site. The incineration of the huge quantity of Orange stored on Johnston Island was to follow, and the Air Force people believe that the incineration program can be completed this fall.



THE argument of the Dow people, reinforced by their research into the subject, that 2,4,5-T is being sprayed or otherwise laid down for various domestic purposes in such a widely dispersed fashion as to deposit almost meaninglessly minute traces of dioxin has been all but unanimously accepted in the agricultural-chemical industry, and has impressed to a considerable degree some of the principal scientists within the E.P.A. Applied according to instructions, 2,4,5-T should in fact deposit only low-level residues of dioxin which then are subject to biodegrading action by sun and by soil bacteria. The dioxin that may linger in the environment, therefore, exists at such low levels, in the view of the manufacturers, as to remain far below the threshold of conceivable menace to the health of human beings or animals. But those skeptical of the supposed innocuousness of these attenuated herbicidal traces insist that dioxin is no ordinary poison, and that not nearly enough is known about its exact potency and persistence, except that it is without question one of the most toxic substances known to man; indeed, it is exceeded in toxicity only by the botulinum toxin and by certain substances in the armamentarium of nerve gas and other chemical-warfare weapons. The capacity of very low dosages of the dioxin for deforming, in plainly observable ways, the fetuses of experimental animals is now well established. What is not yet known is whether dioxin also has long-range effects, not readily observable, on internal organs, and, conceivably, on the central nervous and immunosuppressive systems of animal organisms, and even on the genetic chain.

The power of dioxin to exert harmful effects on human beings as well as upon experimental animals is indicated by an occupational illness, chloracne, that has attacked workers in 2,4,5-T factories—and even people in contact with such workers—in the past. This illness, as it had occurred among a number of Dow employees working with wastes from 2,4,5-trichlorophenol—a chemical that is a precursor of 2,4,5-T—which contained anywhere from twelve hundred to two thousand parts per million of dioxin, was described before the Hart subcommittee in 1970 by Dr. Julius E. Johnson, a vice-president of Dow Chemical and the company's director of research and development, as "a skin disorder mostly prevalent on the face, neck, and back. It is similar in appearance to severe acne often suffered by teen-agers." As Dr. Johnson explained the situation to the senators, chloracne might seem to his listeners a transient cosmetic problem, perhaps more annoying than serious. But that was not the case at all, as the Dow people were only too well aware.

Long before the advent of 2,4,5-T—in fact, since the mid-nineteen-thirties—the Dow people had known that various polychlorinated derivatives of chlorophenols (including fungicidal preparations, such as pentachlorophenol, that were used for treating wood, paper, paints, and other products and that Dow sold under the trade name of Dowicides) had produced chloracne-like symptoms among workers exposed to them. Dow's 2,4,5-trichlorophenol appears to have been no exception. In 1964, when Dow's production of 2,4,5-T was rapidly expanded to provide Agent Orange for Vietnam, more than seventy workers at a Dow 2,4,5-trichlorophenol factory developed cases of chloracne, a dozen of them severe. Two months before Dr. Johnson described the symptoms of chloracne to the Hart subcommittee as though the disease were something less than a serious problem, Dr. Benjamin Holder, the director of the medical department of Dow's Midland Division, had informed a group of government chemists that the early symptoms of chloracne included fatigue, lassitude, and depression, and that early signs included the appearance of comedones (blackheads) on the face and body and weight loss, and he had reported that heavy exposure to dioxin-contaminated trichlorophenol waste caused damage to internal organs and disorders of the nervous system. Workers at other companies producing 2,4,5-T had also been subject at various times to outbreaks of chloracne. Back in 1949, at a 2,4,5-T plant owned by the Monsanto Company in Nitro, West Virginia, two hundred and twenty-eight workers developed chloracne as a result of an explosion there. Their symptoms included skin eruptions, shortness of breath, intolerance to cold, palpable and tender liver, a loss of sensation in the extremities, damage to peripheral nerves, fatigue, nervousness, irritability, insomnia, loss of libido, and vertigo.

In 1953, in West Germany, an explosion occurred in a 2,4,5-T factory at Ludwigshafen am Rhein owned by Badischer Anilin & Soda-Fabrik (B.A.S.F.). The explosion was the culmination of conditions associated with months of overheating occurring in a plant reactor containing 2,4,5-trichlorophenol. During these months, all the male workers and many of their wives and children, and even their pets, had developed chloracne. After the explosion, some workers were found to have suffered serious damage to internal organs, including severe liver damage. Other symptoms included raised blood pressure and myocardial degeneration, severe depression, and disturbances of memory and concentration. One death from intestinal sarcoma was attributed to the poisoning, and fifteen years after the accident the chloracne and its symptoms were reported to be still present in some of the workers, in spite of continued treatment and no further contact with the source of the illness, which was certainly dioxin contamination in the 2,4,5-trichlorophenol being produced in the reactor.

In 1963, in Amsterdam, a similar explosion occurred in a 2,4,5-T factory owned by Philips Duphar, a subsidiary of N. V. Philips of the Netherlands.

Fifty workers subsequently came down with chloracne, and many of these suffered damage to internal organs and serious psychological disturbances. The 2,4,5-T plant was closed for ten years, but even at the end of that period the premises were found to be so seriously contaminated with dioxin that the entire plant had to be dismantled, brick by brick, and the contaminated material embedded in concrete, loaded, at a specially constructed dock, on ships, and dumped at sea, in deep waters near the Azores.

In Czechoslovakia, between 1965 and 1969, extensive leaks occurred in the trichlorophenol-processing area of a 2,4,5-T-manufacturing plant near Prague, and a number of workers developed the symptoms of chloracne, including, according to an account in a Czechoslovakian medical journal in 1973, "somatic, mental, and sexual" complaints and considerable weight loss. For most of those affected, the disease reached its peak somewhere between one and two years after initial exposure, but in some patients the symptoms were still manifest eight years after their initial exposure.

In 1968, an explosion took place at a factory in Bolsover, Derbyshire, England, owned by Coalite and Chemical Products, Ltd., which was producing trichlorophenol for both 2,4,5-T and the bacteriostatic compound hexachlorophene. Seventy-nine workers developed chloracne as a consequence of this exposure to tetra dioxin. Not only workers but also members of their families having contact with them became sick. Several of the workers died, the immediate cause of death being severe liver damage. Because of the persistence of heavy dioxin contamination within the factory premises, all factory equipment considered seriously affected (except for some large tanks, which were thoroughly cleaned) was removed and buried a hundred and fifty feet down in a disused coal mine.

EVIDENCE of serious dioxin contamination outside the premises of factories in which 2,4,5-T or the trichlorophenol intermediate material was being produced was also showing up in various places. In 1971, incidents occurred at three horse arenas in eastern Missouri, near St. Louis, in which forty-three horses, scores of chickens, and uncounted hundreds of birds, rodents, cats, and dogs died. An investigation by the Center for Disease Control of the Public Health Service disclosed that a short time before the incidents the riding arenas at a horse-breeding farm had been sprayed with waste oil to keep down dust. Of eighty-five horses that had been exercised in the sprayed arenas, fifty-eight became ill and forty-three died. Among pregnant mares that had used the arenas, there were twenty-six known abortions. A report of the Center for Disease Control stated that many foals that had been exposed only *in utero* died either at birth or shortly thereafter; six of the foals had manifest birth deformities. Further, four children who had played in the sprayed arenas were taken ill. Two of the four had symptoms, from which they fortunately recovered, identical with those of industrial chloracne.

The investigation revealed that the oil had come from a salvage-oil company. Analysis of residues of the sludge sprayed on the arenas showed a high concentration of 2,4,5-trichlorophenol, and pointed to dioxin contaminant in the chemical as the villain. In the sludge that had been collected by the salvage-oil company, it appeared, was waste from a reactor at a factory near Verona, Missouri, which had formerly produced 2,4,5-T for use in Agent Orange. After the use of Agent Orange in Vietnam was brought to a halt in 1970, the factory had been sold. The new owners had gone on making trichlorophenol, using it, as was widely done, as a starting material in the production of hexachlorophene. The reactor's highly toxic dioxin-contaminated waste, which the former owners had had transported by tank truck several hundred miles for disposal by incineration, had been disposed of simply by paying the salvage-oil company to haul it away; the salvage-oil company trucked quantities of it to St. Louis and dumped it into a large holding tank, along with other waste oil and sludge. Some of the mixed waste had been drawn off from the tank for spraying the horse arenas.

AGAINST the background of such grim episodes as these, one might suppose that the unusually grave responsibilities attached to the handling of dioxin would have been only too apparent to any company that took the risk of inflicting it, in even the most minute quantities, on susceptible humanity. But in the last year this proved, on the most appalling scale since Vietnam-war days, not to be so. On July 10, 1976, another explosion—one whose consequences were to affect the

Why are people faster than we can

Could it be that people are finding out how terrific our cars are?

We took the question to our marketing department.

"Absolutely," they said.

But then, when almost 7,000 Rabbits disappear from our showrooms in one week alone, we think there's more to the story.

Looking deeper, for example, we found we were getting some unexpected help from an unlikely source.

General Motors, to be exact.

They've been running advertisements comparing their Buick Opel to Datsun B-210, Toyota Corolla, Subaru DL, and the Volkswagen Rabbit.

The results? Among other things the Rabbit showed up with the most interior room, the most trunk space, and the best acceleration.

We quote their conclusion: "Let's put it this way: we didn't win. Well, alright, if you insist, we'll put it this way: Rabbit won."

Moving along to Scirocco, our true sports car.

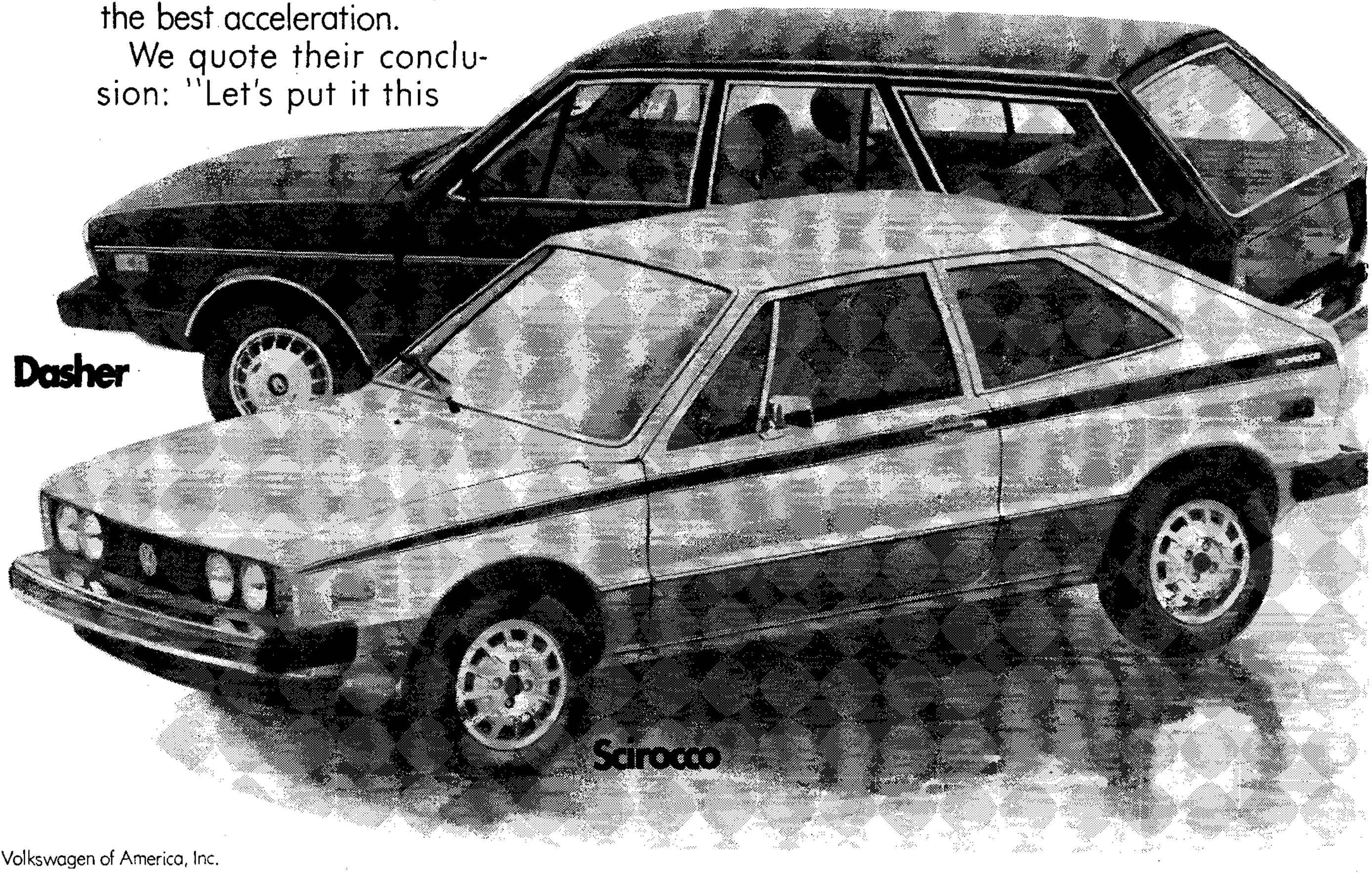
The Scirocco has been moving along quite nicely on the road as well as in the showroom.

With acceleration from 0 to 50 in an astonishing 7.5 seconds.

And with front-wheel drive that literally pulls you around corners.

Last year, Scirocco was the Trans Am Champion in the under-2-liter class.

And this year, Fortune Magazine named it one of the 25 best-designed factory-made products available in America, right along with a helicopter, a sailboat, and a Cadillac Seville. (Incidentally, the Cadillac and a



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buying Volkswagens build them?

Porsche Targa were the only other cars mentioned.)

Finally, we come to Dasher, which has been impressing everyone with its room and well-thought-out design.

"Room?" you ask.

"Just open the door," we answer.

Inside our beautifully appointed 2-door and 4-door Dasher sedans you'll find more room than 48 other cars you could buy. More room than any Datsun, Toyota, or Honda. And more room than most American cars in its class.*

Dasher also comes in a wagon with more cargo area than any car in its class.*

No other cars except diesels give you all that room with all the gas mileage of a Dasher.*

All three Volkswagens get 24 MPG in the city. Dasher gets 36 MPG on the highway, Rabbit and Scirocco get 37. (EPA estimates with standard transmissions. Actual mileage depends on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and car's condition.)

Does all this mean you might wind up on a waiting list for a Volkswagen?

"Not usually," we answer.

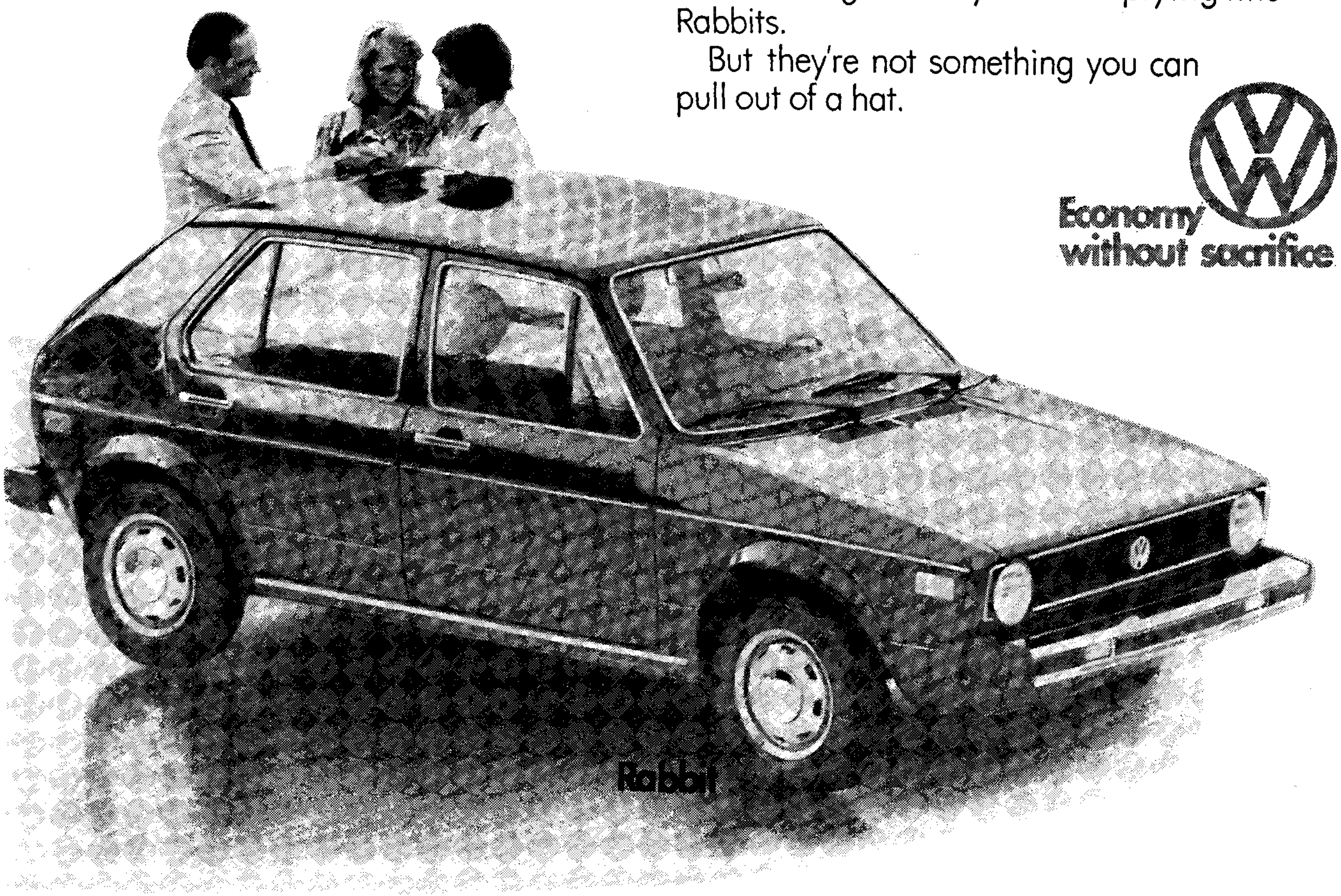
But you might have to be patient.

After all, we put a lot of time and care into building our cars.

We even employ 13,500 inspectors to insure the quality of every car we make. And we insist that they take their time.

Volkswagens may be multiplying like Rabbits.

But they're not something you can pull out of a hat.



Economy without sacrifice

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*January 1977 EPA Guide.

lives of thousands of people in frightening fashion—occurred at a chemical factory in Lombardy, Italy, about thirteen miles north of Milan, which was producing 2,4,5-trichlorophenol. The factory is owned by a company called ICMESA (an acronym for Industrie Chimice Meda Societa Anonyma). ICMESA is owned, in turn, by a Swiss corporation called Givaudan, which is a large supplier of cosmetic products and hexachlorophene. The Givaudan corporation is owned, in *its* turn, by the huge international drug-manufacturing company Hoffmann-La Roche, which also has its headquarters in Switzerland.

The ICMESA factory explosion took place in a reactor that was being used to produce 2,4,5-trichlorophenol by combining tetrachlorobenzene with sodium hydroxide in an ethylene-glycol solvent. Normally, the factory completed one such reaction, and also completed a subsequent distillation process to remove the ethylene-glycol solvent, each day. However, for some reason, at the end of the last working shift of the week, in the early hours of Saturday, July 10th, the distillation stage, which routinely completed the production process, was not undertaken and was deferred by the management until the beginning of the next work week. Because of the weekend, only a few watchmen and maintenance people were in the plant when, on Saturday at about 12:40 P.M., the chemical mixture in the reactor, which had become seriously overheated as a result of continued activity, exploded. The force of the explosion blew out a safety disc at the top of the reactor and drove the boiling mixture up a venting pipe leading directly to the open air. The explosion was heard by residents in the area as—in the words of one woman—"a deep rumbling sound." From the vent on top of the building a white plume, in the shape of an inverted cone that was tilted to one side, shot into the atmosphere to a height of about a hundred and fifty feet. In a few minutes, the plume extended to form a white cloud, which drifted in a southerly direction and, upon cooling, descended and settled over a cone-shaped area that included at its apex part of the southern section of the community of Meda and a substantial section of the adjacent community of Seveso. In part dispersed by light northwesterly airs, it then lifted slightly and rolled on, over the communities of Cesano Maderno and Desio, to the south.

Although much of the seven hundred acres on which the visible part of the cloud seemed to have settled consisted of market-gardening plots and fields on which crops such as grain were raised and on which cows were grazed, the area was inhabited by about five thousand people, most of them artisans from southern Italy (particularly from Sicily) and their families, generally large. Since the explosion took place during the noontime meal period, most of those living in the area were probably indoors when the cloud settled, but a number, including children who were outside playing, were enveloped by the settling cloud, which had a pungent smell. It made people cough, and their eyes smarted. Not long after being exposed to the cloud, many people, and especially those living closest to the ICMESA factory, felt nauseated, and parts of their exposed skin became irritated. Many of those who had been outside quickly developed burnlike sores on their faces, arms, and legs. Adults and children alike developed other symptoms, among them headaches, dizziness, and diarrhea. Within two days, small animals in the area, including rabbits, mice, chickens, and cats, began to sicken, and many died. Birds that had flown through the cloud or had been enveloped in it while they were perched in trees died quickly—many before they could even fly out of the area. Interestingly, except for the more severe skin lesions these symptoms and immediate aftereffects were very much like those that had been reported on different occasions, during the war in Southeast Asia, by villagers and peasants in various populated parts of Vietnam—and even by remotely situated Montagnard tribesmen in the Vietnamese highlands—after defoliation raids in which clouds of Agent Orange had been loosed on them, their homes, and their gardens.

Early on Saturday afternoon, the ICMESA management made its first response to the accident, when one of its chemists arrived at the plant and inspected the reactor. He then went out to a cluster of homes lying on the edge of several fields in the path of the cloud about a thousand feet away from the reactor and suggested to people living there that they refrain from eating vegetables from their gardens. The following day, Sunday, Francesco Rocca, the Mayor of Seveso, received a telephone call at his home (which itself was not in the path of the cloud) from a doctor friend in the area, who told him that the plant manager at ICMESA and one of his assistants were looking for the local health officer but were unable to find him, and that they wanted to talk to Mayor Rocca. The Mayor invited them to his home. Late in October, when I talked with Mayor Rocca at his office in Seveso, he said that the two people from ICMESA had told him that a cloud "possibly containing some material of a herbicidal nature" had escaped from the factory the day before, and that they felt it wise to have people living in the vicinity of the ICMESA factory advised not to eat fruit from their trees. "They said nothing at all about dioxin or TCDD," Mayor Rocca told me. Since the ICMESA plant itself is within the town of Meda, Rocca informed the mayor of Meda, Fabrizio Melgrati, of what he had been told. Signor Melgrati told the local police what was going on. On Monday, Rocca and Melgrati jointly requested the local health officer to inspect the ICMESA reactor from which the chemical cloud had emanated, and, as before, according to Rocca, the ICMESA management said nothing about the danger that dioxin was present in the fallout. On Tuesday, local health officers reported to the two mayors that the leaves of vegetables and of some trees in the area were wilting. Their reports mentioned no damage to human beings. However, that same day local residents brought in several children and showed Mayor Rocca skin lesions that the children had developed. The Mayor called the ICMESA management to arrange a meeting, and on Wednesday two representatives of ICMESA came with a map of the locality, and, indicating on it the area immediately southeast of the factory, they suggested once again that people be advised not to eat vegetables grown there. And once again, according to Rocca, the ICMESA management representatives made no mention of dioxin and said nothing else to indicate that the cloud might contain an extraordinarily dangerous substance. They said that they had sent samples of the material deposited by the cloud to the Givaudan technical headquarters in Dubendorf, just outside Zurich, for analysis and were awaiting the results.

On Thursday, July 15th, five days after the contaminating explosion, Mayor Rocca issued a proclamation warning the population not to eat fruit or vegetables from what was apparently the most strongly affected area. By that time, birds and small animals were dying at a faster rate. And the effects on human beings were becoming more serious. By Friday, nineteen children were hospitalized near Seveso. The condition of four of these children

Whitney Darrow

"Hi, I'm Fred Cawley. I'm a Westport type."

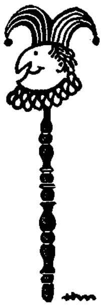
• •

proved to be serious enough for them to be transferred to the Niguarda Hospital, near Milan, for further examination and treatment. Mayor Rocca had another meeting with ICMESA representatives. He told me that at the meeting he had been prepared to order evacuation of the area that seemed most affected but that the ICMESA people told him this would not be necessary, since there appeared to be no hazard to the local people in continuing to live in their own homes. By the end of the day, the Mayor issued another proclamation, warning people to destroy any produce they had picked since the explosion, and he himself went out to warn one family after another in the cone-shaped area where the cloud had first descended, near the ICMESA factory, not to pick, eat, or store their fruit or vegetables.

The Lombardy provincial health authorities seem to have been remarkably slow in getting into action. It was not until Saturday, July 17th, a week after the explosion, that the director of the Laboratory of Hygiene and Prophylaxis of the Lombardy provincial administration, in Milan, visited the ICMESA plant. There the laboratory director, Dr. Aldo Cavallaro, heard company technicians explain that the immediate cause of the explosion was an exothermic reaction, or increase in temperature arising out of chemical activity within the reaction vessel. According to Dr. Cavallaro's later account, when he attempted to go near the reactor itself ICMESA technicians insistently dissuaded him from doing so, saying that a toxic by-product might be present. However, he has noted, nothing was said about dioxin or TCDD. Upon returning to his laboratory in Milan that night, Dr. Cavallaro consulted all references to trichlorophenol which were available in the technical library at the laboratory, and he learned that elevated temperatures in trichlorophenol manufacture made possible the formation of the extraordinarily toxic TCDD. On Monday morning, Dr. Cavallaro asked the ICMESA management people whether tetra dioxin could, in fact, have contaminated the cloud. When the ICMESA people conceded that it could have, and that the chemists at Givaudan's research headquarters outside Zurich were studying precisely this question, Dr. Cavallaro flew to Zurich the same day to demand further information from the Givaudan management. At Dubendorf, the Givaudan people conceded that the samples sent to them from the ICMESA plant showed some dioxin contamination.

The admission by Givaudan that the chemical fallout was contaminated with one of the most toxic substances known to man thus came a full nine days after the explosion—a circumstance that particularly embittered the feelings of the thousands of people whose lives were ultimately affected by the escaped cloud. Two days after the Givaudan management conceded the presence of dioxin in the area, the managing director and the plant manager of ICMESA were charged under Italian law with negligently causing a disaster, and were placed under house arrest.

It was not until July 24th, two weeks after the explosion, that a physician representing Hoffmann-La Roche notified Vittorio Rivolta, the chief of the Lombardy regional health administration, that the dioxin contamination from the cloud was serious enough to warrant evacuation of the population from the area apparently most affected. Plans for undertaking the evacuation and sealing off that area were announced by the provincial authorities the following day. The area involved was divided into two zones. The first, designated Zone A, consisting of thirty-seven acres near the ICMESA plant and inhabited by forty-three families, totalling a hundred and seventy-nine people, was to be entirely evacuated. Zone B, consisting of about four hundred and fifteen acres, in which a total of about five thousand people were living, was to be sealed off from non-residents, but the residents themselves could continue to live in their homes, although their children under fifteen, who numbered about eighteen hundred, were to be taken out of the zone during the day, so as to cut down their exposure to contamination.



The evacuation from Zone A began on July 26th, past barbed-wire barriers that had been strung around the zone by Italian Army troops, who now guarded and patrolled its perimeter. In leaving, the inhabitants were officially forbidden to take household goods or any but their most essential personal possessions, and were instructed to leave all food and domestic animals behind. (The animals were to be left in the care of veterinarians.) The evacuees were given allowances by the provincial authorities and were housed—at the expense of the Givaudan corporation—in a large, luxurious apartment and hotel complex in Bruzzano, a suburb just north of Milan.

How long the evacuated people were to be kept away from their homes nobody could tell them. By the time of the evacuation, thirty-six people had been hospitalized with skin lesions and other symptoms. Bird life appeared to have been devastated; fields, gardens, and orchards were littered with the carcasses of swallows, martins, warblers, and goldfinches, and also with those of thousands of rats, mice, and moles. Both brown field rabbits and white rabbits that residents of the area had been raising for food had been dying by the hundreds, and chickens by the thousands. Cats that survived were meowing piteously; dogs, which are known to be comparatively resistant to dioxin poisoning, looked sickly, and their behavior was reported to be nervous and aggressive.

To measure and analyze the extent and the effects of the contamination, the provincial authorities set up various committees, composed of toxicologists, chemists, and epidemiological specialists from Milan—primarily from the Mario Negri Pharmacological Institute and the University of Milan's Institute of Hygiene and its Labor Clinic. When analysis of soil samples taken from the area reached a further stage, the authorities decided to enlarge the danger zone, and Zone A was extended to take in a good part of Seveso; it now embraced two hundred and fifty acres, from which a total of seven hundred and thirty people were eventually evacuated. Zone B was enlarged to cover some five hundred acres. A third, outer zone, consisting of several thousand acres and containing some ten thousand residents, was designated as a precautionary area, in which intensive health monitoring would be maintained.

Through most of the affected region, the only free traffic that continued was that on the autostrada between Milan and the Lake Como region, to the north. The autostrada runs through the eastern part of Zone A and the western part of B. It was bordered on each side with barbed wire, patrolled by armed soldiers, and posted with signs warning motorists to drive with closed windows and at a very moderate speed, so as to cause as little dust as possible. Inside Zone A, the scene was desolate indeed, inhabited only by occasional hooded figures encased in impermeable white decontamination suits and boots and wearing face masks: scientists monitoring soil samples, and veterinarians collecting dead animals in plastic bags. From time to time, shots could be heard as dying animals were put out of their misery and those still capable of moving were killed to prevent them from travelling out of the contaminated zone. Toxicological analysis demonstrated beyond doubt that most of the animals already found dead had died from dioxin poisoning, and post-mortem examination showed extensive liver damage. The livers of dead rabbits showed concentrations of one and a half micrograms of dioxin per gram of liver—a figure indicating that the animals had been exposed to dioxin at concentrations many times the established lethal dose for rabbits in the laboratory.

Forced from their homes, which in many instances they had built themselves or with the help of neighbors, and quite uncertain of what the future might hold for them, the people from Zone A were in a shocked and bewildered state, as were people still living in Zone B. Most of the furniture in Italy is produced at factories in and around Seveso, Meda, Desio, and Cesano Maderno, and the region contains perhaps three thousand artisans' shops, in which, before the ICMESA accident, carpenters and other workers turned out articles for the furniture factories on a cottage-industry, piecework basis. In Zone A, these artisans' shops were completely closed, and so were the furniture factories. Factories in adjacent areas that might have been affected remained open, but when the Italian press and television reported on the seriousness of the effects of the ICMESA explosion and broke the news that the area was contaminated with deadly dioxin, demand for furniture and other goods from Seveso and the region around it dried up. People did not want to touch furniture that had been made in Seveso. The livelihood of the artisans seemed to be vanishing. For all the attention that was suddenly focussed on the evacuees, they came to feel isolated—regarded by many as pariahs. This feeling of isolation was heightened by the fact that none of the social workers who had now been sent to assist them, and none of the medical specialists and toxicologists who were now examining them, was in a position to tell them what was likely to happen to them, or what their state of health would be, or when, if ever, they might be able to return to their homes and their normal lives in Seveso.

OF all the uncertainties facing the people of Seveso, none caused more agony than that raised by reports in the press and on television, and acknowledged by the regional health authorities, of the fetus-deforming effects of dioxin on laboratory animals. When the toxic cloud descended, several hundred women in the areas now designated Zone A and Zone B were pregnant, and, in addition to their other troubles, they were confronted with the horrifying possibility that the babies they were carrying might be born with some kind of malformation. They were racked by conflicts involving their maternal instinct, traditional religious precepts, and their recognition of the dreadful responsibility of bringing into the world children who might possibly be doomed to a maimed existence. Many of them felt obliged to consider, most reluctantly, whether, instead of inflicting such possible penalties on their offspring, they should resort to abortion. In Catholic Italy, the law had made abortion a serious crime, but, in consideration of the special plight of the pregnant women of the Seveso area, the Italian government announced that it would permit these women to have abortions if their applications to do so were approved by their attending physicians on a case-by-case basis.

This move was sternly opposed by the Catholic Church on doctrinal grounds. The Vatican itself plainly expressed its disapproval, and the Archbishop of Milan declared from the pulpit that if children of the pregnant Seveso women should indeed be born

(San Francisco Bay all-girl whistling team try out new T-shirts & puckers)

pucker up
pucker up
pucker up

A modest reminder: enter the First International Whistle-off.

Carson City, Nevada ***October 1st, 2nd & 3rd 1977***

Our plan, to put a little spark in life by reviving whistling, seems to be working. Since announcing our competition, a couple months ago, we've received correspondence and entries all the way from Rochester to Costa Mesa. *This, then, is our last blast for whistlers.*

For those who just flick through magazines for the cartoons—we repeat the rules. The "Whistle-off" is open to any individual, family or group who think they can whistle a tune without aid of mechanical contrivance, or things they can "sneak in" under their tongue.

Contest Categories:

1. Solo whistling
2. Dual whistling
3. Family whistling
4. Kiddie whistling
5. All-girl whistling
6. All-male whistling
7. Hymn whistling
8. Senior citizen whistling
9. Country Western whistling
10. Foreign "language" whistling (Open to other than "English" approach)
11. Whistling to novel accompaniment (saws, pots, spoons, chimes, cow bells, etc.)
12. Special competition: whistling in consortium with an ADAM computer (open to all, but tune to be whistled is "My Way"*)

What contestants win:

Suitably engraved giant working whistles for all winners: Grand Champion and 1st, 2nd, and 3rd prize. In addition, Grand Champion and 1st prize winners will share in profits and all the publicity that goes with the nationwide sale of a whistle record—or, whatever we can dig up that might let this venture pay for itself.

We furnish judges, music (if desired), and a spot in the great outdoors beneath the majestic Sierra Nevadas to do your thing.

To enter, fill in and mail the coupon or write: Chamber of Commerce Carson City. There's no entry fee required.

The world "ain't" happy enough, it needs to WHISTLE MORE! That's why, we sponsors, Carson City and LOMAC (Logical Machine Corporation) put together this 3-day moment.

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CARSON CITY
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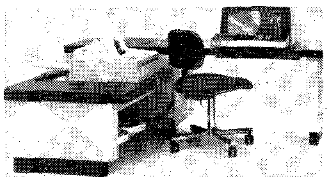

ADAM, a Contestant

* Tune representative to ADAM, our "program-it-yourself" computer. To your direction, ADAM will play your tune . . . , operating to your individual non-professional instructions—*in English*. ADAM is the *only* computer that can make that statement. Per chance, you're intrigued with the possibilities of ADAM—write to: LOMAC, 1294 Hammerwood Ave., Sunnyvale, CA 94086 or phone: (408) 744-1290.

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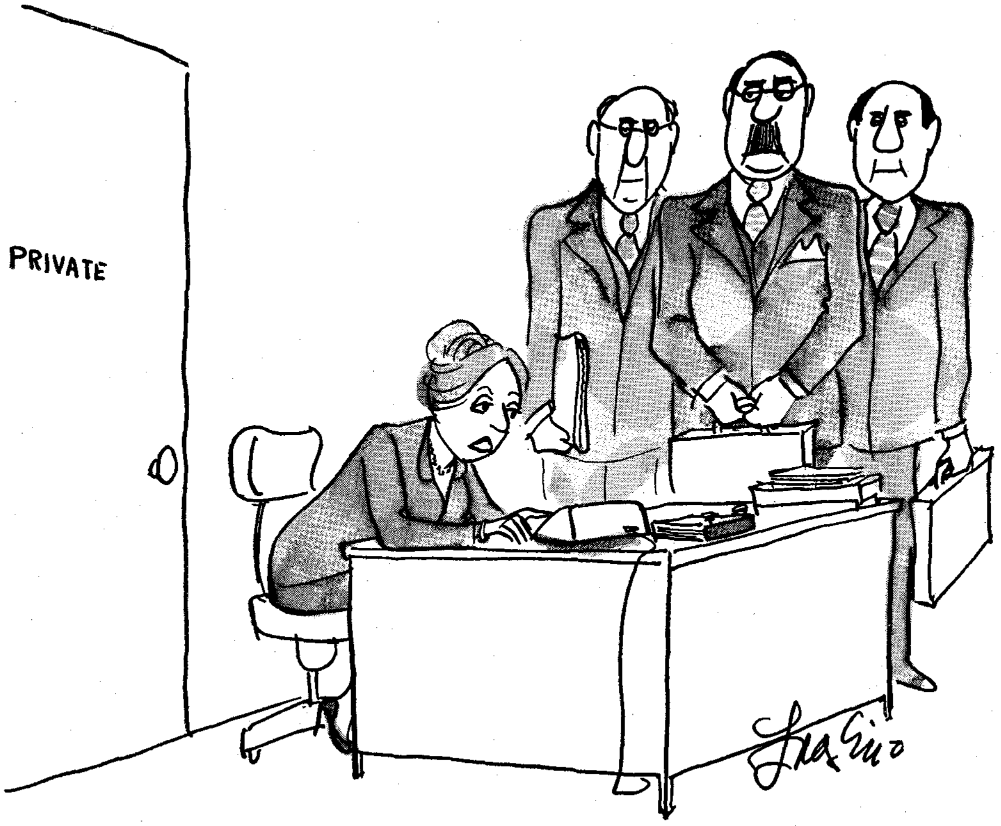


"Excuse me, Mr. Harding. The Pete Sanders Trio to see you."

• •

with malformations, there would always be good Catholics who would care for them if their own parents did not wish to. But the government's move on abortion was received with approval by the Italian left. Before long, the unfortunate women of the Seveso area were the center of an issue so highly politicized as to make their distress all the greater. Altogether, twenty-eight women from the immediately affected area received permission for therapeutic abortions, and twenty-six of them had the operation performed at the Mangiagalli Clinic at the University of Milan and two at a clinic in Desio. But an additional number of the women—probably some sixty of them—are believed to have forgone the formalities and the waiting period required, and to have had abortions performed either illegally in the locality or legally outside Italy.

IN accounts of the ICMESA explosion appearing in the Italian press and on television, there was, not unexpectedly, a great deal of severe criticism of the ICMESA management for permitting conditions that made possible the contamination of the area with such a toxic substance as dioxin—notably, the use of a reactor so improvidently designed that in the event of an accident, however unlikely, it would vent dioxin right into the air instead of passing the poison into a sealed container. The ICMESA company and its Swiss owners were also indignantly criticized for their failure promptly to warn the people in the area and the authorities of the true nature and the extreme danger of the toxic cloud. Various other charges were made in the media—for example, that the ICMESA plant had been secretly supplying trichlorophenol for use in 2,4,5-T being acquired by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. The Givaudan company management has repeatedly denied that either the parent company or ICMESA had any connection with 2,4,5-T production, and, because of the nature of Givaudan's business, there is little reason to doubt this assertion.

Givaudan produces most of the world's hexachlorophene, and the trichlorophenol produced by the ICMESA plant was destined for use as a source material for hexachlorophene. Givaudan also produces a wide variety of aromatic essences that it supplies to the perfume industry, and it was to carry out this business that Givaudan was originally founded, in 1898; the company developed hexachlorophene as a bacteriostatic agent, and got into its manufacture on a commercial scale in the early nineteen-forties. As for ICMESA, it had also been in the aromatic-compounds business for many years, as an independent supplier to Givaudan. Givaudan acquired control of ICMESA in the nineteen-sixties, and took it over formally in 1969, six years after Givaudan itself was bought up by Hoffmann-La Roche. When Givaudan acquired ICMESA, it converted part of ICMESA's production from aromatic compounds to trichlorophenol for shipment to Givaudan's hexachlorophene-manufacturing facilities—in Switzerland and in Clifton, New Jersey, where Givaudan has long maintained a plant. Why should a Swiss corporation producing hexachlorophene, if that corporation decided to engage in the tricky business of making the trichlorophenol within the company's own facilities, buy a factory in northern Italy and make the material there rather than near its own Swiss plant? The answer given in one Hoffmann-La Roche company publication is that "in Switzerland the labor market was so tight, and the number of guest [i.e., foreign] workers so great that it seemed better to create jobs for guest workers in their own countries than to import them to Switzerland." But this explanation, when it was reported in the Italian press, did little to moderate the indignation of critics of the company's behavior before and after the explosion. It is a common contention of these critics that northern Italy has become, in effect, a dumping ground for almost every conceivable kind of industrial pollution, from operations set up by foreign-controlled multinational corporations whose headquarters countries would be unlikely to tolerate the loose manufacturing standards allowed in Italy. And, indeed, it appears extremely doubtful whether Swiss government regulations would have permitted the manufacture of trichlorophenol under the conditions that prevailed at the ICMESA plant.

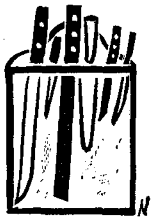
The Givaudan management persistently denies that the safety standards employed at ICMESA were lax, or that Givaudan was negligent concerning the problem of dioxin contamination. Givaudan's explanation of how ICMESA came to be involved in hexachlorophene production is of interest, especially since the background of its problems associated with the production of hexachlorophene happens to have a certain relationship to recent developments in the 2,4,5-T market in the United States. Dr. Guy Waldvogel, the general director of Givaudan, told me in an interview not long ago that by 1974 Givaudan had become concerned about the quantity of dioxin and other impurities in the trichlorophenol that had been supplied to it by independent companies in the United States and elsewhere. "We had two reasons for going into trichlorophenol production on our own—which we did on a regular basis in 1975—instead of continuing to rely on our usual suppliers of it," Dr. Waldvogel said. "One was a worldwide shortage of supplies of trichlorophenol, resulting from the demand for it in herbicide manufacture. The other was the growing difficulty we encountered in obtaining grades of trichlorophenol that met the analytic specifications we had set. We were imposing on ourselves increasingly stringent quality requirements, which were not satisfied by the trichlorophenol material on the market, and we felt we could produce a better grade ourselves, using high quality controls."

Although Dr. Waldvogel did not say so, other important considerations undoubtedly entered into Givaudan's decision to produce its own trichlorophenol. After 1970, when the Hart Senate subcommittee hearings precipitated restrictions on the use of 2,4,5-T and focussed attention on the frightening toxicity of dioxin, the producers of hexachlorophene had become more and more sensitive about the association of their product with trichlorophenol and its dioxin contaminant. Originally, hexachlorophene was conceived of as an externally applied bacteriostatic preparation to inhibit the spread of bacterial infection in skin burns and the like; it had also been used by hospital physicians and other personnel in scrubbing-up routines. Thus, its uses had been fairly limited. But, beginning in the late nineteen-fifties, heavy sales-promotion techniques by companies to which Givaudan acted as a supplier helped to turn hexachlorophene into a common consumer product. The compound also began to be used in hospitals on a very large scale, for all sorts of purposes—often, it appeared, as a sort of chemical mask for poor hygienic discipline by hospital personnel. It became so routine for newborn babies to be washed with a hexachlorophene solution that the stuff seemed to serve almost as a sort of sheep-dip in hospital nurseries. At the same time, toxicological literature was showing, increasingly, that serious penalties could be connected with the indiscriminate use of hexachlorophene: convulsions in some babies; and, in experimental animals given large dosages, paralysis of limbs and damage to brain tissue. Nevertheless, high-pressure television-advertising campaigns went on proclaiming the virtues of hexachlorophene. It was touted as a new miracle ingredient in all kinds of widely merchandised products for consumers: soaps, deodorants, even vaginal aerosol sprays—the last of these uses being one that, to anybody who knows of the association of hexachlorophene and the trichlorophenol on which it is based, and of the trichlorophenol and its teratogenic contaminant, is plainly horrifying to think of. But after a number of health incidents involving hexachlorophene, which culminated in the deaths in 1972 of some three dozen French infants after they were treated in their cribs with a talc preparation that had been accidentally mixed with large amounts of hexachlorophene, the United States Food and Drug Administration forbade the sale of hexachlorophene for any but restricted medical uses. Since then, hexachlorophene has continued to be sold for indiscriminate uses in a number of other countries, including Italy, but in this country its use is now confined pretty much to physicians' and surgeons' scrubbing-up routines, in which the applied solution can be washed off quickly and with proper care.

These are some of the considerations that may well have impelled the Givaudan people to have their trichlorophenol produced to their own standards by their own corporate subsidiary. It is the contention of the Givaudan management that at the ICMESA plant it deliberately chose a production process that would enable the reactor to operate at relatively low temperatures and at normal atmospheric pressure, in order to insure that minimum amounts of dioxin would be formed and to reduce the possibility of explosion. They insist that they are entirely unable to explain how the reaction got out of hand on July 10th. According to Dr. Waldvogel, ICMESA produced a total of a hundred and five tons of trichlorophenol in 1975 and a hundred and thirty tons in 1976 prior to the July explosion. Of this amount, approximately half was shipped to Givaudan's hexachlorophene-processing factories in Switzerland and half to the Givaudan plant in Clifton. Dr. Waldvogel expressed dismay that ICMESA's international shipments of trichlorophenol had become such an issue. "One hundred and thirty tons—that's a laughable quantity of trichlorophenol in terms of the whole market," he told me. "Where we talk of a hundred and thirty tons a year, the herbicide-manufacturing people think in terms of *thousands* of tons a year." He maintained that after refinement of the trichlorophenol at ICMESA to keep the amount of dioxin contaminant to a minimum, the dioxin in the finished hexachlorophene as sold by Givaudan did not exceed twenty parts per billion.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR
INSTRUCTIONS

I was surprised to hear him cite this figure, because in 1970, in the course of working on an article about the problems posed by the use of 2,4,5-T, I had looked into other uses made of dioxin-associated trichlorophenol and had asked the Givaudan management people in Clifton whether Givaudan's hexachlorophene contained any dioxin. I was told categorically that extensive research by the company had established beyond doubt that it did not. Now, six years later, I was told that it did, after all. The explanation for this contradictory information probably lies in the fact that in 1970 the analytical techniques for detecting dioxin in parts per billion were not as reliable as they are now. But a contamination of twenty parts per billion in a medical preparation, and with what is one of the most toxic substances known to man, surely cannot be reckoned as negligible. (In May, 1975, the *Archives of Neurology*, published in Chicago, contained a report of a study based on autopsy reports of premature infants who had died of various causes shortly after birth, and all of whom, at birth, had been routinely bathed in hexachlorophene solutions. The article, by Drs. Robert M. Shuman, Richard W. Leech, and Ellsworth C. Alvord, Jr., reported a high incidence of mild to severe lesions in the brain stems of the deceased infants, the severity of this damage being associated with the number and concentration levels of the hexachlorophene baths the infants had been subjected to after birth.) It seems a remarkable coincidence, at least, that where dioxin and the compounds with which it is associated, even at supposedly minute levels, are concerned, the further one looks, the more trouble one finds.



Dr. Waldvogel insisted that the production of trichlorophenol at the ICMESA plant prior to the July explosion had been carried out with conscientious regard for the extremely toxic nature of dioxin insofar as the well-being of both the ICMESA workers and the public in the vicinity was concerned. He told me also that the dioxin content of the trichlorophenol product was regularly monitored through analytic techniques. This appears to be true, for samples of the trichlorophenol were regularly sent to Givaudan's research headquarters in Switzerland for analysis; after all, the company researchers certainly knew that if dioxin were to appear in Givaudan's hexachlorophene in large amounts, the results could prove disastrous to those on whom the preparation was used. When I called upon Dr. Peter Schudel, vice-director of research for Givaudan, in Dubendorf, he spoke with pride of the precautions taken at the Swiss laboratories in the handling of dioxin: only male technicians were employed in the analytic work; they worked in an isolated building and were regularly subjected to intensive medical examinations.

But at Givaudan's Italian plant the safety standards have been another story. The workers there were given no meticulous medical checkups such as were given workers in Givaudan's Swiss labs, and from what they have been reported as telling their union representatives and the press, not only were they not instructed by the ICMESA management concerning the true toxic properties of dioxin but they had no idea of its existence. As for the dioxin-laden residues that were a regular by-product of the ICMESA reactor, what became of them? According to the Givaudan management, the toxic waste was burned in an incinerator on the plant premises in such a way that the dioxin contaminant was destroyed. There is no indication, however, that emissions from this process were regularly monitored for dioxin content. (And, as I discovered in the course of my research, the supposedly destructive effects of burning on dioxin, except under the strictest of conditions, are highly debatable.) There was no way of telling what amounts of dioxin might be regularly escaping from the ICMESA plant into the air and over neighboring communities. From time to time during the two years in which ICMESA was producing trichlorophenol, nearby farmers would bring in dead rabbits—which they had been raising for food—and complain that pollution from ICMESA was responsible for the animals' deaths. The ICMESA management—"knowing that it's Italy," Dr. Waldvogel said—would pay them a small sum to settle the matter. As for Italian governmental or provincial regulations regarding the disposal of complex toxic by-products, for practical purposes there simply were none. Industry in Italy, much of it in the north under the control of foreign capital, operates almost entirely free of such impediments. It is perhaps characteristic of the chaotic situation prevailing that although the importation of 2,4,5-T into Italy was supposedly halted in 1970—following the impact abroad of the revelations at the Hart subcommittee hearings and of the decision of the American military to suspend the herbicide's use in Vietnam—the production of the very dioxin contaminant responsible for the original ban on 2,4,5-T could proceed at ICMESA without the slightest check. "We're a neocolonial society here," one of the Italian epidemiologists studying the aftereffects of the Seveso explosion remarked to me. I asked Dr. Waldvogel why neither ICMESA nor Givaudan appeared to have informed the authorities or the local people immediately after the ICMESA explosion that the chemical cloud from the factory might contain dioxin, and Dr. Waldvogel replied that representatives of the two companies *had* spoken about the possibility that "highly toxic by-products" were contained in the cloud. "If we had used the word 'dioxin' in consulting, for example, the Mayor of Seveso, would that have changed the situation?" he asked.

The amount of dioxin that the population of the area in and around Seveso was exposed to as a result of the explosion is a matter of conjecture. Estimates of the amount range from five hundred grams (about one pound) to five kilograms (or about eleven pounds). How much actually was released obviously will determine the extent of the effects on the population nearby, and, because dioxin poisoning appears to work not only in an immediate, devastating way but in many ways that are subtle and not properly understood, only time is likely to reveal some of the less manifest effects.

As it happens, a fair proportion of the burnlike skin lesions that many inhabitants suffered, which press reports assumed were symptomatic of chloracne, generally receded over the months following the explosion. These lesions were probably a result of direct contact with the sodium-hydroxide and phenolic components of the fallout. But, starting in late September, two and a half months after the cloud descended on the area, an increasing number of children and young people from Zone A began to develop on their faces, arms, and bodies symptoms of true chloracne—the sure mark of dioxin poisoning. By the beginning of November, twenty-eight people had developed confirmed cases of chloracne, and by the beginning of December the number had risen to thirty-eight. A year after the explosion, the number of confirmed cases of chloracne had risen to about a hundred and thirty. There were other characteristic symptoms besides the skin acne, as I learned when, last October, I talked with members of one affected family from Seveso who had been eating in the yard outside their house when the toxic cloud enveloped them. The parents had washed themselves immediately, but their two daughters, who were about twelve and fifteen years old, had not; and when the cloud had apparently dissipated the family had continued with their outdoor meal, which was now coated with a film of dioxin-contaminated residues. All four of them became nauseated and suffered bouts of diarrhea. When I saw the family, both children had developed chloracne. Their faces were covered with an angry-looking rash. Their mother told me, out of their hearing, that one of the most distressing aspects of the episode had occurred even before the appearance of the chloracne, and this was what seemed to be a "complete change of character" in the two girls. In the past, they had possessed sunny, easygoing temperaments, she said, but now they had become extremely nervous and moody, with frequent irrational bursts of irritability. They had also suffered a marked loss of appetite. She told me that the same symptoms were prevalent among many of the people from Zone A, among those without chloracne symptoms as well as among those with chloracne. The mood of the men, especially, was affected, she said; they were strangely different—"very, very nervous," moody, irritable, and, at the same time, extraordinarily tired. On hearing this, I asked the woman's husband whether he had had any intimation that some men from Zone A had a reduced sexual drive—something that was associated with dioxin poisoning in previous industrial accidents. He said there was nothing to the notion. At that, his wife exclaimed, "The men don't want to speak of it, but all the women say it's true!" Though I was aware of the depressing effects of the toxic cloud on the ordinary life and good spirits of the people in Seveso, I could not help wondering whether the more striking personality changes I had been hearing about among the refugees might not be providing a warning sign of dioxin poisoning that had not yet manifested itself physically in the outward form of chloracne.

As for possible evidence of any teratogenic effects upon pregnant women in the area, the epidemiological picture is blurred by the fact that the pregnant women who were permitted to receive therapeutic abortions—and those who obtained illegal abortions—were those who were reckoned to have been most heavily exposed to dioxin immediately following the ICMESA explosion. (These included women who lived outside Zones A and B.) Altogether, the legal and illegal abortions probably total about ninety.

A survey by an epidemiological commission appointed to study the health of people in the broader area of Meda, Seveso, Desio, and Cesano Maderno has shown that a hundred and eighty-three babies were delivered in the two months following the ICMESA accident and that there were fifty-one spontaneous, as distinct from induced, abortions. According to these figures, the percentage of spontaneous abortions in relation to pregnancies would thus be twenty-two per cent, which would be approximately double the rate previously recorded for the area. (But it seems fair to add that the accuracy of such a comparison may be affected by the degree to which Italian women receiving illicit abortions may have managed, with the help of friendly physicians, to have these abortions registered as having taken place spontaneously and involuntarily.)

So far, some eight cases of birth abnormalities among babies born to women in the Seveso area who were pregnant at the time of the ICMESA explosion have been reported. But in the opinion of Professor Gaetano Fara, the chairman of the epidemiological study team appointed by the Lombardy regional authorities to examine the effects of the ICMESA explosion on the health of the local population, any cause-and-effect relationship between the toxic cloud and these abnormal births is difficult to infer, because, Dr. Fara says, the incidence of these birth abnormalities is not really disproportionate to the incidence of those that might normally be expected to occur in the locality.

However, it would be unrealistic to conclude that the babies of local mothers pregnant at the time of the explosion are necessarily to be considered free of untoward effects of any exposure to dioxin that their mothers may have suffered. Experience with previous accidents involving dioxin indicates that the effects of the contaminant are generally delayed and appear over long periods of time, and, furthermore, are hard to predict or to measure accurately. For example, who could pinpoint a cause-and-effect relationship involving dioxin if a child of a dioxin-exposed mother should turn out to be just a little bit less alert than the average, a little more prone to memory lapses, a little more "nervous," or a little more susceptible to illnesses of various kinds? Virtually no research has ever been carried out on the children of dioxin-exposed mothers whose husbands were involved in accidents in 2,4,5-T plants. In fact, so little is known about the full, long-term consequences of human exposure to dioxin that it is safe to say that there exists

Wm Hamilton

"They stole all our people!"

not one scientist anywhere in the world who could truly be called an expert on the effects on people of this tremendously toxic substance.

IN the meantime, Zone A at Seveso remains a desolate and barren area, peopled only by the masked, white-suited figures taking soil samples for analysis or, now, engaging in efforts to prevent contaminated material within the area from drifting or being blown outside it. The dioxin contaminant in the soil within Zone A is not just on the surface but persists in the topsoil to a depth of about twelve inches. The degree of contamination varies considerably, and the variation between Zones A and B is even greater. In the soil of parts of Zone A, the amount of dioxin has been measured in milligrams per square metre—a very heavy amount. The total amount of the contaminant in Zone A has been estimated at between one and eleven pounds. For Zone B, the estimates are very much lower, running at less than an ounce—a figure that, considering the toxicity of dioxin, is still a very significant one. The problem of how, if ever, Zone A can be sufficiently decontaminated to make it reasonably safe for people to live in is one that the Italian authorities are still grappling with, and to which they obviously have no ready answers. The plans now being considered for all topsoil whose dioxin contamination is higher than five micrograms per square metre include physical removal by bulldozer, chemical and biological treatment, and high-temperature incineration. This involves the effective disposal of between a hundred and fifty thousand and three hundred thousand tons of topsoil, a task that would require six months simply for the bulldozing stage and a minimum of two years for some sort of incineration process.

Some scientists have expressed a belief that most of the dioxin in the soil can eventually be destroyed by a combination of photodegradation (by the action of sunlight) and biodegradation (by naturally occurring soil organisms and by bacteria specially selected and propagated so as to have the capacity for attacking and breaking down dioxin molecules). Givaudan claims to have had success in reducing the amount of dioxin residue on vegetation in a selected experimental plot within Zone A by spraying the vegetation with an olive-oil solution and the chemical cyclohexanone and thus creating chemical interactions that speed up the process of photodegradation. However, Dr. Vittorio Carreri, who heads the decontamination study team appointed by the Lombardy provincial authorities, has called the results of the Givaudan experiment "poor." A recent United States Air Force study of residues of Agent Orange on experimental plots in Utah, Kansas, and Florida, while it found the dioxin contaminant of Agent Orange to be relatively persistent, also concluded that the contaminant could be very substantially reduced over a period of time by the action of sunlight. Yet the sanguine forecasts of some scientists concerning the degradability of dioxin and the feasibility of decontaminating Zone A to the point of making the area a safe place to live in are hardly borne out by the history of decontamination attempts that have been made in the aftermaths of previous dioxin-producing industrial accidents. Accounts of these attempts indicate that dioxin can persist and continue to have poisonous effects for a considerable period not only after the initial accident but also after the most elaborate decontamination measures have been undertaken.

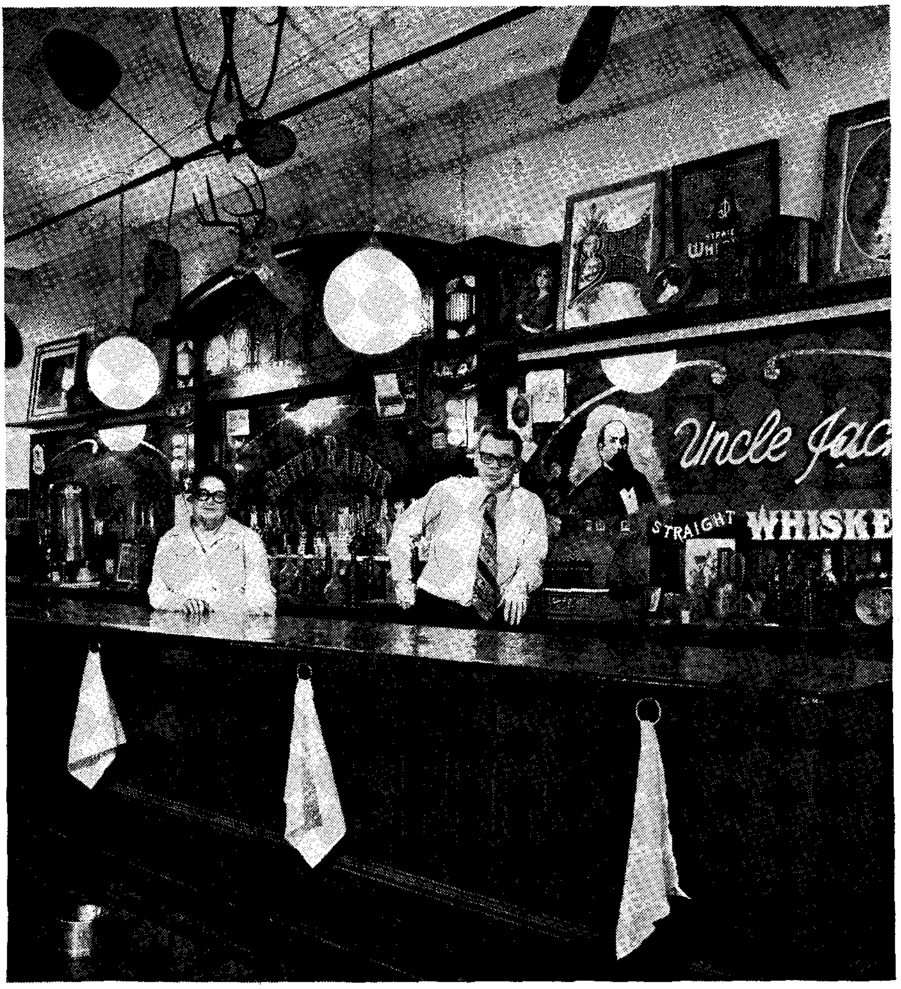
An incident following the explosion in the Badischer Anilin & Soda-Fabrik's 2,4,5-T factory in Germany in 1953 illustrates the capacity of dioxin for lingering in the environment and continuing to exert ill effects. Five years after the accident, an employee was assigned to perform some work on or near a reactor vessel that since the original accident had not been used. For the task, the worker wore a completely protective suit, including a face mask. However, in the course of the work, he removed the mask several times to wipe perspiration from his face. Within four days, he developed headaches, loss of hearing, and chloracne. A month later, he was hospitalized with angina pectoris. Six months after that, he developed pancreatitis and a tumor in the upper abdomen. He died some nine months after his exposure to dioxin. Another workman, who, also five years after the B.A.S.F. explosion, spent only two hours repairing an interior wall in the area containing a reactor vessel, likewise developed severe chloracne. A year later, a large X-ray-opaque area developed in his left lung. Four years after that, he suffered acute psychosis, with the hearing of voices, and committed suicide.

Another example of the seemingly random manner in which dioxin can exert ill effects after long periods and after intensive efforts have been made to remove all measurable traces of it, is to be found in an incident in the aftermath of the Coalite trichlorophenol factory explosion in Bolsover, England, in 1968. The only factory equipment that was not buried deep underground after that explosion was the several large tanks that had been rigorously and repeatedly cleaned with high-pressure steam jets to remove any possible traces of dioxin. Nearly three years after the explosion, two pipe fitters were assigned to connect new equipment to new collars that other workers, some time previously, had fitted onto one of these steam-cleaned tanks. Within four weeks of doing this work, both men developed severe chloracne. Within eleven months of the date of exposure, the wife of one of the workers developed symptoms of chloracne, as did the son of the other worker, within three months. Yet subsequently careful analysis of the surface of the tank and the fittings failed to reveal any traces of dioxin.

Still another example of the persistence of dioxin contamination is the experience of a group of eighteen workers who, six months after the 1963 explosion in the Philips Duphar 2,4,5-T factory in Amsterdam, were put to work in an attempt to decontaminate the plant. All worked in deep-sea-diving suits and—except for one man—in goggles and industrial face masks. Despite these precautions, nine of the workers subsequently developed chloracne, and, of these nine, three died within two years. The one man who did not wear a face mask or goggles was reported to be severely affected and unable to work; it was reported that he was still requiring treatment last year. (It may have been partly on the basis of this experience that the Philips plant was eventually dismantled and dumped at sea.)

The proposals for breaking down the dioxin contaminants in the Seveso area through high-temperature incineration have been received with skepticism by some scientists. The problem is that the thermal, mechanical, and other conditions necessary to assure the complete destruction of dioxin on any large scale must be met meticulously, and the process must be carried out entirely without error, if further disaster is to be avoided. One American scientist who is familiar with all such difficulties, and whom I met last October in Milan while he was consulting with the Italian authorities on the question of dioxin contamination, declared that he considered the proposal to incinerate dioxin-contaminated material from Zone A on the spot "a dangerous course" and "the most risky thing in the world." The evacuees from Seveso, without possessing any particular scientific knowledge, are in vehement agreement with this view; in December, a group of these people set up roadblocks on the autostrada that passes through the affected zones to protest the proposed construction of an incinerator within Zone A for the purpose of attempting to destroy dioxin-contaminated material. Since then, the opposition of the Seveso inhabitants has become so violent that the authorities have grown skeptical about the political practicability of getting an incinerator built in the affected area. And this situation presents them with a whole new set of problems unpleasant to contemplate. If they have to erect an incinerator in some other part of Italy to handle the polluted soil of Seveso, what place could they decide upon? And if they do find a new incineration site, how could they cope with the dangers of transporting to it hundreds of thousands of tons of dioxin-contaminated soil. As an alternative, they could, of course, bury all the contaminated material deep in the earth, but, if so, where? Under already polluted Seveso? And if not under Seveso, where? And, again, how could it be transported there?

In the meantime, the Italian authorities are still trying to deal with manifold problems. One of the serious ones they faced last autumn was how to contend with the fall of dioxin-contaminated leaves from the trees, since there was every likelihood that winter winds could blow this poisoned foliage into so far unpolluted areas. Furthermore, other vegetation in the area was going to seed, so there was the additional danger of clouds of fine particles of vegetable matter and chaff being blown around, and being inhaled by and otherwise coming into contact with people outside the evacuated zone. The authorities sent tractor teams manned by safety-suited workers into the area to cut down and mechanically bale vegetation in the larger open areas. In smaller areas, the cutting was done with mechanical sickle bars or old-fashioned scythes; no rotary mowers were permitted, because of the hazards posed by chopped-up cuttings flying around. As for the autumn foliage, the authorities had all limbs lopped from the deciduous trees, including fruit trees. As the limbs were removed, the leaves on them were picked off by hand and put into large plastic bags for removal to a designated storage area in the zone, where all this material will be kept until some method of ultimate disposal can be decided upon. The limbs themselves, after being lopped and sawed into lengths, but before being carted away



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to the disposal area, were sprayed with a foamlike solution of polyvinyl acetate to help keep the bark from crumbling off. Despite all these efforts, a large amount of dioxin-contaminated leaf debris continues to lie and blow around in Zone A, presenting yet another source of continuing concern. With time, it has become clear that dioxin contamination exists well beyond the area officially designated as polluted. For example, it was discovered in May that parts of the community of Polo, just north of Seveso, were contaminated with relatively high levels of dioxin, and medical examination of two hundred and eighty-three children in Polo revealed, according to a report in the London *Sunday Times*, that fifty-eight of them "appeared to be suffering from chloracne." And, by this time, previously unsuspected high levels of dioxin were found in the community of Nova Milanese, a suburb several miles south of the southern boundary of Zones A and B. Traces of dioxin were even discovered in mud on the streets of Milan.

The work of the scientific groups appointed in Italy to study the effects of the ICMESA explosion has been conducted in such an atmosphere of confusion, and the issue of the possible effects of dioxin contamination on the unborn has become so entangled with considerations of religious doctrine and Italian politics (and even further complicated by scientific factionalism), that whatever conclusions these investigators may draw are almost certain to be the subject of sharp controversy. Given the contentious atmosphere in which the present and future lot of the people of Seveso is being assessed, one is led to give particular attention to the lessons that may be drawn from the measurable effects of dioxin in controlled experiments using laboratory animals. Two recent studies by a team led by Dr. James R. Allen, professor of pathology at the University of Wisconsin Medical School, appear instructive. The first study concerned the long-term effect of dioxin-contaminated food on non-human primates—specifically, on eight female rhesus monkeys. For nine months, the monkeys were fed a diet containing dioxin in a concentration of five hundred parts per trillion. Within six months after they received this diet, all the monkeys developed anemia, and within nine months the survivors also suffered severe reductions in red and white blood cells and platelets. Between the seventh and twelfth month, five of the eight animals died. The results of this study, taken together with previous animal studies conducted by Dr. Allen and his associates, appear to demonstrate impressively the ability of dioxin to persist and accumulate in the living tissues of primates.

In a second, eighteen-month feeding study, conducted on seven groups of experimental rats, the findings not only fully confirmed the extreme and accumulative effects of dioxin in terms of observed liver and kidney damage and anemia but pointed to an even more serious effect. Out of sixty animals under study, twenty-three developed tumors. Examination showed a significant increase in tumors in a group of rats receiving daily dioxin levels as low as five parts per trillion in the food. "The high incidence of neoplasms in rats fed subacute levels of TCDD suggests the carcinogenic potential of the compound," a scientific paper written by Dr. Allen on the study has noted.

THIS, then, is the nature of the contaminant that, as a component of the herbicide 2,4,5-T, has left its poisonous and enduring trail in so many parts of the world; that was rained down by the American military in vast quantities on Southeast Asia; and that is now being rained down, year after year, in even vaster quantities of 2,4,5-T, over millions of acres within the United States, even as the military itself at last is in the process of disposing of its almost two and a half million gallons of Agent Orange. This is the toxin whose production and use responsible officials of the E.P.A. seem powerless or unwilling to forbid or effectively control. Not only has E.P.A. become virtually paralyzed where control of the 2,4,5-T problem is concerned but most of the vast 2,4,5-T herbicidal-spray programs have actually been carried out and continue to go forward under the auspices and at the instigation of other federal agencies—in particular, of the United States Forest Service and the United States Department of Agriculture. In the light of what is now known about the almost unmatched toxicity of dioxin—and of what is *not* known about its precise mode of action and its long-term effects on human beings—should the government accept the assurances of herbicide manufacturers that a little dioxin is "acceptable" to people, just because the dioxin contaminant is being spread and sprayed around over large, rather than small, areas?

The government itself appears to have accepted the assurances of the

Dow Chemical people and other herbicide manufacturers that the dioxin contaminant in 2,4,5-T, once laid down, is degraded and effectively destroyed by the action of sunlight and of soil bacteria. Yet if the contaminant is in fact so handily decomposed in this manner, one wonders how to account for the results of an analysis of samples taken in 1975 of the fatty tissues of cattle that grazed on Western rangeland that had been sprayed with 2,4,5-T during the previous year, for the samples showed significant levels of dioxin—levels of up to sixty parts per trillion. How is it that from grazing land sprayed with this allegedly innocent herbicide the government permits the distribution to the American dinner table of meat that has been contaminated with measurable amounts of one of the most toxic substances known to man? It is not as though the government were unaware of such findings, or of their significance, for the very studies that produced these findings were conducted under the auspices of the E.P.A. And a memorandum dated August 5, 1975, gives these observations of the dioxin-study program coördinator in the E.P.A. Office of Pesticide Programs concerning the significance of the findings:

> Studies including teratogenic and other toxicity effects indicate that the residue levels mentioned above may present a health hazard to man based on the application of normal margins of safety.

Almost incredibly, the E.P.A. people still cannot make up their minds. The issue is completely stalled, and action on it is blocked. In the meantime, Dr. Patrick O'Keefe and Dr. Matthew Meselson at Harvard have obtained several samples of mothers' milk from Texas and Oregon, and subjected them to analysis for possible dioxin content. The preliminary results of this latest study indicate the presence of dioxin in parts-per-trillion amounts in some of these samples. The potential significance of these findings concerning a substance with a demonstrable capacity for inflicting relentlessly cumulative damage can be indicated by the fact that a nursing infant consumes about one-tenth of its entire body weight in maternal milk *each day*. All in all, if one considers what is already known about the nature of dioxin, the indications from such studies that this almost incomparably toxic substance not only has entered the human food chain but may have invaded the maternal milk supply is surely a cause for swift and drastic action by our government.

—THOMAS WHITESIDE

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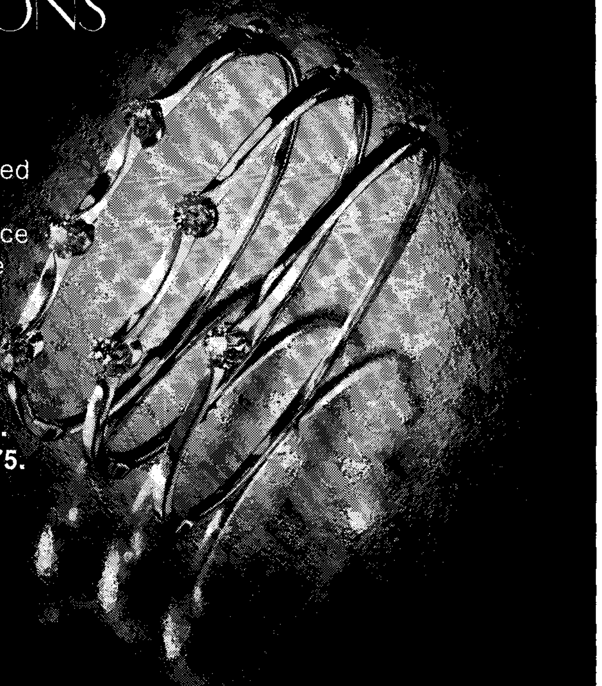
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OF all the evocative place names in sport—such as St. Andrews, Green Bay, Madison Square Garden, Holmenkollen Hill, Pauley Pavilion, Fenway Park, the Restigouche, Ascot, Annapurna, Kooyong, Lord's, Old Town, Le Mans, Pebble Beach, Forest Hills, Churchill Downs, Bimini, Wembley, Cooperstown, Aintree, the Solent, Yale Bowl, Saratoga, Stade Roland Garros, Rugby, and Yankee Stadium, to list those that first rush to mind—I do not believe that any holds more significance or rings the bells of memory more loudly and clearly than Wimbledon, the site of the most famous tennis tournament in the world. When you look up Wimbledon in the Encyclopædia Britannica—my set happens to be the 1959 edition—you learn that Wimbledon is a suburb of London situated eight miles from Charing Cross; that Ceawlin, the King of Wessex, defeated Aethelbert, the King of Kent, in that neighborhood in 568 A.D.; and that the district has a population of about sixty thousand and covers five square miles, including the thousand and more acres of Wimbledon Common. There is a passing reference to the All England Club, which conducts the renowned annual tennis tournament—though, almost from the very beginning of the event, it has been the practice to refer to it by the name of its geographical site, much as it is the usual thing to refer to our national tennis championships as Forest Hills, after the village in Queens in which they take place and in which the host club, the West Side Tennis Club, has long been situated. Actually, Wimbledon's official name is The Lawn Tennis Championships, as if there were no others, just as the golf competition that we call the British Open is known in Britain as The Open, there having been no other event of that kind in existence when it was inaugurated, in 1860.

The first Wimbledon was held in 1877, four years after the game of lawn tennis was invented, and, accordingly, early this summer Wimbledon celebrated its hundredth anniversary—or cen-teen'-ery, as the British like to say. It was no hollow occasion. The Wimbledon championships are still far and away the most important tennis event in the world. It is difficult to think of any other sports competition held annually at the same venue which carries as much tradition, prestige, and flavor as Wimbledon. Not even the Masters or the Kentucky Derby is so meticulously organized or so skillfully presented. Wimbledon is a little like Paris. When you walk down the cobblestone streets of the Île de la Cité or the Île Saint-Louis and gaze across the Seine at the relatively small, exquisitely proportioned, time-yellowed buildings, some of them centuries old, that line the banks of the river, you are overwhelmed by the thought that man could have ever managed to create—and preserve—such a beautiful city. During the fortnight of the championships, when you walk around the grounds at Wimbledon—the Centre Court, surrounded by a dark-green twelve-sided structure, has seats for ten thousand six hundred and fifty-one people and standing room for about thirty-five hundred; the No. 1 Court has seats for fifty-five hundred and standing room for fourteen hundred; and there are thirteen other grass courts, three of which have fairly large stands—it strikes you, similarly, as almost too impressive to be true. Wimbledon has character as well as looks. It not only takes care of officials from all over the globe who carry the proper credentials and wear the right ties; as one expects it to do, it takes equally good care of the patrons whose only badge of distinction is a febrile addiction to tennis. Just as the nabobs can partake of that special Wimbledon treat, strawberries and heavy cream, in their large, ornate marquees, known as the Members Enclosure, so can the average spectator find strawberries and cream of the same quality in good supply at the public refreshment stands. For me, the key to the fact that the people who run Wimbledon really mean to do the best possible job for everyone is the arrangement instituted many years ago for handling the tickets of patrons who cannot stay for the full day's schedule of matches. Since Wimbledon is regularly sold out months ahead (except for a relatively small number of tickets that are kept for sale to the public on each day of the tournament), holders of reserved-seat tickets who leave early are asked to put their tickets in special boxes at the gates, from which they are collected to be sold at a nominal price—around fifty cents—to tennis fans who have hurried from their offices to Wimbledon at the close of the working day and have queued up patiently outside.

SO many enchanting players have trod the turf at Wimbledon and so many stirring matches have been fought there that it would take a book about the size of a Britannica volume to begin to cover the tournament's first century. In an article, one can only briefly mention a few of the heroes and heroines who loom largest as one looks back across the decades. For starters, there was that extremely successful brother act the Doherty (pronounced Do-hert'-ee) boys—R. F. (Reggie, also known as Big Do), who won the singles four years in a row (1897-1900), and H. L. (Lawrie, also known as Little Do), who, after his older brother's physical stamina had been weakened by bouts of poor health, picked up the mantle and won the singles five straight years (1902-06). The Dohertys, handsome, chivalrous, graceful young upper-class Englishmen right out of "Beau Geste," won the doubles eight times. At the close of his reign in the singles, Little Do was succeeded by the first man from outside the British Isles to carry off the championship—Norman Brookes, an unflappable, saturnine left-hander from Australia, whose chief strengths were a sharp-breaking serve, a natural instinct for volleying, and a tough competitive temperament. (Many years later, Robert Gordon Menzies, a keen tennis fan who was then the Australian Prime Minister, wrote of the young Brookes, "What a player! His long trousers perfectly pressed, on his head a peaked tweed or cloth cap, on his face the inscrutable expression of a pale-faced Red Indian, no sign of sweat or bother, no temperamental outbursts, no word to say except an occasional 'well played.' ") Brookes won his second Wimbledon title in 1914, following four straight victories by Anthony Wilding, a tall, superbly conditioned New Zealander, whose sportsmanship and princely bearing on the court recalled the Dohertys. It was a sad day when the news arrived, in

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May, 1915, that Wilding had been killed in action in Flanders.

When the championships were resumed after the First World War, it was all quite different. William Tatem Tilden II, the master of the cannonball service and the all-court game, became in 1920 the first American to capture the men's singles at Wimbledon. In 1930, at thirty-seven, he won his third, and last, title there, the oldest man in the modern era—since the First World War—to win the Wimbledon singles. The nineteen-twenties, of course, also saw the rise of the French Musketeers. Jean Borotra, René Lacoste, and Henri Cochet each won the singles twice, with perhaps the most amazing feat being Cochet's comeback against Tilden in the semifinal round in 1927, when, down two sets and trailing 1–5 in the third, he turned the match around by sweeping seventeen consecutive points, and went on to win. In the nineteen-thirties, two players stood out. The first was Fred Perry, the last Englishman to win at Wimbledon. Champion in 1934, 1935, and 1936, Perry, a magnificent athlete, had possibly the finest running forehand of all time. When he turned professional, he was succeeded by Don Budge, one of a long line of superlative players from California—in his case, Oakland—and the possessor of one of the finest backhands of all time. Budge won back-to-back titles in 1937 and 1938, and then he, too, turned professional.

After the Second World War, the lure of the big money now available on the professional tour led two of the outstanding players of the immediate postwar period—Jack Kramer, from Los Angeles, and Frank Sedgman, from Australia—to go professional within a short time after they consolidated their reputations by winning at Wimbledon. Later on, Lew Hoad and Rod Laver, two more of the marvellous group of internationalists developed at this time in Australia—in full flight, both Hoad and Laver could be positively awesome—also took this step shortly after making successful defenses of their Wimbledon titles. With just about all the top talent now gathered in the professional ranks—Pancho Gonzales, from Los Angeles, had turned pro after only one appearance at Wimbledon as a very young amateur, as had Ken Rosewall, from Australia, in the middle nineteen-fifties, after twice being an unsuccessful Wimbledon finalist—Wimbledon inevitably lost much of its meaning and lustre. It did not recapture them until the arrival of open tennis—open to both amateurs and professionals—in 1968. The first open Wimbledon was carried off, fittingly, by Laver, then the best player in the world. The next year, Gonzales, by that time a graying forty-one, gave the Wimbledon regulars a long-delayed view of his ability and pertinacity when he defeated Charlie Pasarell, from Puerto Rico, then twenty-five, 22–24, 1–6, 16–14, 6–3, 11–9, in an early-round match that lasted five hours and twelve minutes—the longest match in Wimbledon history. As for the ageless Rosewall, in 1970 he reached his third Wimbledon final (against John Newcombe), and in 1974 his fourth (against Jimmy Connors), a full twenty years after his first.

Of the women champions, the first who bore the mark of greatness was a young English girl now almost totally forgotten—Charlotte Dod, known as Lottie or the Little Wonder. She was only fifteen in 1887, when she won the first of her five Wimbledon titles. When she retired, in 1894, Miss Dod turned to other sports, and became a skating champion, an international field-hockey star, a first-class archer, a prominent Alpinist, and the 1904 British Ladies Golf Champion. In 1905, another phenomenon appeared on the scene—an eighteen-year-old girl named May Sutton, the daughter of an English naval officer who had transplanted his family from Plymouth, England, to Pasadena upon his retirement. A powerfully built, combative young woman with a brutal top-spin forehand (hit with a Western grip), Miss Sutton upset the defending champion, Dorothea Douglass, the daughter of an Ealing vicar, 6–3, 6–4, in the Challenge Round. (Until 1922, it was customary for the defending champions in the various divisions to "stand out" while those aspiring to their title played their way, round by round, through what was called the All Comers tournament; then the winner of the All Comers met the defender in the Challenge Round.) In 1906, Miss Douglass defeated Miss Sutton, 6–3, 9–7, but in their rubber match the following year it was Miss Sutton, 6–1, 6–4. After that, Miss Sutton never returned to Wimbledon during her prime, but in 1919, when the championships started up again after the war, Miss Douglass, who had by then become Mrs. Lambert Chambers—and who had accumulated seven singles titles in all—was still going strong at forty, and it was she who, as the defending champion, came up in the Challenge Round against the twenty-year-old French sensation Suzanne Lenglen. In three tremendously exciting sets, during which one player and then the other mounted courageous rallies when they stood on the edge of defeat, Mlle. Lenglen at length prevailed, 10–8, 4–6, 9–7. Thereafter, with the exception of 1924, when she was forced to default because of an attack of jaundice, Lenglen stood in a class apart from her competition, dropping a total of only thirteen games in winning her five final matches. She turned professional in 1926, and with her departure Helen Wills, later Mrs. Moody, became the new queen. Also a Californian (from Berkeley), she won the ladies' championship a record eight times between 1927 and 1938. The four other years, she didn't enter.

Among the women who won the singles at Wimbledon more than once in the years following the Second World War, in retrospect there is one surprise: Louise Brough. One is apt to forget that Miss Brough, yet another Californian (Beverly Hills), was a four-time champion. Her last victory was scored in 1955, after the enforced retirement, at nineteen, of the luckless Maureen Connolly, one of the most brilliant exponents ever of baseline play, who had won the first of her three straight Wimbledon titles at seventeen and would undoubtedly have added many more had she not suffered a badly crushed leg in a riding accident. Miss Connolly was a Californian from San Diego. Althea Gibson, a New Yorker, won two Wimbledons (1957 and 1958), and Maria Bueno, of Brazil—perhaps the most attractive strokes player since Lenglen—won three (1959, 1960, 1964). Margaret Smith, of Australia—she later became Mrs. Court—also won three Wimbledon singles, and the unpredictable Billie Jean King a dazzling six. When she entered this year's championships, Mrs. King, a Californian from Long Beach who has also had great success as a doubles player, needed to win only one more Wimbledon title (which she failed to do) to beat the record nineteen amassed by Elizabeth Ryan, that almost incomparable doubles specialist. Between 1914 and 1934 Miss Ryan—yet another native of Los Angeles—won the women's doubles twelve times and the mixed doubles seven times. The list of relatively recent multiple champions is completed by Chris Evert, the winner in 1974 and 1976. She, of course, is a Floridian.

IN the opinion of many students of tennis history, two of the most magnetic figures in the long line of Wimbledon champions appeared on the scene even before the Dohertys—way back in the eighteen-eighties, when the game and the tournament were really in their infancy. These were the Renshaw brothers, Willie and Ernest, and the story of their careers—and especially their long rivalry with an implacable opponent named Herbert Lawford—reads less like fact than like something out of Thackeray with overtones of Kipling. However, before we get to the Renshaws, some even earlier contests and contenders are worth recalling. When the All England Club was founded, in 1868, it was associated solely with croquet, but by 1875, about a year and a half after the invention of lawn tennis, the club was feeling financial strain, and its officers, believing that the solution might well be to ally it with the new and more vigorous game, decided to install some courts. Lawn tennis not only caught on quickly at the club (and elsewhere) but created such interest that within the short space of two years the All England Club decided to stage a lawn-tennis championship. In his book "Fifty Years of Wimbledon," published in 1926, A. Wallis Myers, the distinguished English tennis historian, declared that it was Wimbledon that "gave the new pastime a style and status." He added, "Wimbledon was the nursery of the game; it bred the giants of the past, men who, by the exercise of their art, the vigor of their physique, and the force of their personality, inspired countries beyond to accept and pursue the cult of lawn tennis."

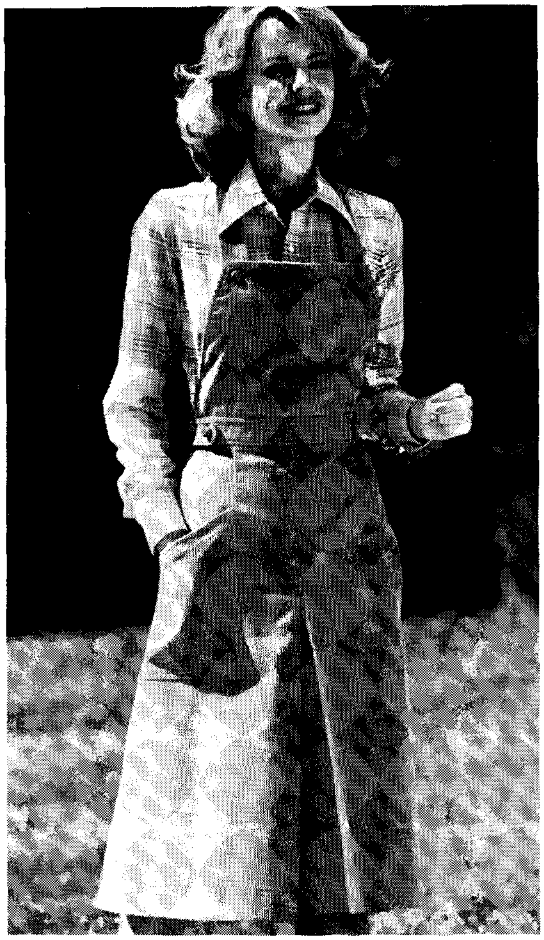
Looking back at the first few Wimbledons, one is struck by the rapidity with which certain basic strokes and strategies of the modern game came into being. In the first Wimbledon, there were twenty-two entrants—men who had developed their hand-and-eye coördination at public school or the university by playing court tennis, that intricate medieval game, or racquets, which was an equally aristocratic game, despite its humble genesis, early in the nineteenth century, as a time killer for the inmates of the Fleet Street Jail, a debtors' prison. Most of these converts to lawn tennis served underhand, and the rest employed a soft, shoulder-high pat. Once the ball was put in play, they were content to exchange soft, looping forehands from the baseline until an error was made. The first champion, Spencer Gore, had other ideas. A tall, agile man who had played racquets at Harrow—which, incidentally, was the first public school to adopt that game—Gore, disdaining the long, polite rallies, elected, whenever he had hit a good hard shot, to rush up to within a few feet of the net and volley the return out of reach of his opponent. In the final, Gore's adept volleying enabled him to defeat W. C. Marshall, a

court-tennis player, without much exertion: 6–1, 6–2, 6–4. Their match drew a gallery of two hundred people.

Gore was back the next year to defend his title. In the Challenge Round, he met another graduate of the racquets courts of Harrow—P. Frank Hadow, who was in England on a holiday after spending three years in Ceylon as a coffee planter. Hadow had been introduced to lawn tennis a few weeks before. He liked the game, found he had a gift for it, and sent in his entry for the championship. He won the All Comers by his solid backcourt play and moved on to face Gore in the Challenge Round. When Gore came in to net to volley, Hadow had the perfect antidote: he lobbed the ball over Gore's head for clean winners. After his holiday was over, he went back to Ceylon and his coffee plantations. He did not defend his title the next year, and, for that matter, never again returned to Wimbledon. Many years later, when he was asked how he had hit upon the lob as the riposte to Gore's volleying, Hadow said, "It was only natural enough, though, with a tall, long-legged, and long-armed man sprawling over the net."

Hadow's absence opened the door for J. T. Hartley, a Yorkshire vicar, who had been a court-tennis champion at Oxford. After overcoming an initial distaste for the new offshoot of his first love, Hartley began to play lawn tennis regularly, and at length he made up his mind to enter the championship. He was confident that he would acquit himself respectably, but he did not see himself surviving the quarter-final round, scheduled for Saturday. When he did, he had a problem: he had made no provision for another minister to take over his Sunday duties. With his semifinal match scheduled for Monday afternoon, Hartley caught a train to Yorkshire on Saturday night, arrived in time to deliver his Sunday sermon, caught an early-morning train back to London on Monday, got in at two o'clock, changed trains, and hurried to Wimbledon. He reached the court just in time for his match, but the trip had tired him, and, moreover, in his rush he hadn't had time for lunch. Fortunately, a rain shower forced a temporary halt in play, and during this intermission Hartley had some tea and sandwiches. He returned to the court refreshed and recharged, and mopped up his opponent. He went on to win the final, from Vere St. Leger Gould, an idiosyncratic Irishman.

The following year, 1880, Hartley made a successful defense of the cham-



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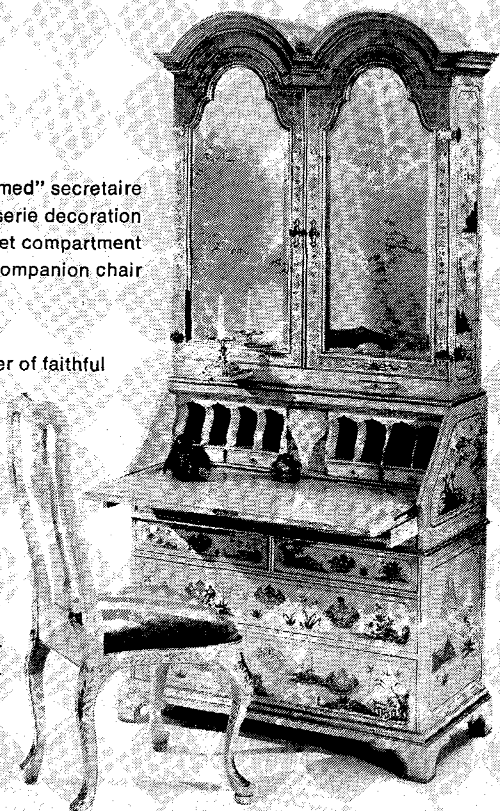

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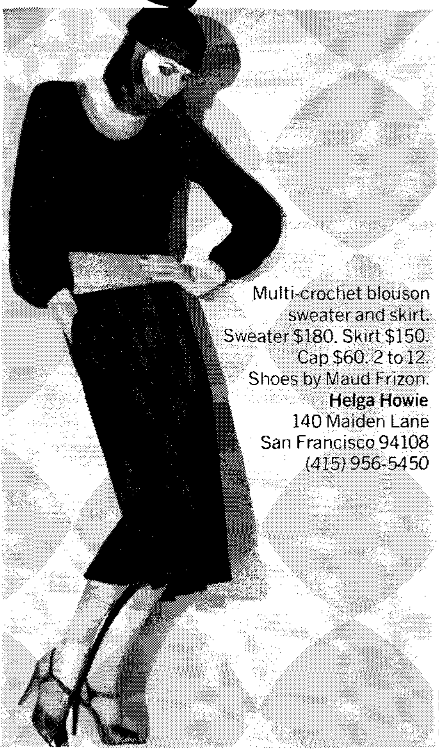

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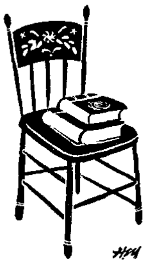
pionship. Wimbledon was now beginning to look like Wimbledon. For the first time, two movable grandstands flanked the Centre Court, and there were eleven field courts. There was also a scoreboard in the Centre Court, so that the patrons would be able to follow a match closely even if the umpire's voice was drowned out by the trains of the London & South-Western Railway which rumbled down the tracks adjacent to the club's property. In the Challenge Round that year, Hartley's steady baseline game prevailed, but he did drop the third set to Herbert Lawford, a big, broad-shouldered physical-fitness fanatic who was to play a prominent role during these formative years of lawn tennis. Lawford had been deeply involved in sports at Repton, his public school, and at Edinburgh University. A top-level swimmer, runner, and cyclist, he was twenty-seven when he made his début at Wimbledon, shortly after taking up tennis. He was rather slow in getting around the court, and extremely awkward playing his shots, but he had enormous energy and endless persistence, and, through long hours of practice, improved noticeably year by year. Besides, he possessed one magnificent stroke. This, essentially, was a top-spin forehand, which he hit in a highly exaggerated manner: he let the ball drop very low on its bounce, and then, with his powerful right arm and wrist, whipped it up with his racquet and came over the top of it, imparting immense speed to the ball and causing it to duck sharply after it had crossed the net. Few players could cope with this fearsome forehand—"the Lawford stroke," as it came to be called. Everyone in tennis attempted to copy it, but no one came close to matching the effectiveness of its originator. Lawford had one other thing going for him. He loved to compete, and, while he was basically a good sportsman, he was aware that his physical bulk, his strength, his stamina, his walrus mustache, and his fixed, sardonic expression on the court could often intimidate less determined players. In his secret heart, Lawford, in 1880, might have pictured himself defeating Hartley in their next confrontation and going on to enjoy a long and illustrious reign at Wimbledon, and he might well have achieved this had it not been for the Renshaws.

WILLIE AND ERNEST RENSHAW were twins. They were born in Cheltenham, ninety miles west of London, in 1861, Willie entering the world fifteen minutes before Ernest. They learned their tennis on two courts in Cheltenham, an outdoor asphalt court and an indoor clay court. In 1879, deeming themselves ready for the big time, they sent in their entries for the championship. They got to Wimbledon all right, but at the last moment they decided not to report for their scheduled matches. The panache with which the championship was staged and the huge crowd—at least a thousand spectators were on hand—overawed them, and, remaining in their seats in the stands, they contented themselves with taking notes on the techniques of the players they watched. The next year, they really *were* ready. Members of a well-to-do family, they were able to devote all their time and thought to their tennis, and came on fast. They won the Oxford Doubles Championship, which had been started the previous year and was regarded as the equivalent in doubles of what Wimbledon was in singles play. Then they travelled to Dublin for the Irish Championships, which had also been established in 1879. They won the doubles, and Willie, who was a shade bigger than Ernest and hit the ball with more pace and aggressiveness, took the singles. Great things were expected of Willie at Wimbledon, but he lost in the third round to a good player, O. E. Woodhouse. It had rained all week, and Willie could not find anything like his usual form as he splashed around the waterlogged court. However, as someone must surely have pointed out at the time, Woodhouse had to put up with the same conditions. In the next round, Woodhouse eliminated Ernest. Back to the old practice court.

After practicing intensively that summer and fall, the Renshaws headed south to the Riviera early in 1881 and built themselves a hard sand court on the grounds of the Beausite Hotel, in Cannes. They worked diligently on their tennis that winter, and their successful spring campaign showed it. They won the Oxford Doubles and the Irish Doubles again. (The Renshaws practically invented doubles. They were the first team to use the formation in which one partner stations himself at net while the other serves. They learned to volley expertly and came to net whenever possible. When an opposing team tried to lob them, they were not disconcerted, for through practice ~~they had~~ mastered a revolutionary stroke, the overhead smash.) In Dublin, Willie again won the singles, and he finished his preparation for Wimbledon by carrying off the singles tournament at Prince's, in London. That year, there was no stopping him in the championship, although Lawford gave him all he could handle in their semifinal match before going down, 1–6, 6–3, 6–2, 5–6 (such a score was possible then), 6–3. The Challenge Round was an anticlimax. Hartley, who had not completely recovered from an attack of English cholera, could win only three games in the three sets.



In 1882, the Renshaws, the unbeatable doubles team, were beaten in both the Oxford and the Irish Doubles. An interesting circumstance underlay their defeats. For some time, the players who clung to the baseline game had been trying to persuade the governing body of lawn tennis to ban volleying as detrimental to the sport's best expression, but, although they failed to achieve this, their pressure forced a considerable concession; in 1882, the net, which had been four feet high at the sides, was lowered to three feet six inches, and this made it much easier for the baseliners to pass the volleyers down the alleys in doubles. That was what had happened to the Renshaws when they attempted to defend their doubles titles. In singles play, the lower net at the posts required greater agility and quicker reflexes of the players who loved to patrol the forecourt, as the Renshaws did, but the twins were equal to it. In fact, the period known as the Renshaw Era properly began in 1882. Ernest took the Irish All Comers. His forte was the accurate placement, and he had a finer touch than Willie. In addition, he was faster on his feet. In their informal matches, there was little to choose between them. However, Ernest declined to play Willie in the Challenge Round in Dublin. It was typical of Ernest to defer to his slightly older brother in nearly all matters, and he particularly disliked opposing him in tournaments. At Wimbledon, Ernest was again in splendid form. He outlasted Lawford, 6–4, 4–6, 6–2, 3–6, 6–0, in the fourth round and went on to capture the All Comers. This time, he was induced to meet Willie in the Challenge Round. E. C. (Ned) Potter, Jr., one of the leading authorities on the Renshaws, has written, "It was their first public meeting. Nothing else was talked of in the clubs and drawing rooms but their respective merits. Many bets were placed. In the afternoon, Wimbledon saw the first of the Renshaw crushes. Stately dowagers struggled for places at courtside where they might take a precarious stand on a folding chair. Courtly gentlemen forgot their manners as they elbowed their way among the clerks and shop girls for a better view." Two thousand fans attended the match. Willie won it in five sets—6–1, 2–6, 4–6, 6–2, 6–2—but many who were on hand left with the feeling that Ernest had possibly thrown the last two sets.

There was another all-Renshaw Challenge Round at Wimbledon the next year, 1883. Ernest's most difficult match in the All Comers had been in the first round, against his old, ever-hopeful rival Lawford. Playing in a heavy wind that bothered both men, Lawford was on the verge of a spectacular triumph when, with the match tied at two sets apiece, he moved to 5–0 in the fifth set. Down to his last gasp, Ernest decided to use a tricky underhand cut serve that he had often fooled with in practice. Not only did it enable him to hold serve but it disconcerted Lawford way out of reason, and his entire game began to unravel. Sticking with his underhand serve, Ernest pulled out the set to win the match. In the Challenge Round, he played just about as well as Willie but went down in five sets: 2–6, 6–3, 6–3, 4–6, 6–3. Some people, knowing how intransigent Ernest was about the importance of being Willie, were not a hundred per cent certain that he had gone all out in the final set. Be that as it may, the tennis world was infatuated with the Renshaws. They were the first genuine Wimbledon heroes, and there is no question that their magnetism was a principal reason that the game underwent a stupendous boom at this time. When you study photos taken of the Renshaws in their prime, you can begin to understand their huge popularity. They were very attractive young men, handsome in a sensitive, delicate way. They parted their dark-brown hair on the side and had rather deep-set eyes, classically straight noses, light mustaches, and longish jaws. Whereas Lawford, the arrant individualist, sometimes showed up on the court wearing a pork-pie hat, a striped jersey, tight knickers, and long stockings, the Renshaws favored conservative apparel: long-sleeved white shirts, miniature four-in-hand ties that hung down only three or four inches, and white trousers. As you might imagine, their manners on the court were impeccable. Off the court, they differed somewhat in personali-

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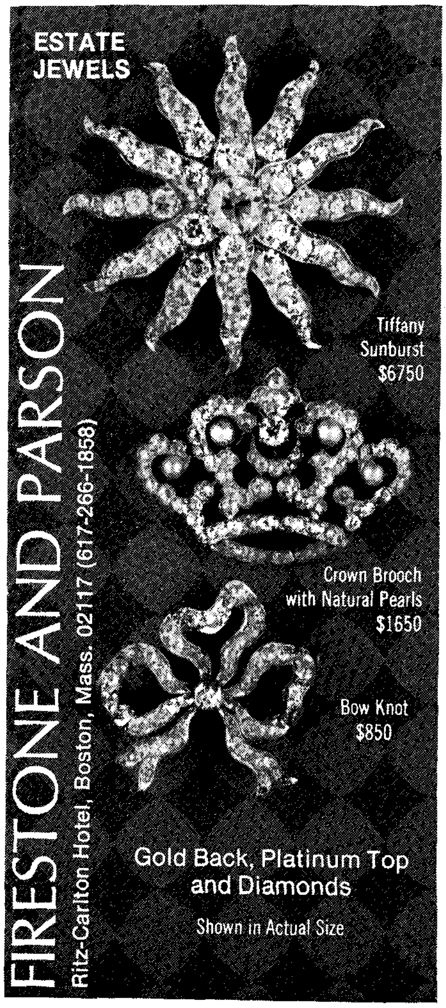

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ty. Willie, who was far more outgoing, frequently appeared in amateur theatricals. Ernest had less self-confidence and stammered.

Beginning in 1884, there was a series of three exciting Challenge Round clashes between Willie and the unsinkable Lawford. Earlier in his career, Lawford had several times enunciated the dictum "Perfect back play will beat perfect volleying," but at this advanced stage of his career he buried his pride and, learning to volley, periodically came thumping into the forecourt after hitting one of his severe forehands. Willie, in top form for their meeting at Wimbledon in 1884, took the first two sets, 6–0 and 6–4. He then began to tire and had just enough left to win the third set, 9–7, and the match. The next year, scrutinized by a taut gallery of thirty-five hundred, who filled the new permanent stands, the two waged perhaps the best of all their duels. In the final of the All Comers, Lawford had defeated Ernest in five hard-fought sets. Against Willie, he dropped the first two sets, 7–5 and 6–2, but, summoning his extraordinary courage and pertinacity and his new adeptness at volleying, he battled his way back into the match. He won the third set, 6–4, and was ahead in the fourth set four games to none with double game point in the fifth when Willie mounted a gallant counter-offensive. He did this by suddenly altering his usual tactics. Volleying only rarely, he stayed patiently in the backcourt and traded ground strokes with Lawford. Gradually, he gained control of their exchanges, pulled up to 5–5, and then won the next two games and the match. In 1886, he started off in the Challenge Round as if he would make short work of Lawford. It took him only nine and a half minutes to win the opening set, without the loss of a game. Lawford dug in and won the second, 7–5. Willie then lifted his game and ran out a very well-played match by taking the next two sets, 6–3 and 6–4. The most valuable result of this historic Challenge Round series—what with Lawford adding a new dimension to his tennis by learning to volley, and with Willie, in effect, doing the same by retreating at intervals to the baseline and attacking from there—was that together the two enlarged the vocabulary of lawn tennis and laid the foundation for the all-court game, which is the game that nearly all the great champions of later eras have played. During the years of these encounters with Lawford, Willie Renshaw reached and then passed his peak.

A little over a decade later, Herbert Chipp, a competent tournament player and a sound critic, paid Willie this tribute: "The supreme advantage which, to my mind, William possessed over every other player, past or present, was his power of getting the ball back into his opponent's court with the least possible loss of time. The ball was taken at the top of the bound and forced across the net before the opposing player had well recovered his balance. . . . One never seemed to have any breathing time."

Early in the tournament season of 1887, the whole picture changed. While playing in the Scottish Championships, Willie Renshaw came down with "tennis elbow"—one of the first cases on record. It was felt that it had probably been caused by the heavy overhead smashing that highlighted both his singles and his doubles play. Anyhow, Willie was out for the season. In his absence, Lawford, who was making his tenth appearance at Wimbledon, had his best chance ever to win the championship. One had to be sympathetic to this no longer young man—the "heavy" in the scenario—who had expended so much effort and had harvested so many disappointments in his quest for the championship trophy, which for him was the Holy Grail. But one found one's sympathy also going out to Ernest Renshaw, who had practically made a career of self-effacement. Realizing that perpetuating the Renshaw dynasty was now his responsibility, Ernest buckled down to business. He arrived at Wimbledon fit and serious, and made his way to the All Comers final that would decide the championship that year—with Willie hors de combat, there would be no Challenge Round. Across the net from Ernest in the final, glowering and purposeful, stood Lawford. A terrific match ensued. After Ernest had won the third set, to lead two sets to one, he appeared to be safely home. Then, as frequently happens to a player in any game who has moved out in front and is in sight of victory, Ernest began to play too conservatively. With his exceptional powers of recuperation, Lawford was able to take advantage of this lull to marshal his reserves of strength and to take command. He won the fourth set, 6–4, to draw even, and went on to win the crucial fifth set, 6–4. The old boy had done it—won Wimbledon. Well done indeed!

Lawford's reign lasted only one year. This was not due to the return of Willie Renshaw, although he was back in action at Wimbledon in 1888. Willie's elbow was better, but he was not yet his old self, and was ousted in an early round. No, it was Ernest—shy, stammering Ernest—who stopped Lawford. He really rose to the occasion in the Challenge Round, playing perhaps the most beautiful tennis of his life. From the backcourt he had perfect length off the heavy grass, and when he closed in he hit crisp, imaginative shots that Lawford could not deal with. This time, after Ernest had swept into the lead he did not let up. He dismissed Lawford 6–3, 7–5, 6–0. The Renshaws were back on top. As for Lawford, he was never again a factor in the championship. He had grown too old.

The story of the Renshaws, with its manifold twists and turns, reached its final big moment in 1889, when Willie came all the way back to win his seventh, and last, Wimbledon singles championship—no other man has won the singles more than five times—and when Willie and Ernest won their fifth, and last, Wimbledon doubles championship. (In 1884, the doubles were shifted to Wimbledon from Oxford, where the Renshaws had won them twice.) In the All Comers singles, after defeating Lawford in four sets Willie, up against the young and promising H. S. Barlow, was within two points of losing in straight sets. He managed to reclaim the third set, 8–6. In the fourth set, Barlow held six match points. Willie fought them all off, and at length took the set, 10–8. In the final set, Barlow took the first five games. Willie refused to yield. He called on himself for everything he had, and, reeling off one game after another with dazzling play, capped his incredible comeback by winning the set, 8–6. In the Challenge Round, he faced Ernest, the defending champion, and once again Ernest produced the rather pale stuff he invariably produced when he was playing Willie. The first two sets went to Willie; Ernest took the third, and then subsided quietly in the fourth without winning a game. This marked the close of the Renshaw Era. In 1890, Willie defended his title but was defeated in the Challenge Round by a tall, thin Irishman, W. J. (Ghost) Hamilton. After that, Willie played little competitive tennis, none of it notable. As for Ernest, in 1891, in the fourth round, he met Wilfred Baddeley, who was on his way to the first of his three Wimbledon titles. Ernest scratched out a paltry two games over the three sets. Ernest was then only thirty, yet, like Willie, was merely a tragic shade of his former self. With the Renshaws gone from the

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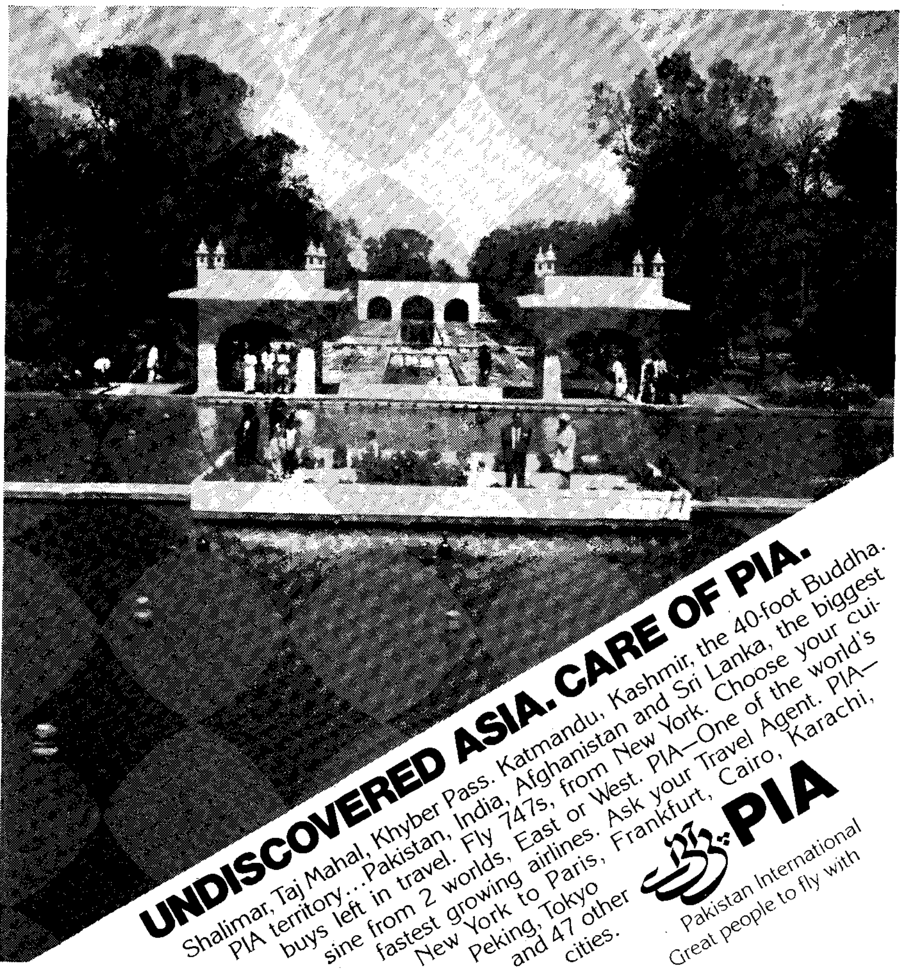
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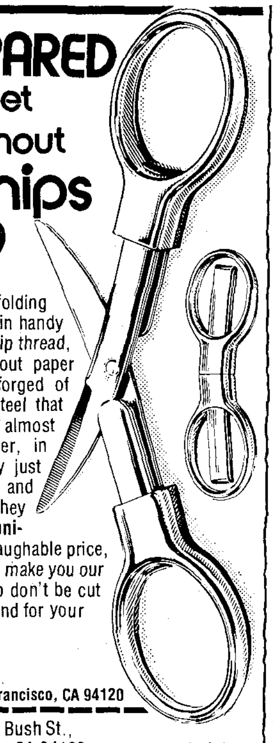

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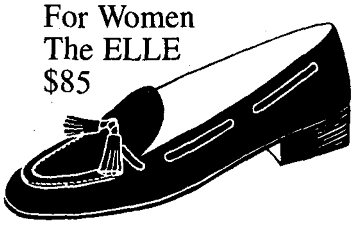

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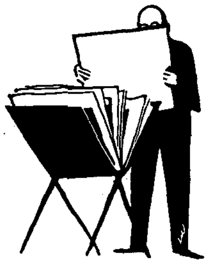
Centre Court, interest in lawn tennis entered a decline—some people felt that it had unquestionably seen its best days—but then the Dohertys came along in 1897, and Wimbledon began to bloom again.

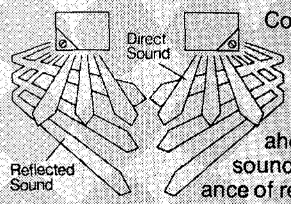
The Renshaws died young, and under unhappy circumstances. George E. Alexander, of Boise, Idaho, one of the leading scholars of the early years of lawn tennis, recently dug up, at the General Register Office in London, copies of the entries of death of the Renshaws. Ernest was thirty-eight when he died, of the "effects of carbolic acid but whether taken intentionally or not the evidence does not show." Five years later, Willie died of epileptic convulsions. In his will, the game's first great player bequeathed "the first Championship Lawn Tennis Cup won by me at Wimbledon to my sister Edith Ann Renshaw absolutely and without intending or implying any trust." Of course, no one who knows his Wimbledon has ever forgotten the Renshaws. It is wonderfully right that each year the winner of the men's singles receives not only replicas of the two Challenge Cups—the originals are kept permanently at the All England Club—but also a special memorial trophy presented by the members of the Renshaw family.

THE fortnight of the centenary Wimbledon started on Monday, June 20th, and ended on Saturday, July 2nd. The first week of play, bringing us to the quarter-finals in both the men's and the women's singles, was rather uneven. There were a good many routine matches, a few bright matches, the usual percentage of upsets (the most surprising one being the expulsion in the third round of the third-seeded man, Guillermo Vilas—the Argentine who recently won the French Championship—at the hands of Billy Martin, a twenty-year-old American, who has done very little since graduating from the ranks of the juniors), and the usual number of unexpected developments, controversial and otherwise. At the top of this last category was the failure of Jimmy Connors, the 1974 Wimbledon champion and the first-seeded player this year, to attend the parade of former Wimbledon champions on the Centre Court on the festive opening day—a ceremony that reached its emotional apex when Elizabeth Ryan, now eighty-five years old, hobbled out on crutches toward the Duke of Kent, the president of the All England Club, and tossed her crutches away as she curtsied before the Duke and the Duchess. Connors, the enfant terrible of contemporary tennis, was practicing at the time about two hundred yards away, testing an injured thumb as he hit some shots with his buddy Ilie Nastase. The list of happier developments included the following: the successful début of fourteen-year-old, ninety-pound Tracy Austin, of California—the youngest (and lightest) person ever accepted for Wimbledon—who won her opening match from Mrs. Elly Vessies-Appel, of the Netherlands, 6–3, 6–3, before succumbing in the next round to Chris Evert, 6–1, 6–1; an affecting performance by Maria Bueno, who, at thirty-seven, reached the third round and played patches of lovely tennis before losing her match with Billie Jean King; the sight of Stan Smith, the 1972 champion, looking more like his old self than he has in years, as he extended Connors to five sets in the fourth round; and some imaginative shotmaking on the part of the uncelebrated Tim Gullikson, the right-handed member of the Gullikson twins, from Onalaska, Wisconsin, who eliminated Raul Ramirez, the Mexican Davis Cup hero, and went on to reach the round of sixteen before losing to Phil Dent, of Australia, in five sets. (Tom, the left-handed twin, who is five minutes older than Tim, was put out by Nastase in the first round. The Gulliksons, the nearest thing to the Renshaws that tennis has seen in quite some time, entered the doubles but were defeated in their first match, in four sets, by the veteran American team of Stan Smith and Bob Lutz.) On Wednesday of the first week, a record crowd of more than thirty-seven thousand was in attendance. Wimbledon galleries are the most international attracted by any annual sports event, and as one makes one's way down the packed walks one hears a constant babble of strange languages and spots an unending gallimaufry of blazers and insignia. I was seated, by the way, between Victor Vassiliev, the bearded representative of *Sovietski Sports*, and Giovanni Clerici, the erudite tennis specialist of *Il Giorno*, of Milan.



During the four years since I last attended Wimbledon, some minor changes have been made in the facilities. The Members Enclosure is now a green marquee that has a permanent base, and while this may be an improvement of sorts, I must say that I preferred the tentier old tent, striped with white and green and purple, the colors of the All England Club. Some of the stands on certain field courts have been enlarged, and there has been a decided increase in the number of the hospitality tents in which multinational corporations entertain their customers and friends. But, by and large, Wimbledon has gone in for only mild modification, and not for radical change. The overall scene is much the same. Outside the grounds, the traditional long queue of tennis enthusiasts lined up to buy standing-room tickets or general-admission tickets or tickets of any kind waits stoically for the gates to open. In the Tea Garden, the main relaxation area, which is filled with tables, chairs, and large umbrellas, there are numerous refreshment stands, offering sandwiches, salads, pies, cakes, strawberries and cream, and so on, and, along with those stands, the Champagne and Pimms Bar, the Wine Bar, the Wimbledon Long Bar, a bookstall, a souvenir shop, a post office, and, nearby, several Bon Bon Stands, where one fills one's own paper bag with a variety of hard candies from forty-five bins—twenty new pence, or thirty-four cents, for a quarter of a pound. This year, there has been a splendid new addition—a tennis museum (naturally, it is called simply The Museum), which occupies part of a new building attached to the eastern rim of the Centre Court stadium. One noon, before the day's matches got under way, I spent a reflective and enjoyable hour inching through it. The Museum, as you might expect, depicts the development of lawn tennis from court tennis and other early racquet games. It pays a proper tribute to Major Walter Clopton Wingfield, the inventor of lawn tennis, and then floods us with memorabilia, such as an exhibit of the intricate and voluminous dresses the women tennis players of earlier generations were encumbered by, a replica of an early-twentieth-century Wimbledon dressing room, and well-selected photographs of the standout champions, accompanied by descriptions of their deeds. In the center of the museum are two large glass cases, one filled with life-size wax figures of Suzanne Lenglen, Fred Perry, and Helen Wills Moody, the other with similar figures of Willie Renshaw, Dorothea Lambert Chambers, and William T. Tilden II. At Tilden's feet lies a scattering of the instruction books and the fiction he wrote, including two of his novels, "It's All in the Game" and "Glory's

Odd Couple.



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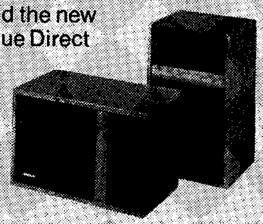

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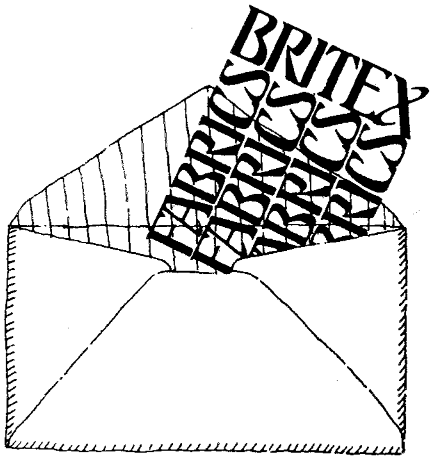

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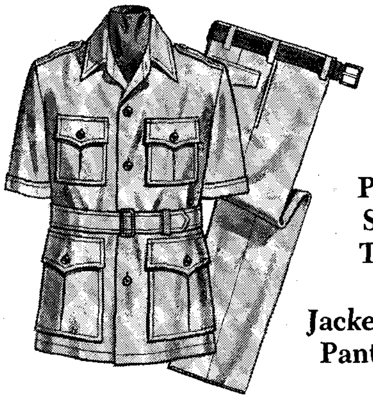

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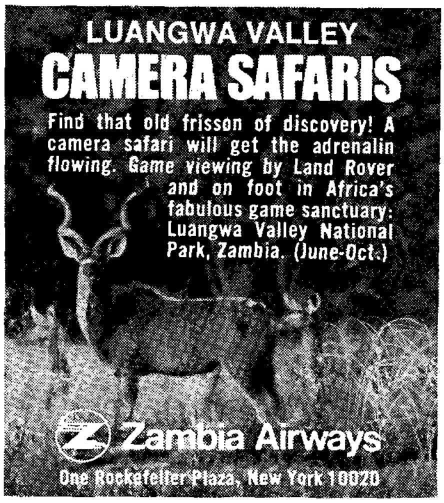

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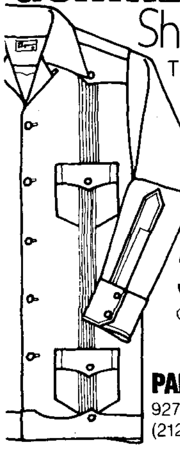

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Net." Tilden's literary output, one can imagine, never sent chills of envy running up the spine of Fitzgerald or Hemingway, and I doubt if the amateurishly constructed wax figures in the museum will seriously unsettle the folk at Madame Tussaud's, but just the same the idea was a good one. My favorite exhibit was a collection of early tennis postcards—in particular, one showing an auburn-haired beauty hitting a forehand drive, with the caption "Love to You from Harrogate." The only touch that rather disturbed me was that the recordings of snatches of the early radio broadcasts from Wimbledon, which are piped through the museum, seemed to contain only English triumphs, like Fred Perry's conquest of Jack Crawford and Dorothy Round's of Helen Jacobs. I mentioned this to an old friend, Lance Tingay, who is the tennis writer for the London *Daily Telegraph*. "Oh, I'm sure you're wrong about that," he told me, with a smile. "You must have been preoccupied when the feats of the American and the other foreign stars were described. I'm absolutely certain that one of Elizabeth Ryan's victories is given fitting attention."

DURING the second week, there was an abundance of interesting matches—far more than can be mentioned, unfortunately. However, the overriding fact was that this Wimbledon Centenary, which everyone hoped would be a tournament to remember, turned out to be exactly that. In the Gentlemen's Singles, the semifinal match between Bjorn Borg, of Sweden, the defending champion, and Vitas Gerulaitis, of the United States, which Borg won in five sets, proved to be an authentic classic. Don Budge said he thought that it was the best match he had ever seen, and Fred Perry, only a mite more conservative, said he could not remember seeing a better match. This was followed by a first-class final between Borg and Connors—their first meeting on grass. Played under a broiling sun on by far the hottest day of the championships, it consumed three hours and four minutes before Borg pulled it out, 3–6, 6–2, 6–1, 5–7, 6–4. Yet when tennis fans look back on the 1977 championships, what they will remember above all is that this was the year that Virginia Wade, the sweetheart of tennis-playing, tennis-talking, tennis-loving England, at last, in her sixteenth attempt, won the Ladies' Singles. Miss Wade has been one of the top women players in the world for a decade—she won our championship at Forest Hills in 1968 and, later, the Italian and Australian championships—but year after year, instead of rising to the challenge of Wimbledon, she was the victim of attacks of nerves, and, playing miles below her usual standard, always found a way to lose to opponents who were not at all in her class. The knowledge of how keenly her compatriots wanted her to win at Wimbledon only served to impose an increasingly heavy burden on Our Ginny, as she is known in the popular press. What happened this year, consequently, was almost too good to be true. Just when nearly everyone had given up on her—Chris Evert was the odds-on favorite to win the Ladies'—Our Ginny came through, and at the most appropriate time, for this, of course, is the year of Queen Elizabeth's Silver Jubilee, and the Queen herself, making her first visit to Wimbledon since 1962, was seated in the Royal Box.

Let us leave the women for a moment and turn to the men. In the upper half of the draw, Connors made his way to the semifinals, where he met one of the big surprises of the tournament—John McEnroe, of Douglaston, Long Island, a sturdy, athletic eighteen-year-old, who had had to earn a place in the championship field in the qualifying rounds at Roehampton and had then gone out and beaten such established players at Ismail El Shafei, Karl Meiler, Sandy Mayer, and Phil Dent on his way to becoming the youngest player ever to reach the last four of the men's singles. Connors versus McEnroe, which Connors won in four sets, turned out to be a dullish match. McEnroe lacked his customary zest, and Connors played about the same stodgy, fragmented stuff he had got by with throughout the tournament. Connors, however, is respected for his ability to get himself up for a big match, and no one looked for Borg to have an easy time of it in the final, despite his inspired tennis against Gerulaitis in the other semifinal. Borg, who is now twenty-one, changes his game only slightly for Wimbledon: he concentrates on beefing up his serve, for on a skiddy surface like grass a potent serve pays off. At Wimbledon, as at other tournaments and on other surfaces, Borg only occasionally comes to net, preferring to stay at the baseline and wear down his opponent with his heavy top-spin forehand and his two-fisted top-spin backhand, which are difficult to handle, and with his tireless ability to retrieve nearly everything

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hit across the net. Borg doesn't go for outright winners often, but when he spots an opening he can sting you with his crosscourt backhand and his down-the-line forehand. Gerulaitis, who was born in Brooklyn and is now twenty-two, has recently improved his game immeasurably. In the preceding years, he was a good enough player to win sizable amounts of prize money, and this enabled him to buy a house, with tennis court, in Kings Point, on the North Shore of Long Island, and to acquire two Rolls-Royces, a Mercedes, and a Porsche. During that period, he was content to embellish his image as a ranking playboy, but on a trip to Europe last year he noticed how zealously players like Borg practiced, and his attitude underwent a marked change. He became a devout practicer, and approached his career far more seriously. The improvement in his game has been sudden and astonishing. He has a stronger first serve now. His second serve, formerly one of his main weaknesses, has come along well. He has bolstered his forehand, though it still does not compare with his sliced backhand, which has always been his most dependable stroke. His forehand volley is surer, and so is his overhead. He now produces all these strokes with fluidity and rhythm, partly because he has practiced them faithfully, and partly because through practice he has sharpened his anticipation and refined his footwork. Today, he is a first-class player, not just an ambitious young man with a flair for the game. This was brought home this spring, when he won his first prestige championship, the Italian Open, and won it on clay, which is not his best surface. In contrast to Borg, he likes to attack whenever possible—to come into the forecourt behind a forcing approach shot. This contrast in the styles of Gerulaitis and Borg set up countless glistening sequences in which one player, seemingly beaten in a rat-tat-tat exchange, somehow got to the ball and improvised an apparent winner only to have the other player, acting purely on reflex, somehow get his racquet on the ball and put it away with an unbelievable stroke. What made the Borg-Gerulaitis match the instant classic it was acclaimed? To begin with, both men were in top form, and that is a rarity. As the match moved on and individual points became more and more significant, both had the guts to play heroic shots in the clutch: raffishly angled, high backhand volleys, soft little half volleys, uncompromising overhead smashes, full-blooded drives that whistled through small openings, lots of deep lobs that had to be chased down—the whole book, in fact. Somehow or other, they sustained this level of play at top speed for the full five sets. Borg deserved to win, because he won the last two games, but Gerulaitis played just as superlatively as he did.

THIS was a hard act to follow, but the Borg-Connors final, particularly in view of the fact that most finals are anticlimactic, was a tough, bruising, superior match. From beginning to end, the pattern was one of strange fluctuations, with first one man and then the other dominating play. As many people had anticipated, Connors, that natural competitor, came on the court conspicuously abrim with a verve and intensity he had not previously shown in the championships. He was out to gain command of the match quickly, and he did. He won the first set at 6–3, hitting out ferociously, and came within a hair of breaking Borg's service in the third game of the second set. At this juncture, Borg, who may have been still feeling the effects of his battle with Gerulaitis two days before, began to increase the tempo of his play and to become more adventurous, and simultaneously Connors began to miss more frequently, especially with his forehand approach shots. The result was that Borg ran off four straight games, and with them the second set, 6–2. In the third set, with Connors still quiescent and erratic, Borg won five of the first six games, and eventually the set, 6–1, scoring with two blazing aces in the last game. During this stretch—indeed, throughout the final—Borg's serve was his chief strength; one cannot overstate its importance for him. Midway through the fourth set, there was another change. At 4–4, Borg twice stood within a point of breaking Connors' serve for 5–4, but, almost as if he were psychologically unprepared at that moment to win the match, he faltered badly on both points. Following this, Borg began to look a little weary and to play a bit negatively, and Connors, who is never beaten until he *is* beaten, started to rip into his shots with a new surge of confidence. At 5–5, he won eight of the next nine points and took the set, 7–5, to square the match at two sets apiece. Now several other dramatic changes came swiftly. Borg, summoning his reserve strength, started to hit his drives with emphatic top spin again, and swept the first four games of the deciding set. In the fifth game, he was twice within a point of breaking Connors. Tired

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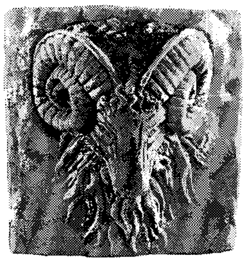

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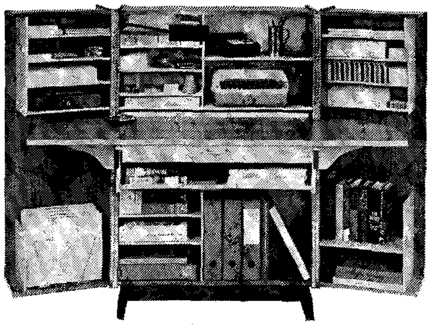

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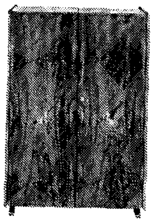

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as he was, Connors fought back brilliantly, and not only saved that game but also carried off the next three games on the strength of some fine, deep approaches and remarkable put-away volleys. Now, just when it appeared that he would probably go on to win, he suffered a spasm of inexplicable carelessness in the critical ninth game, serving a double fault and banging two backhands far out of court. Borg to serve, leading 5–4. Revived by Connors' sudden loss of control—Connors may have simply run out of gas—Borg raced through his service game at love, ending the match with a flourish on an untouchable smash, a hard-hit drive that forced an error, a powerhouse serve that Connors barely got his racquet on, and a backhand down the line, which Connors, who thought that Borg would be going crosscourt, couldn't cope with. The score again: 3–6, 6–2, 6–1, 5–7, 6–4. An absorbing final, played with a most commendable spirit. Borg, by the way, now has a chance to become the first man to win Wimbledon three times in a row since Perry accomplished this in the middle nineteen-thirties.

BACK to the Ladies' Singles: Virginia Wade, who is now thirty-one, grew up, and played her first tennis, in South Africa, where her father was the Archdeacon of Durban. Aside from her exceptional athletic endowment—she is recognized as having the best service motion in women's tennis—she is highly intelligent, and took her degree at the University of Sussex in general science and physics. After deciding to make tennis her life, she rose quickly to the international level. Her style of play revealed a rigidly imperious attitude; in losing, as in winning, she insisted on dictating the structure of the match, not always wisely. The last few years, she has worked hard to overcome this tendency. She has tried to learn to make her game more flexible, and to understand that there are many different ways to win points if one thinks and perseveres. During the past year, she decided that, for all the raves she regularly received about her service, it was not doing all that it might for her, so she sought out two American teaching professionals, Ham Richardson and Jerry Teeguarden, to work with her on her toss. She also spent hours on end trying to correct the flaws in her vulnerable forehand. She came to Wimbledon in an uncharacteristically confident frame of mind. She felt that she was "by far the strongest person in the dressing room," and that this was meant to be her tournament.

Miss Wade's first real test came in the quarter-finals, against Rosemary Casals. Miss Casals has always been difficult for her to beat. An acrobatic scrambler, Miss Casals is very likely to cut off an apparently unreachable passing shot with a diving volley, then pick herself up just in time to hustle back and knock off with a leaping overhead smash the lob her opponent has thrown up. Losing points that had looked safely won was what had made Miss Wade's meetings with Miss Casals so exasperating for her. In their match at Wimbledon this year, Miss Wade was on the ropes several times in the first set, but she stayed in there and managed to win it, 7–5. Then, with games at 2–2 in the second set, she broke Miss Casals' serve twice in a row with a flurry of assertive placements, to take the set, 6–2, and the match. Miss Wade is often given to dithering and stumbling about when she is in sight of victory, and to see her play so effectively against Miss Casals when the chance to win presented itself made one wonder if this really was a "new Virginia." We knew for certain that it was after her semifinal with Chris Evert. In the quarter-final round, Miss Evert had played an almost perfect match in devastating Billie Jean King with the loss of only three games. Theirs is a long and animated rivalry, and Miss Evert was up for the clash. She displayed a diversity of shots we had never seen from her before, including things like sharply angled top-spin forehands and a succession of defensive stab volleys in which she guessed correctly each time just where Mrs. King, in charge of the forecourt, would be pasting her volley. Tennis can be an impossible game to understand. Two days later, facing Miss Wade in the semis, Miss Evert, unable to rouse herself from a deep lethargy, may have played the poorest match of her career, and Miss Wade, instead of being overcome by those old Centre Court jitters, was the one who played an almost perfect match. I will bother you with only one statistic: so complete was her control that in the three sets they played Miss Wade only twice hit ground strokes that carried beyond the baseline. That night, the evening tabloids, instead of giving us the familiar front-page headline of "WADE FAILS IN SHOCK DEFEAT," featured variations on "GINNY K.O.s CHAMP." The score, incidentally, was 6–2, 4–6, 6–1. For a time, there was a prospect of an all-English women's final, for in the other semi Betty Stove, of the Netherlands, playing in her thirteenth Wimbledon, was up against Sue

Barker, a charming young woman from Devon who has come on fast. It did not happen. Miss Stove—at six feet one, the tallest woman in tennis—was just too crushing with her serve-and-volley game: 6–4, 2–6, 6–4.

THE first match each day at Wimbledon begins at two o'clock. At six minutes to two on the afternoon of the Ladies' Final, shortly after the military band in the Centre Court had concluded its rendition of "Land of Hope and Glory," the Queen arrived, wearing a pink-and-white outfit, and proceeded, amid exuberant applause, to the Royal Box. The band struck up "God Save the Queen," and halfway through the anthem the spectators began to sing it softly. Miss Wade and Miss Stove then came out on the court, made their curtsies, and warmed up. Miss Wade did not look nervous as she prepared to serve the opening game, but evidently she was. She did not move as fast or hit the ball as hard as she ordinarily does—a sure sign of tension. In fact, it soon became clear that, like Miss Evert, she was fated to follow a nearly perfect performance with an anguishingly mediocre one. After four deuce points, she did rescue the opening game. She was broken in the fifth game, broke back in the sixth against an equally tight opponent, and was broken again in the ninth game at love. Miss Stove then held service. First set to Miss Stove, 6–4. Subdued groans from the fourteen thousand spectators in the Centre Court. Near the middle of the second set, Miss Wade began to unwind a bit. Her agility improved, and she started to outguess and outmaneuver her opponent. This is essential against Miss Stove, who, once she has ensconced herself at net, is exceedingly hard to pass, because of her tremendous reach. In the eighth game, Miss Wade broke service, thanks in part to Miss Stove's eighth double fault, and then served out for the set, at 6–3. An explosive shout from the encouraged stands. The third set came more easily. Miss Wade won the first four games, mainly on her opponent's errors, for her own shotmaking remained somewhat inhibited. However, now that she had the match for the taking she seized her opportunity firmly and won the last two games with the loss of only two points. Wade, 4–6, 6–3, 6–1. It was a triumph less of flashing strokes and skillfully engineered points than of will, resolution, and determination, but, in a way, this is close to quibbling. The fact of the matter was that Virginia

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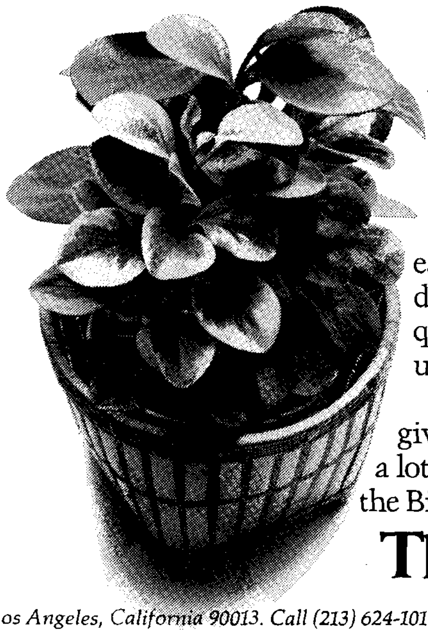

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Wade had actually won Wimbledon, and the roars and applause she was accorded by her ecstatic fans on the Centre Court as she was congratulated by the Queen and held aloft the golden salver, the Ladies' Championship trophy, could probably be heard as far away as Putney Bridge.

It was a lifting experience to hear Virginia Wade's thoughts on her triumph: "It was wonderful to win in front of the Queen, but the cheering was so loud it was difficult to hear what she said to me. All I heard her say was 'Well played. It must have been hard work.' I told her that it *was* hard work. . . . I felt I had more incentive this week than I ever had before. Everyone thought I was past it and that I couldn't do it. I wanted to prove that I deserved to be out there among the champions. I felt I belonged—that I was the best player who hadn't won Wimbledon so far. . . . I knew that the most important thing to do today was just to play the best I could and not to let any stray dreams distract me." She said later that she had got through the morning before the match by putting her pillow over her telephone and turning up the volume on a recording of Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony.

Earlier this year, when the spectacular program of events for the Queen's Silver Jubilee was being planned, many people held the view that, times being as parlous as they are today, the British public would hardly be in a mood for pomp and circumstance, reviews and tattoos, fireworks and festivities. These fears proved to be groundless. The Queen's great personal popularity carried the day, and the Silver Jubilee has been a colossal success. Then the Centenary Wimbledon came along, and Virginia Wade, with her victory, added that extra, unexpected contribution that really sets a celebration aglow. When the happy spectators in the Centre Court, following the presentation of the championship trophy to Our Ginny by Her Majesty, spontaneously began to sing "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow," I'm sure I wasn't the only American present who did not know for certain whether it was Virginia Wade or Queen Elizabeth II they had in mind.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Times*]

MATH IMPROVEMENT INDICATES
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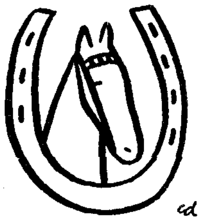
THE RACE TRACK

One for Rokeby Stable



HORSEPLAYERS love a match race. Rokeby Stable's Glowing Tribute had hardly cooled off after her victory over Ralph Kercheval's Fleet Victress in the Sheepshead Bay Handicap at Belmont Park last Saturday before talk began of matching her and Cascapedia, heralded Best in the West, in a special event later this season. In fact, horseplayers would settle for a match between Cascapedia and Fleet Victress. The mile and a quarter of the Sheepshead Bay, for fillies and mares, over the turf course, was practically a two-horse affair. Glowing Tribute, a slight favorite, was off and running, but Fleet Victress joined her coming to the three-quarters pole, and from there they fought it out to the wire, where Glowing Tribute won by half a length. Dottie's Doll was third. Mack Miller, who trains Glowing Tribute, said later that the shoes his filly had been wearing when she was beaten by Fleet Victress in the New York Handicap had caused her to kick herself, so he had shod her differently for the Sheepshead Bay. It was the second time she had won the race. Last year, when it was run in two sections, Fleet Victress won the other division.

Beaten only a neck by Crystal Water in the recent Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park, Cascapedia came back with another tip-top performance in the Vanity Handicap at the California track last Sunday, carrying 129 pounds, and giving seven to as good a runner as Bastonera II, from whom she won by a nose. Swingtime, to whom she gave twelve pounds, was third. Hawley took the overland route with Cascapedia for most of the nine furlongs, avoiding the merry scramble of the eight other runners for the $110,500 prize money, and finished up in a bumping contest with Pincay at the end. Cascapedia is coming to Belmont in the autumn, but, even so, if there *is* a match, I'd say it would be held in California.

IT used to be customary for the winner of the Astoria Stakes to give a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria when it was at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. One of those dinners, they say, lasted for days. There have not been any such events since the hotel moved uptown. The race for two-year-old fillies, however, continues to be a lively number. Early last week at Belmont, Akita won the seventy-first running by a neck from Sweeping View. Stub, the odds-on favorite, was another neck behind. A dark bay by Restless Native out of La Friode, by Nearctic, Akita, bred and owned by Mrs. Marie A. Moore, had rolled home in her first start but had been fractious in the Fashion Stakes and had finished unplaced. However, Willard (Mike) Freeman, who trains her, straightened her out for the Astoria. Akita is the name of a breed of Japanese dog, but Freeman says there is no dog in her.

The main attraction at Belmont on Wednesday was the Sword Dancer Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth, on the grass. Effervescing, winner of the Man o' War Stakes for Ogden Phipps last year, took a commanding lead in the stretch and beat Gentle King by half a length. Cinteelo was third, five lengths farther away.

THE Kentucky yearling sales are on. Fasig-Tipton's, at which in 1975 Seattle Slew was sold for $17,500, began last Friday. Keeneland's comes this week. Prices will be high, but whether they will surpass those of last year—Secretariat's year—remains to be seen. I call it Secretariat's because it was the year when the first of the colts and fillies by him were offered at auction, and the bidding for them was amazing. Top money, of course, went for a chestnut colt by Secretariat out of Charming Alibi, for whom a largely Canadian syndicate gave one and a half million dollars—more than had ever been paid before for a horse that age. The colt is a half brother of Nelson Bunker Hunt's noted race mare Dahlia, herself winner of more than a million in purses. Later, Mr. Hunt bought into the syndicate.

FINANCIAL ITEM: The *Daily Racing Form's* statistics for the recent holiday weekend put Hollywood Park at the head of the list. Attendance on Saturday, Sunday, and the Fourth of July totalled 134,260, and wagering amounted to $17,381,979. Belmont, closed on Sunday, had 99,284, with $8,555,783 wagered. At the thirty-one tracks listed, the total gate was 908,440, and the mutuel handle $89,858,882.

—AUDAX MINOR

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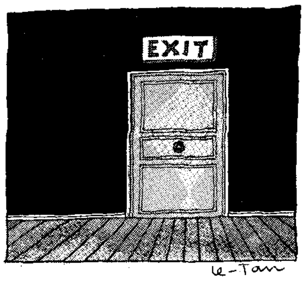

TWO of the following pictures, both splendidly thoughtful, happen to come from West Germany, like several other fine pictures that New York has seen this year in quick succession by accidents of film distribution. The point is their quality; their shared nationality is a temporal chance. To make too much of their being West German is to miss their worth—like the fuss about the "angry young men" in England in the mid-fifties, which grouped men who had nothing in common except that they all thought then—not all think now—that Tory was a four-letter word; and like the herding of dissimilar filmmakers in France under the name *nouvelle vague*. The new-wave directors, ignoring easy labels, have since gone their own ways. The instinct to clump together the new because a few gifted men of quite different ages and historical consciousnesses are by some accident working well at the same time has found a fresh outlet in the recent appearance here of several first-rate West German movies, which are simply new phenomena to us. Novelty in itself is no virtue. Meanwhile, the once-touted people in other countries go on working, individually and steadily, each in his own direction, and often now neglected.

Werner Herzog, born in 1942, describes his wonderful "Stroszek" as a ballad. Bruno Stroszek, played by an actor who calls himself Bruno S., is a castaway, drop-jawed, often unshaven, who feels his life to be carted around on something circling forever. Merry-go-round or mill wheel: touchingly, he doesn't know which, or whether he is at fault. We first see him being released from prison in Berlin for the umpteenth time. He looks lost, and angered at himself. Is this freedom? To say goodbye to his old friends in jail? There is an inventory of clothes and belongings to be given back to him. Is this the making of a man to be rebuilt? In his dilapidated old place, he takes refuge in playing music. His piano is out of tune. Still, he plays beautifully, giving music the focus missing in his dealings with the prison authorities: a lack of focus that will make some sophisticates think him simpleminded. He is simply bereft. He takes up with Eva (Eva Mattes), a tart who returns time and again to her old job. Stroszek makes a living by playing an accordion and a glockenspiel; one thinks sadly of the difference between his life and Papageno's.

America. That's the place to go. Stroszek looks at a map in the company of an old man, Herr Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who has a nephew in Wisconsin. They can't find Wisconsin on the map for a long time. Perhaps it doesn't exist? Another con trick? But here it is. The old man, a slight, leaning figure, who stands as if against the wind on a ship on which he is the only sail, has played the "Moonlight Sonata" on Stroszek's rickety grand piano. He is a companion in arms, a gentle white-faced man in a black beret, who wears yellow cork-soled shoes and a heavy overcoat when the two men and Eva make the journey to America with their few belongings, speaking German resolutely to these foreigners who take away from Bruno at customs his beloved talking bird. What a country, not to admit such a convivial bird.

Stroszek becomes a car mechanic in Wisconsin. He lives in a mobile home with the old man and Eva. The place is theirs on the installment plan, but it is eventually repossessed by a nauseatingly mealymouthed representative from the bank, because they haven't kept up the payments. Stroszek, out of his depth on the man's first visit, has gone on watching the enormous color TV set that he has bought on the same basis and that the false-mannered bank man suggests should be taken away from him in part payment. Then the axe falls.

The air of this alien country bites. Stroszek wears a scarf under his hat against the cold. Sometimes he feels he is a mock-up of how it is to be Stroszek. Everyone kicks you here. He is on the outside looking in, with his eyes shut. Scheitz accommodates more readily, though studiously speaking German, which the Americans kindly answer with vague comprehension, in American, in one of the expressive idiosyncrasies of the film. Scheitz is busy with a theory about animal magnetism, which he believes will extend the work of Dr. Mesmer. He meticulously measures the electrical energy of every post in a fence that he suspects of being subject to the work of some present-day animal-magnetist. He also measures the comparative electrical magnetism of Stroszek and Eva. She registers the less. Finally, she goes off without warning; Stroszek's mobile home is auctioned and dragged away. What's left? No girlfriend, no home, no language. The delicate-natured old man aids Stroszek in a healing small-scale robbery of a barbershop. With the loot, they go immediately to the supermarket across the street to buy things they need, throwing their gun into their car on the way. The perfect crime, except that they have left out the essential step of escaping. Police sirens go, and the old man is arrested, perhaps because he is the memorable one of the two to the man in the barbershop, but also as an expression of Stroszek's unnoticeability—invisibility—to others; he presents himself to the world as a hole in the air. It is typical of him that he should eventually find himself willy-nilly in an Indian & Mountain Arts & Crafts Sandwich Shop and then across the road in an amusement park too odd to be anything but genuine. There is a trained dancing chicken that sets itself to doing an anxious gavotte by pulling on a loop of cord for the price of a coin. The creature looks mechanical, but it is no less alive than the apparently aimless Stroszek. After taking his mind off things through the chicken for a while, Stroszek discovers the right handle to pull to make a funicular seat go up and down a mountain forever. He climbs into it. The fire department is called and finds everything out of its grasp. The chicken haplessly goes on dancing, and Stroszek goes on riding his funicular, turning round and round for the length of existence, as the world does: he is accustomed to the human preoccupation called activity, which for him amounts to travelling nowhere.

In the key scene of the film—an early one, when Stroszek is still in Germany and after he has been threatened with being beaten up—a befriending doctor tells him that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a prematurely born baby, the doctor cradling the child comfortingly as he talks, offering tenderness to this helpless, big-headed, grasping creature who will be all right, given a little help, like Stroszek: its hold for life on the doctor's hand as the doctor lifts it by its fingers is frantically strong. Then we see it lying down asleep, struggling with nightmare, lifting its head as if out of water and thrashing with its limbs as if it had to save itself from drowning. This is a

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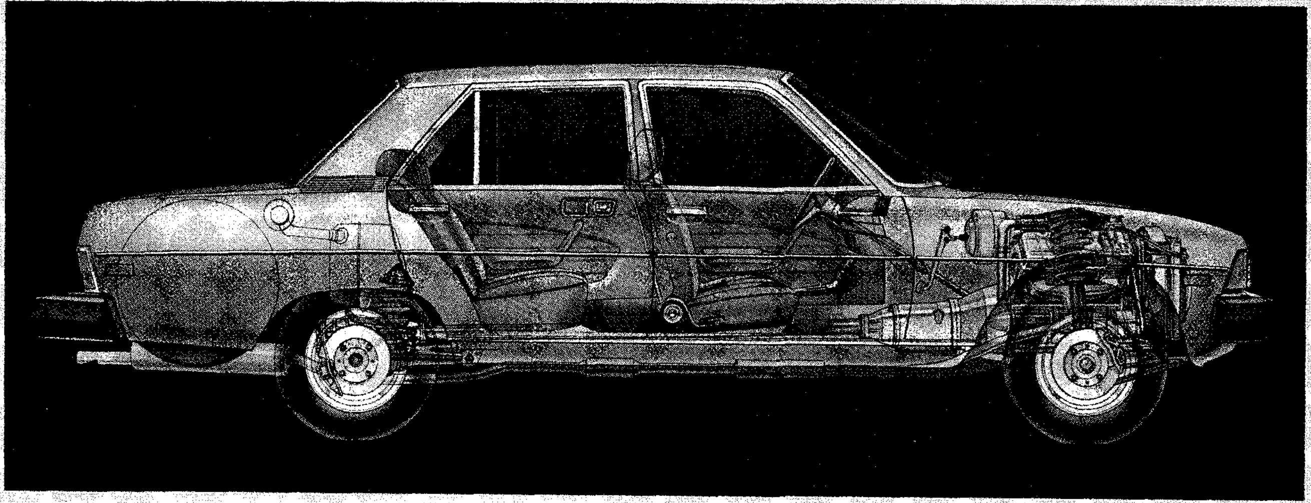

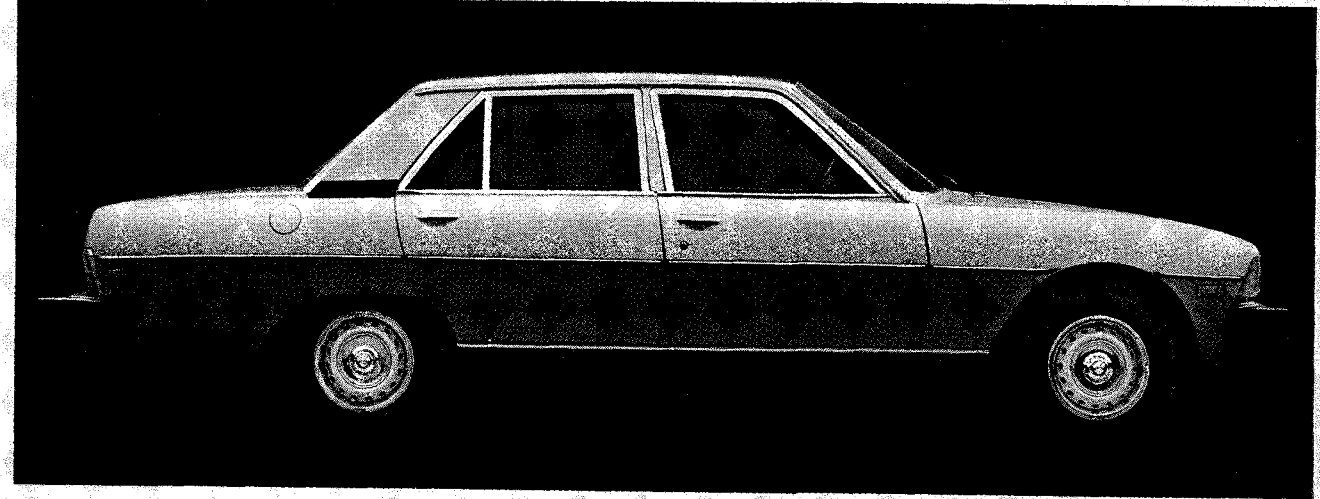

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brilliant, poetic film about a man's clutch on a difficult existence. Stroszek's story shows us the bitterness of exile, and the rewards of concentration on singular tasks misapprehended by the common run. He could strike only those in step as a man of folly. And, in Scheitz, Herzog has created one of the most fragile and sweet-natured characters to be seen in any contemporary European movie: a man of infinite mental fortitude and physical frailty, who could be blown away like a skeletal leaf. Herzog has made a funny, very serious film about a tonic sort of nobility practiced in territory as foreign to his characters' cast of mind as the world is to the premature baby's.

ALEXANDER KLUGE, who made the light-winged, ironic "Yesterday Girl," among other films, is a lawyer and a college professor as well as a filmmaker. His new picture, "Strongman Ferdinand" (1976), is about the perils of the sort of walled-up logic that could produce in Germany good men who went along with the Nazis. The brilliantly reasoned film, touching and jubilant because of its intelligence, is about a finicky security man called Rieche (Heinz Schubert). He knows everything about security and nothing about the temperaments of people with other absorptions. The narrator says methodically, describing Rieche's thinking, "Security Zone 1: Rieche himself. Security Zone 2: His apartment. Security Zone 3: His job—currently a police detective. Security Zone 4: Police work in its totality. Security Zone 5: The totality itself." We see Rieche listening to the American Forces Network weather report and checking it against an atlas and the German weather report while he is eating a sandwich. Everything should be checked. We watch him buying unlikely Communist literature in a bookshop. "Do you read *Red Flag* regularly?" asks the clerk. "I want information, not debate," says Rieche, dismissing discussion with the man.

Another security officer, at an industrial plant, oversteps the mark, and Wilutzki (Gert Günther Hoffmann), a company vice-president, hires Rieche in his stead, mostly with the intent of keeping the plant out of the newspapers. Rieche has the job under logical control in no time, with the sections of the plant marked out in squares on a map. He is a small, weak man with misleadingly wild and jaunty hair who exercises Teutonic discipline over the factory guards. Kluge is telling about a steel rabbit, and the rabbit is piteously caught in the jaws of his own schematic sense of the order of things. As Rieche sees it, his job can be carried out as methodically as living with someone, which he does almost mathematically. His girl, called Gertie Kahlmann (Verena Rudolph), is a light-fingered waitress. Rieche sleeps, with system, in a single bed with her. He puts up for the shortest possible time with her choice of which side of the bed to be on, and then moves her to the other side. He can stand a woman only on his right, he says, and he needs his self-prescribed hours of sleep. Changes of routine rattle him. His idea of the life of erotic license extends to having mugs of cocoa with Gertie in the middle of the night. Cocoa is quenching, he says.

The factory guards come in for the same heel-clicking treatment. He trains them in security by staging a false raid, carried out solemnly by Rieche himself with a stocking over his face. Underneath all his assiduity, he is a disconcerted man, and he feels it his duty to conquer doubt. He devises supra-regional maneuvers for future emergencies. The vice-president has tried to quell his fervor, but Rieche is a single-minded man and regards someone who won't let his vice-presidential security be secured by the head of security as treacherously lax. To prove the need for security, he shoots a Cabinet minister in the cheek. Rieche is guilty, of course, but to his own mind he is innocent. This disciplined rationalist says to the police that he is fed up with seeing certain sections running around scot-free without security forces, being allowed to touch them. He was the one who fired the shot, but it might have been the other side, he rationalizes. He's ready, and he's efficient. That's what he wanted his shot to draw attention to. Kluge is not a lawyer for nothing. His hero believes heart and soul that if his job is security his further job is to show that he is being stalemated and that an assassin could get at the minister. Rieche meant no harm. He aimed at the wall behind the minister, he says when he is questioned, and aimed the shot to whistle past the minister's face by about two feet; his failure dissatisfies him, but you have to express yourself somehow. "With a gun?" asks Kluge's film. "With haywire logic?" Rieche does what he does because he thinks he isn't

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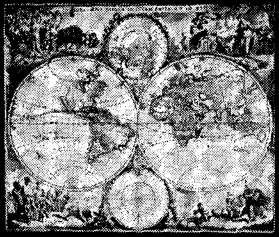

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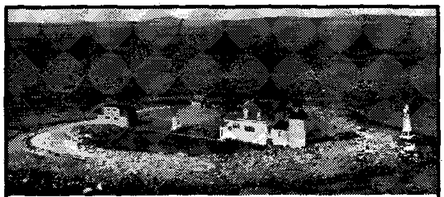

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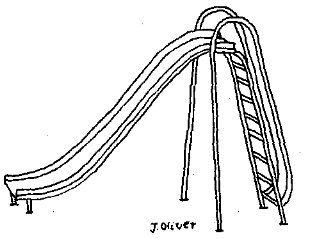
being allowed to do what he's capable of doing, and he calls taking such action being a realist. But the truth is that by creating prison bars for himself he is actually preventing himself from doing what he could. He is a strict man who lives stringently, but he is really at a loss and errant. The film and the performance ask us, "When this human being of such precision is racked because he feels that the lives of all of us have no precise meaning, how could he have been precise in his aim?"

Kluge has made a philosophically startling film about the Bolshevik theorizing of a dedicated capitalist. His picture is intellectual in a way that films are often said to be incapable of being, with a wry comic sense about the fanatic roots of totalitarianism. Moreover, Kluge is a true maker of fiction, close to Brecht and also to Gogol: his hero, however wrong-headed, is a creature of wistful aspiration, an idealist misled into taking discipline and logic for activity and common sense. He is dangerous, but also piercing and comedic.



Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, played by Trevor Howard in Marty Feldman's recklessly funny "The Last Remake of Beau Geste," is a crusty old gent. In his dotage, he and his wife produce a baby; the doctor gives him the bad news that his wife is dead and the good news that the infant morsel is a girl. Good news, my man? Sir Hector takes it as a personal affront and goes off to the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage to choose a more apt heir, for adoption. He is picky. About one harmless child, he roars that he wants a soldier, not a dentist. Eventually, he lights on his ideal: blond, firm-jawed, just the son he would have wished for. But there is a snag, as there often is to realizing ideals. The soupy woman orphanage-runner tells him that his longed-for Beau, who is to grow up into Michael York, comes in a pair with a child wildly said to be his identical twin. This twin, one Digby, is fished out of somewhere encased in mud: all that is visible of him is the lurching eyeballs of a boy who is to grow up to be Marty Feldman. Sir Hector, who is a great puffer and blower but not much of a noticer, accepts the double lot, who are about as identical as an Arabian horse and a burro, promising that Beau will be brought up with the proper English love of slaughter.

The unwanted girl child grows up into someone regularly referred to as the lovely Isabel, a dish who never stops playing the piano. Sir Hector announces that England has been plunged into a thrilling war. Before dashing off to bloodshed, he gives the now grown-up Beau the combination to his safe, holding the Geste Blue Water sapphire, compared to which the Crown Jewels are trash. With one of the film's favored cinema clichés, calendar pages signifying time passing blow around. The year is 1906, and the lusty but now thoroughly senile Sir Hector arrives back from the war with a beautiful and very bossy red-headed new wife called The Lady Flavia (Ann-Margret). In his absence, things have been kept together, more or less, by an ill-tempered ruin of a family retainer (Spike Milligan).

Meanwhile, the desert where Beau is to be so brave in the Foreign Legion is being run by a peg-legged German called Markov (Peter Ustinov), who addresses his troops in a bellow as "my little fledermauses." Marty Feldman is very strong on bigoted jokes that do no damage. The Kraut—thus known—is a brute who rides a horse that, like him, has a peg leg. The Kraut's peg leg and makeup box for war scars are attended to by Roy Kinnear as a servile, jolly creature who hides in what might be called the boot cupboard, in which the Kraut's wardrobe of half-legs are hung like the evening dresses of a woman who buys at Saint Laurent. Ustinov, playing a perfect rotter capable of some rottenly childish rude puns, roars at his company of men that they will be sent off to fight futile wars and *mustn't* dare to come back unkilled. A Chinese Legionnaire habitually sings sentimental Irish ballads. Digby Geste, back at home, is in what the police sternly call solitary confinement, in an unspeakably crowded cell. In a trial conducted like an auction—with the great Hugh Griffith as the judge, looking like a scholarly sheep—he is given *nine hundred and fifty-six years.* Digby's crime has to do with confessing to taking the family jewel, which in fact Beau has whipped out of England, away from their ambitious beauty of a stepmother, whom he and Beau insist on calling "Mother," presaging an Oedipal future for Beau.

The film is a hilarious exercise in taste run amok. Pity those who are not up to it. Marty Feldman—who wrote the story, with Sam Bobrick, and the screenplay, with Chris Allen—is very good at catching a particular brush-aside sort of colonial Englishness, which he can impart to the most unlikely characters: the enemy Arab chieftain, played by James Earl Jones, is a stingy chap with a highbred English roar.

It is characteristic of this sort of comedy that everyone should be robustly concentrated on his own affairs in the middle of larger happenings. The camels in the Foreign Legion attacks are bookish creatures who seem to be dreaming of home life and slippers warmed by the fire. The film abounds in old cinema references: sometimes there will be an overhead shot of the Foreign Legionnaires dancing in a rosette, as if in a Busby Berkeley movie; a sign in the desert saying "Caution: You Are Entering Mirage Area" leads to a skillfully devised conversation between Digby and Gary Cooper in the 1939 "Beau Geste." The twins, who adore each other to the extent of constantly shaking hands and saying in Latin that nothing will part them, talk classical-sounding nonsense that loses its head.

This may not be the last remake of "Beau Geste," but it cannot fail to be the loopiest. Feldman knows that it is crucial to his sort of funniness for characters to get priorities wrong and blithely notice nothing out of joint. The self-absorbed lunacy of the cast, including the gently well-educated camels', is part of the essence of comedy.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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Put leek, carrot, salt and sugar in saucepan. Add butter and cook, covered, with a piece of waxed paper that's been buttered over moderately low heat for about 5 minutes or until fork-tender.
—*Rochester (N.Y.) Times-Union*

We're not all that hungry.

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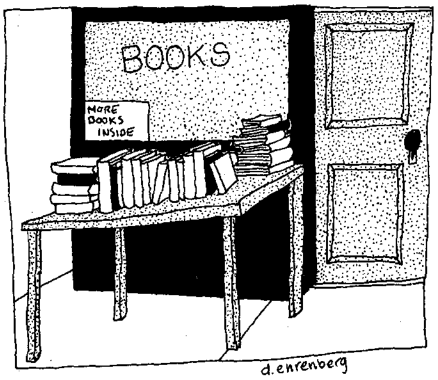
BOOKS

Ask for Nicolás Catari

SOMEHOW (and it would be worth someone's patient attention to work out just why), Latin America remains curiously fictive in the Western mind—in the minds, at least, of those who have never been driven, out of curiosity or circumstance, to find out about it. Perhaps "filmic" would be a better word than "fictive"—the image of Latin America in the popular consciousness seems to stem from a mixture of Carmen Miranda, Cantinflas, and the cha-cha-cha, with a script that veers from Woody Allen banana republic to Montezuma-sized epic. For the British, the continent has an aura of remote geography lessons, which is where I first met it—always the least pawed page in the atlas. It was only when I lived in Spain that Latin America began to take on substance, as the New World. Traditionally, older Spaniards have much the same attitude toward the Latin-American countries as the more unbending English toward the United States ("Tell me, is it true that in the United States one lunches at the chemist's?"), but in Spain I talked with real Latin Americans—or real Peruvians and Chileans and Colombians, rather, for Latin America is something of a geographical myth—and eventually, in a series of journeys there, I learned the extent of my ignorance, and have been chipping away at it ever since. In the course of conversations about Latin America, however, I still find myself having to draw maps in the air. The geography of the continent gets in the way of its humanity: people know infinitely less about the character of Venezuelans and Bolivians than they do about Serbs and Croats or the peoples of the Middle East. And if one uses the term "Latin America" correctly—to embrace the Spanish-, Portuguese-, and French-speaking countries of the South American continent, Central America, and the Caribbean—the physical, political, and cultural complexity of such a mess of national entities looks too forbidding to disentangle, and the continent is left in shadow, on the fringes of serious attention.

One solid piece of reassurance comes to me annually, in the form of *The South American Handbook*, a publication that goes a long way to bringing Latin America into the light. It has had a singular evolution: it began in 1921 as a fairly sketchy guide for British businessmen going "out" to that continent, and, apart from a few wartime gaps, it has appeared every December since, in an ever-fattening form; the 1977 edition is the fifty-third. The *Handbook* was originally put together by the Federation of British Industries and later backed by British shipping interests, which were then powerfully connected to Latin America. Six years ago, when these business interests withdrew their support and it looked as if publication might cease, the *Handbook* was taken over by the printing firm that produced it, Dawson & Goodall, in Bath, in the West of England—as well-groomed and un-Latin-American a place as there is. The book is distributed in the United States by Rand McNally, and, at the price of sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents, its thousand-odd pages of small and busy print clamor for the attention of anyone who is keen on armchair travel or is thirsty for sheer information.

Curiously, *The South American Handbook* remains almost unknown except to a small and passionate band of initiates who have travelled in Latin America in its company, and who, as a result, stay loyal to it forever, and can usually recite chosen passages by heart. In the nineteen-fifties, the *Handbook* began asking its readers to correct its information from the field, and now it draws on a flood of correspondence for factual information and a whimsically varying prose manner. With such meticulous help from its correspondents, the *Handbook* updates itself every year, even to prices, which, given certain Latin-American inflation rates, can change out of all recognition. (The price of a rented hammock at the Mayan ruins of Tikal is still fifty cents, however.) Moreover, it has systematically extended the vast web of information that it threads together, and the 1977 edition adds a detailed scamper through the Caribbean Islands to the fat catalogue of the Central and South American countries. Taking each country in turn, the *Handbook* moves pyramidally from the general to the particular: from geographical and historical summations to regions, cities, towns, and even villages, from current economic reports to a concluding section of brisk practical information on matters like money, travel, documents, food, dress, and national habits, sufficient to allay the anxieties of even the most timorous.



The pleasure one takes in reading the *Handbook* is that of feeling the huge, unwieldy abstractions of the Latin-American countries reduced to a sharply observed particularity, as though they had been trudged through by someone in no hurry at all, and taken in by a kindly, unjudging, sympathetic eye. It has none of the lapel-tugging tone of those trailblazing guides written for tourists, and treats its readers, instead, as travellers who are out to see and absorb. It retains the flavor of its English origins: the Latin-American continent is "there," and the guide proffers its occasional advice with a nannylike, finger-wagging directness, even reminding us where certain church services are conducted in English. But it will quite often turn either wry or lyrical where the circumstance seems to demand it.

Soaked in attention, the little crowded capsule of the *Handbook* swells into a whole continent of information. I cannot think of any better way of illustrating the arbitrary richness of this prodigious vade mecum than by stitching together a random patchwork of some of its entries, ranging from the blunt to the exotic. Sanity is its keynote, and its temper remains unruffled in the face of the most improbable trials:

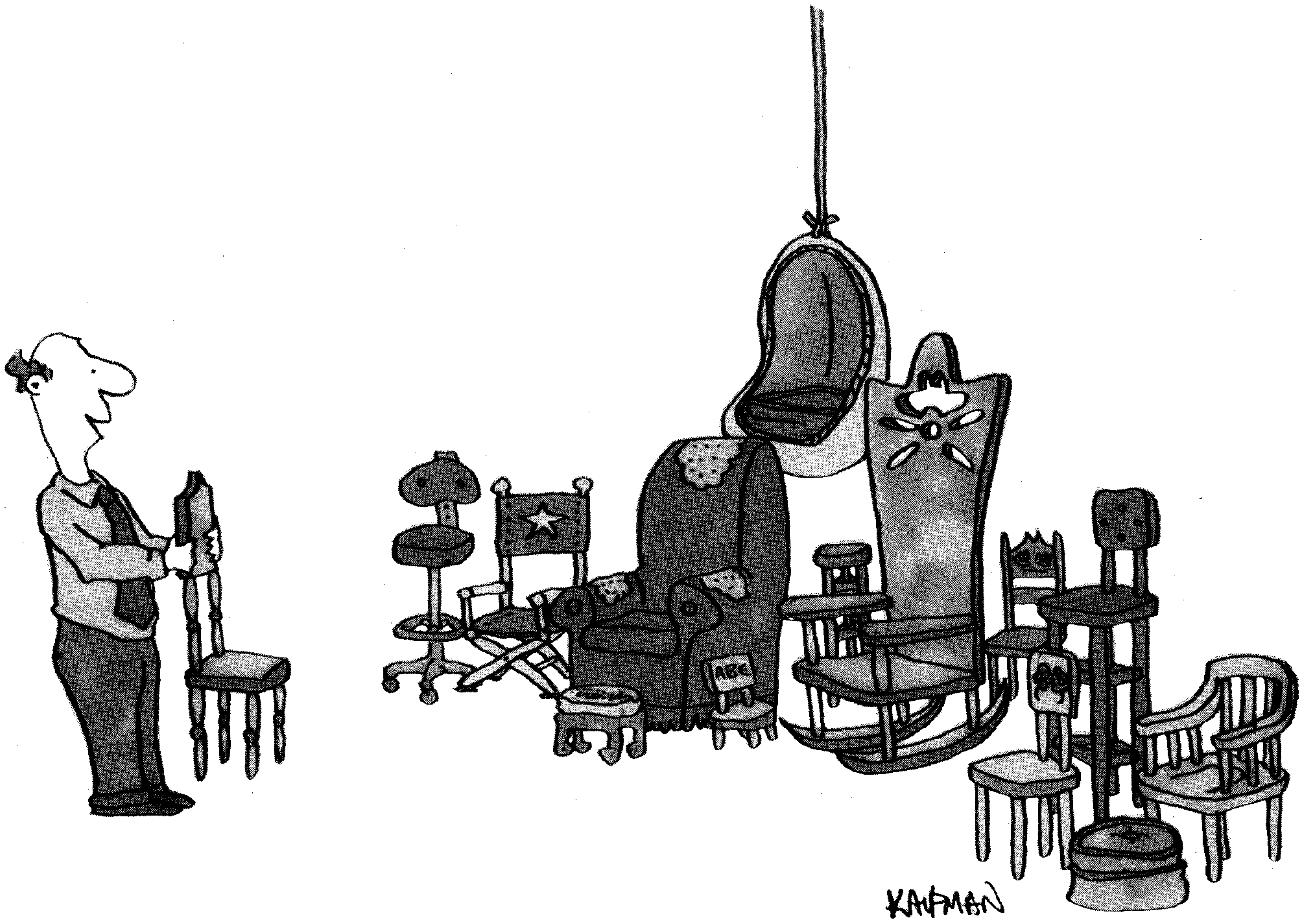
> Be careful when asking directions. Many Latin Americans will give you the wrong answer rather than admit they do not know; this may be partly because they fear losing face, but is also because they like to please!

But the dry editorial smile is never too far from the surface:

> Chagas' Disease (South American Trypanosomiasis) is a chronic illness, incurable, transmitted by the "barber bug," which lives in rural districts on dirt floors frequented by opossums. It bites at night so avoid sleeping in such conditions.

> If you are unlucky enough to be bitten by a venomous snake, spider, scorpion or sea creature, always try (within limits) to catch the animal for identification.

> In reply to our 1972 statement that some State Tourist Hotels [in Peru] find the proper tariff too difficult to calculate and charge a blanket 12%, the Tourist



"Attention, everyone! I'd like to introduce the newest member of our family."

Department emphatically deny that there is any surcharge for extra blankets at any of their hotels.

In this Sierra [in Colombia] live the Motilones Indians. A connoisseur of the ironies of history will know that at the Congress of El Rosario one of the items most acclaimed was the admission of aboriginal Indians into citizenship. The Motilones have always turned a blind eye to this, for they are the only Indians in Colombia who have refused to accept the inevitable. Little is known of them, for so far they have persisted in killing many of the missionaries sent to Christianize them, and the anthropologists sent to study them.

The great achievement of the *Handbook*—and it comes largely from the practice of using the material sent in by enthusiastic travellers—is that of bringing Latin America into the focus of individual perception. Entries like the following have a certain endearing practicality to them:

On the Bolivian side, in Lake Huanamarca, i.e. from Straits of Tiquina south, the best way to visit the Lake from La Paz is to take from Avenida Buenos Aires a bus to Huatajata and there ask for Nicolás Catari. He is a great boatbuilder and knows the Lake well.

Similarly:

If the Bolivian Immigration Officer at Villazón is not in his office, you can ask for him at Hotel Panamericano, just up from the Post Office.

Its practicality is often laconically direct:

1st class US$4.50, 2nd US$2.50, no apparent difference.

Clearly, the *Handbook* has the traveller's welfare at heart, warning like a wise uncle against pitfalls and pickpockets, but without any pious moralizing:

During the new year's fiesta [in Pasto, Colombia] there is a "Día de los Negros" on Jan. 5 and a "Día de los Blancos" next day. On "black day" people dump their hands in black grease and paint, without exception, each other's faces black. On "white day" they throw talc or flour at each other. Local people wear their oldest clothes. Things can get quite violent. On December 28 and Feb. 5, there is also a "Fiesta de las Aguas" when anything that moves—only tourists, because locals know better—gets drenched with water from balconies and even from fire engines' hoses.

Visitors should know—for their own good—that a thriving industry in Quito is the production of religious paintings of a medieval type. And another is the stealthy sale by dubious chaps of shrunken heads (*tsantsa*), war trophies of the Jívaro head-hunters. Nowadays they are fakes made out of goatskin, their long black hair making them look very like the real thing.

I was able to test the following advice, and, in consequence, I would never dream of ignoring the *Handbook's* counsel:

On the night ferry to Montevideo rush to the dining place if you want to spare yourself a supperless night.

And think of the difference the following information makes to a traveller in the Central Cordillera region of Colombia:

The gardens, and even the stations, are bright with flowers. The track, however, leaves much to be desired and always seems to be under repair; the journey by rail takes 24 hours whereas buses do it in seven.

I find myself hoping that the countries in question take heed of the *Handbook*, for they might be able to do something about a comment like this:

You need to have your own shoecleaning equipment; there seem to be no shoeshine boys in any of the Guianas!

And my favorite warning of all, which must make anyone wary of ever opening his mouth in Guatemala:

Watch out for would-be guides in Antigua who engage you in friendly con-

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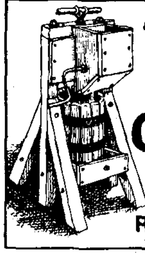

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It is impossible to wander in the *Handbook* without amassing a treasury of miscellaneous information, which is usually delivered as a murmured aside:

> [In Potosí, Bolivia] immense amounts of silver were once extracted from this hill. In Spain, "*éste es un Potosí*" ("it's a Potosí") is still used for anything superlatively rich.

In Gualeguay, Argentina:

> The house from whose ridgepole Garibaldi was hung by one hand and tortured by the local chief of police in 1837, in the time of Rosas, still exists.

And a rich nugget of information about Nevis, in the Leeward Islands:

> Here Nelson met and married Frances Nesbit; the Nesbit plantation still exists today and is a guest house open all the year round (US$40 single, MAP). Here, too, was born Alexander Hamilton, who helped to draft the American Constitution. The former capital, Jamestown, was drowned by a tidal wave in 1680. The submerged town can still be visited by snorkellers and skindivers and, according to the locals, the tolling of its church bells can still be heard.

It is, however, the occasional sentences cropping up suddenly in the brisk summations of landscapes and small towns which will startle a scene or an atmosphere into being, scattered like jewels in the text and reading as though they might have fallen from the prose of some of the Latin-American novelists:

> Vultures still stalk the streets like turkeys.

> The ruins are vestigial; the cacti are far more interesting.

> Now and then the drab, depressing landscape is brightened by the red poncho of an Indian shepherd watching his sheep.

> From there, is a road through Panzós to Tactic, which is famous for beautiful *huipiles* and for its "living well," in which the water becomes agitated as one approaches.

> The streets, steep, twisted and narrow, follow the contour of the hills and are sometimes steps cut into the rock: one, the Street of the Kiss, is so narrow that kisses can be—and are—exchanged from opposite balconies.

> West of Tandil stood the famous balancing stone called the Piedra Movediza; it fell of its own accord in 1912. Whilst it stood, the huge mass of granite was so exquisitely balanced that light puffs of wind would set it swaying. Indians in the last century believed the stone would fall as a sign of God's approbation if white men were driven out of the country. General Rosas ordered the stone to be pulled down, but a number of men hauling away with oxen teams failed to dislodge it.

> A large number of Indians are met on the road: peripatetic merchants laden with goods, or villagers driving pigs to market, or women carrying babies and cockerels and fruits. Your driver can usually tell from their costumes where they come from. The merchant will often do a round of 200 km. and make no more than a dollar or two, but he likes wandering, the contacts with strange people and the novel sights. He pleases himself, pleases his customers and . . . is not much concerned whether he can make pleasure pay.

One has to be grateful for good guidebooks—their compressed experience saves a lot of time. Wandering about in Latin America with the comfortable bulk of *The South American Handbook* has led me to feel the greatest possible respect for its English good sense, its crisp practicality, its gentle curiosity. It is English, too, in its political imperviousness: whatever horrors and injustices may be enacted in these territories, the territories are at least there. In its note on the Chilean Constitution, the *Handbook* remarks that what it describes is "not at present operative, as Chile is now ruled by a military junta with absolute powers." The concentrated brutality of the present regimes in Chile, Uruguay, Argentina, and Paraguay lends a certain irony to the sections on these countries in the *Handbook;* by separating these places from the disastrous politics that have been engendered in them, the *Handbook* seems to suggest that the landscape, teeming, as it does, with natural wonders, encrusted history, and human eccentricity, will not go away, and is there, waiting for better days.

—ALASTAIR REID

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WIDOWER'S SON, by Alan Sillitoe (Harper & Row; $8.95). The widower is an old Army sergeant, now a postman in the English Midlands, with a seven-year-old son on his hands, and he raises him, drives him, trains him, disciplines him into an artillery training school and into (a giant step for a working-class boy) a commission. This is on the eve of the Second World War. William Scorton—cool, brave, mathematical—is an excellent gunnery officer, ends the war a colonel, and marries the daughter of a general. But the qualities that served Scorton so well as a soldier serve him less well as a husband, as a civilian, as a man no longer supported by the military mold. This is a crushing novel of an appalling marriage, of a basically good man crippled emotionally by a well-meaning father, of a striving to adjust to some reality of life, and it is the best work that Mr. Sillitoe has given us in a long time.

FATA MORGANA, by William Kotzwinkle (Knopf; $7.95). In the Paris of 1861, a routine investigation is assigned to Inspector Paul Picard. A suspicious character by the name of Ric Lazare has been keeping a lavish salon with no visible means of support. What is his secret? Picard, finding that Lazare is no ordinary confidence man, embarks on a search that takes him to Vienna, to Nuremberg, to remote parts of Eastern Europe, and, with Lazare's past uncovered, back to Paris. It is a dreamlike search, with dreamlike coincidences, detailed with the sort of erotic encounters that inhabit the minds of solitary men, and pursued despite a series of warnings that Picard will die for his tenacity. Gaudy, decadent, smoothly polished, this beguiling novel is perhaps less a fata morgana than a feat of stage magic, well rehearsed and well performed by a fine craftsman.

GENERAL

THE ARMS BAZAAR: FROM LEBANON TO LOCKHEED, by Anthony Sampson (Viking; $12.95). This cogent, readable account of the international arms trade opens in the nineteenth century, where we find, right at the start, all the concomitants of today's arms trade—bribery and swindles; the justification that "if we don't sell weapons somebody else will;" the argument that the arms trade benefits a country by keeping its munitions factories all tooled up in case of war. Mr. Sampson's point is that the arms trade is now worse than ever: modern weapons are so expensive that poor nations beggar themselves to buy them and leave their people in misery, and it is not unreasonable to think that the availability of arms has promoted wars, such as that between India and Pakistan in 1965. Mr. Sampson is detailed and frank, and no kinder to his native Britain than to this country or to any of the other arms peddlers—Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Switzerland. He thinks that the United States must take the lead in cutting back. (Sweden, long a prominent exporter of arms, pulled back on moral grounds and discovered that a modern economy can survive without that kind of trade.) He acknowledges all the difficulties, but offers a most persuasive analogy: in the nineteenth century, Great Britain determined, on her own, to suppress the international slave trade; though her Atlantic blockade was often violated, her example, power, and pertinacity ultimately prevailed.

THE CHINESE: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE, by Alain Peyrefitte, translated from the French by Graham Webb (Bobbs-Merrill; $15). An exceptional report by a former French career diplomat who, travelling with a select party, had discussions with Chou En-lai and lots of lesser dignitaries; observed surgery with acupuncture for anesthesia; visited steel mills and collective farms; saw museums and plays; explored big cities and admired newly tamed great rivers; talked to students and teachers from kindergarten to college. M. Peyrefitte puts what he saw and heard into a first-rate intellectual framework: Chinese history, Mao's theory, and his own wise detachment when considering an alien culture—a scientific cast of mind that doubtless owes something to his training as an anthropologist. His most refreshing quality is intellectual modesty—recognizing what he does not know and cannot predict. Yet his vivid prose and acute analyses, his hunches and his skepticism provide a persuasive portrait of a country engaged in a turbulent struggle with itself. The translation is excellent.

THE UNMAKING OF A PRESIDENT: LYNDON JOHNSON AND VIETNAM, by Herbert Y. Schandler (Princeton; $16.50). A serious, lively, meticulous, and evenhanded book. Dr. Schandler presents the Johnson Administration as fearing to give up the degree of involvement it had inherited in Indo-China lest the Democrats become for a second time the targets of a China-lobby campaign, with "Who lost Vietnam?" replacing "Who lost China?" as an effective Republican battle cry. The North Vietnamese knew what they wanted and concentrated on a single goal; the majority of the South Vietnamese, insofar as their will was ascertainable, did not want to be unified under Communism, but their armed forces were not competent to defend their state, and their state was not competent to improve their armed forces, so, alternating optimism and reluctance at each step,

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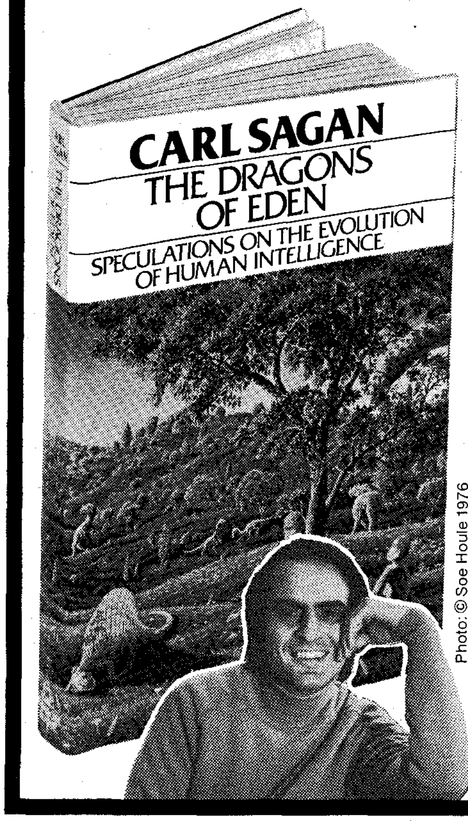
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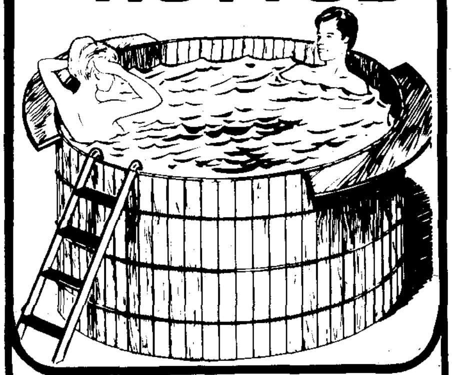

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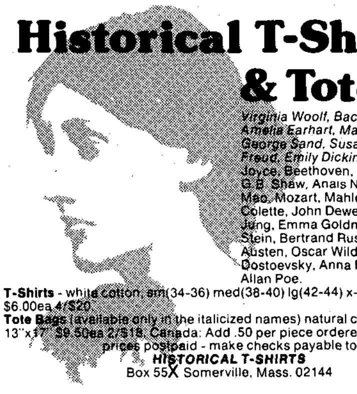

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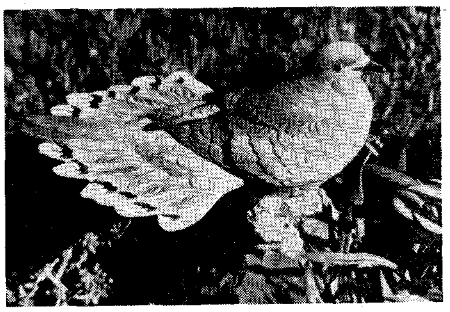

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MARGARET FULLER: BLUESTOCKING, ROMANTIC, REVOLUTIONARY, by Ellen Wilson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $7.95). A brief, artful biography. Margaret Fuller (1810-50) was a homely New England child prodigy who grew up to be a plain woman and a gifted thinker. Her father's financial failure forced her to earn her own living, and her professional and intellectual abilities, recognized by men who were as temperamentally different as Emerson and Greeley, enabled her to support herself by literary criticism and journalism. But none of the men who admired her head seems to have thought much about the needs of Margaret's heart until, in Italy, she was discovered by a handsome young Italian *marchese* who, like her, was devoted to Italian unification and who actually fell in love with her. They had a child, they got married, and after the overthrow of the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849-50 they decided to return to this country. Just off our shores, father, mother, and infant were drowned in a shipwreck. Other biographers have made this life an argument for women's lib; still others have emphasized the importance of Fuller's literary criticism. This author is purely classical; that is, she sticks to the bones of the narrative, and so has written a romantic love story, the more touching because it is true.

•

CORRECTION

The press inadvertently printed the photograph of the "Inclined Plane" posture (Purvottanasana) upside down in the January issue of the Himalayan News.
—*Glenview* (*Ill.*) *Himalayan News.*

Too late. We're in traction.

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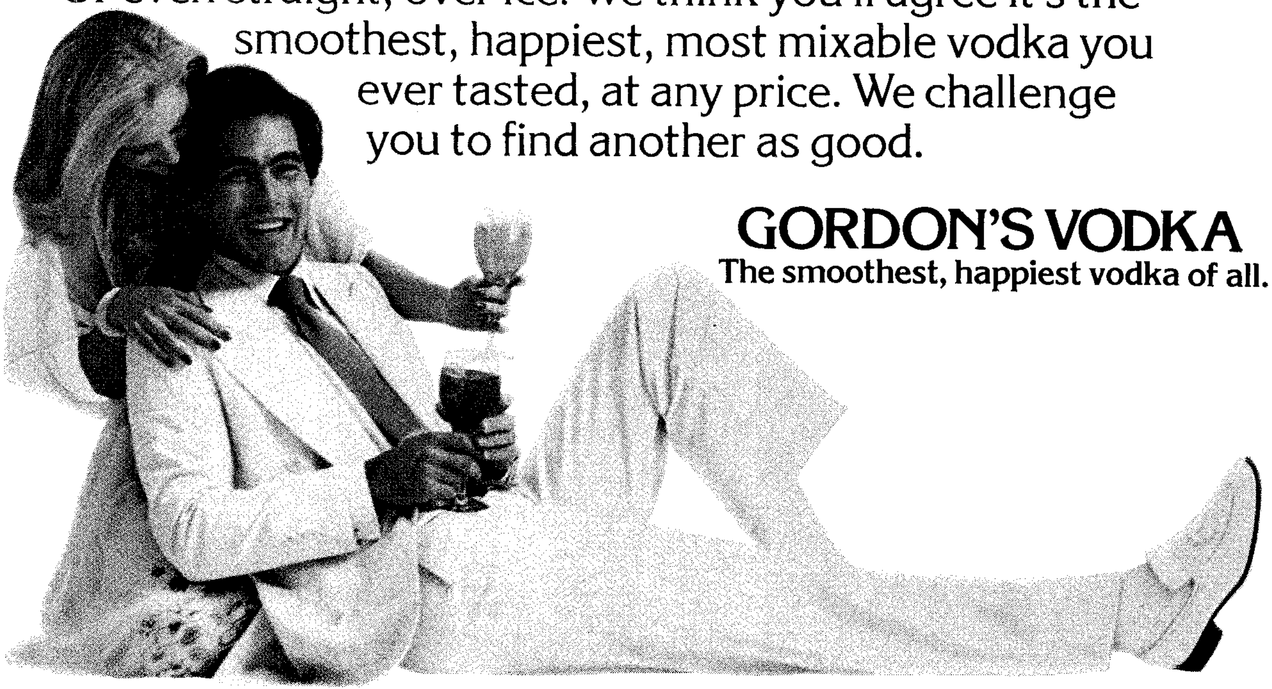

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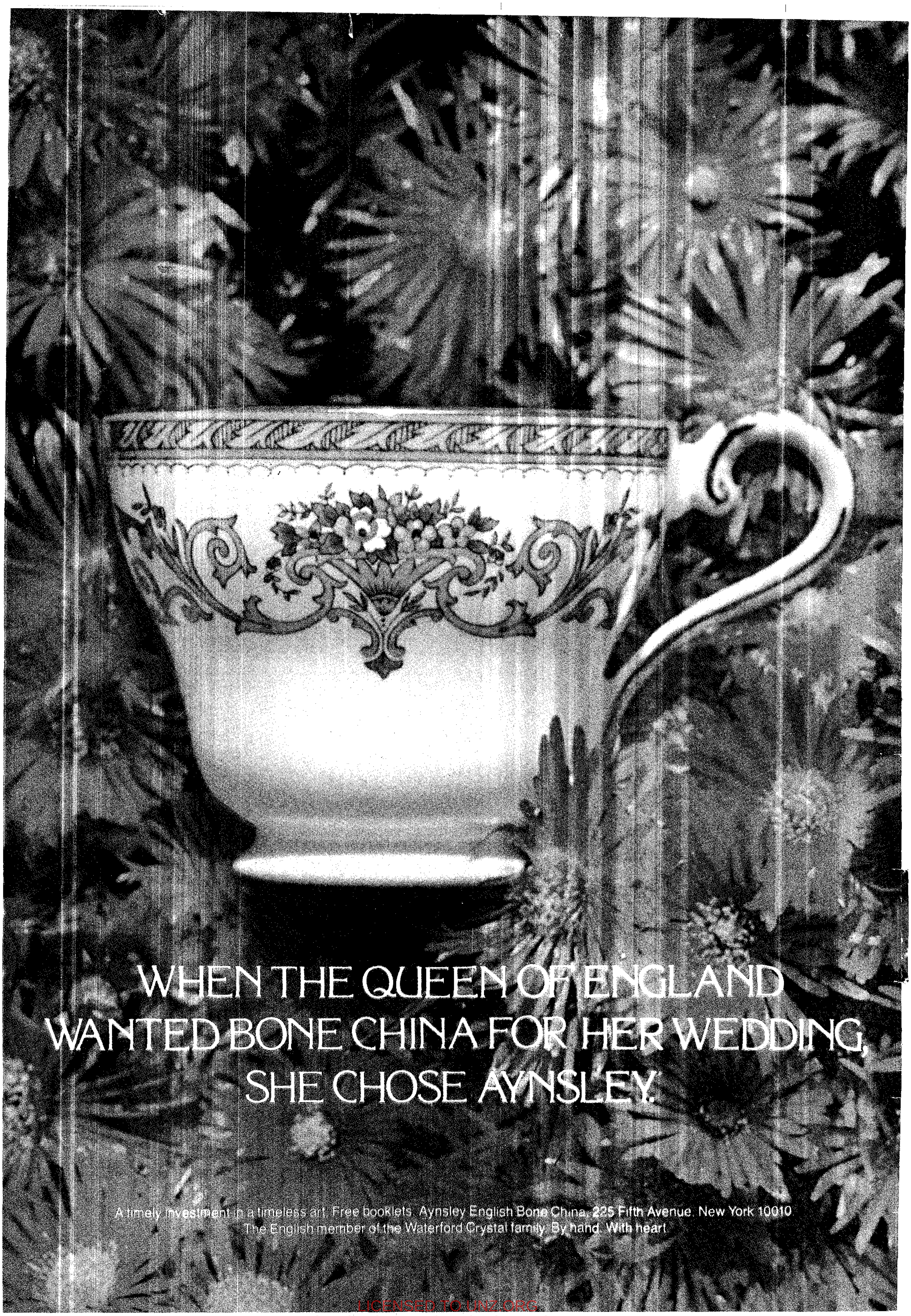
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